THE WEST

TRUE STORIES OF AMERICA'S GREAT FRONTIER DAYS!

60¢

JUNE 1974
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The WEST

JIM KIRKER-KING OF THE SCALPERS

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Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment...the selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes, $6.98; records, $4.98 or $5.98...plus a processing and postage charge. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

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...**if you do not want any selection offered** just mail the response card by the date specified

...**if you want only the Selection of the Month** for your musical interest, do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically

...**if you want any of the other selections offered,** you just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified.

You will always have at least 10 days in which to make a decision. If for any reason you do not have 10 days in which to decide, you may return the regular selection at our expense and you will receive full credit for it.

You'll be eligible for the Club's bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement—a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. This is the most convenient way possible to build a record or tape library *at the greatest savings possible*—so don't delay. Act now!

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P51/S74

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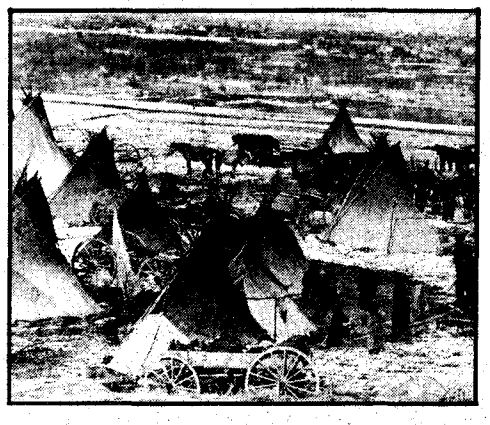
THE WEST



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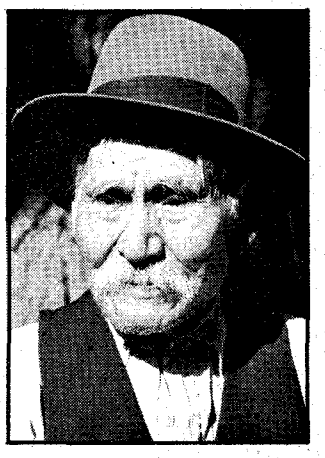

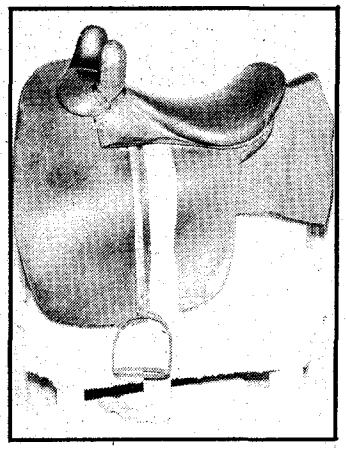

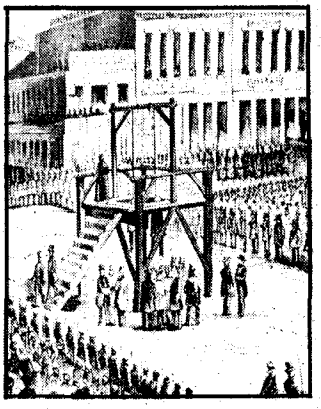

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IS IT POSSIBLE?

An Automatic Income for Life of $20,000... $50,000...$100,000 a Year...Without Working ...from a Business That Runs Itself!

"I'll show you dozens of plans you can start easily—without investing a cent!" says Ty Hicks.

Dear Friend:

Did you ever stop to think how great it would be to have an automatic income for the rest of your life—an income that goes on whether you work or not? An income of $200...$400...$800.., $1,000 a week or more, to do with as you please?

Believe it or not, there are actually scores of businesses that could be bringing you a fortune, without your lifting a finger! Easy, proven, money-making businesses that practically run themselves —to give you extra income without work! All *you* bring to them is a little ingenuity and the step-by-step methods outlined in this book!

Furthermore, you can get into many of these businesses, in your spare time—and build a fortune fast—starting with no money of your own! That's right! An automatic income, without investing a cent!

For Example—

- I'd like to tell you about a method a former blue-collar worker uses—requiring no equipment other than a pencil and paper, and no special skills. He helps other businesses get started. As part of his fee, he becomes a "silent partner" in each business. Today he has an income of more than $50,000 a year, from some 18 businesses. Yet he doesn't work even a minute a month at any of them!
- In another spectacular fortune-making method, all you do is make up company names, and sell them to companies that need names. Using this method, one fortune builder sold nearly $30,000 worth of corporate names in 6 months. And in the next six months, she sold $237,700 worth of names!
- And I'd like to show you how another fortune builder acquired a business that practically runs itself—a parking lot—without spending a cent of his own, even though he was a bad credit risk. Today, he owns 14 parking lots. His net income from each lot is $15,000 per year, giving him a total net income of $210,000 per year!

You'll find the full details in a new book which I have written... an eye-opening, profit-laden book that shows you a dazzling array of powerful, proven, money-making opportunities...90% of which require little or no cash, and even less effort!

How To Borrow Your Way To A Great Fortune!

Everywhere I go in this world I meet successful, wealthy people. Were you to travel with me, you'd meet these rich people in the best hotels, the finest restaurants, exclusive clubs, and the biggest resorts.

What's more, you'd learn a great secret from these wealth builders.

- Nearly every person who built great wealth for himself in recent years did so with little or no cash and wound up with a lot of money!

If you met these people, as I have, you'd soon be convinced that the best way to build a fortune today is by using OPM—other people's money. It is the most powerful, the greatest key to fast riches, starting with little or no cash, known in the world today!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ty Hicks has built several fortunes for himself and others, using the methods he gives you in this book. Today he has several *automatic incomes* going for him. "Automatic" because he spends less than two days a week, supervising these businesses—with ample time for travel, entertainment, hobbies!

During his career, Mr. Hicks has made money in hotels, apartment houses, rental real estate, boating, shipping, publishing, amusements, the stock market, and theaters.

More amazing still, he began his search for wealth with *no contacts, no private fortune,* his father having died when Mr. Hicks was only 14.

In this book you'll find scores of tried and proven ways to borrow money quickly, and use it to build a fortune...

Whether you're a man or woman, old, young, married, unmarried...Even if you haven't got a job...or are a member of a minority group...or have no permanent residence...these techniques will work for you! You'll discover...

- How you can get up to $5,000 easily on your signature alone, even if you have been refused before!
- How you can get up to $5,000 for as little as $8 a month!
- How you can get as many as six signature loans, for $5,000 each—in ONE DAY—for a total of $30,000!
- How you can get a large sum of money—thousands of dollars—that does not have to be repaid, is interest-free, tax-free, and can be used for any business purpose, including your salary!
- Over 10,000 ready sources of cash for you (many by mail)!

I'll show you how to use a loan as your springboard to riches! For unlike a car or TV loan, which doesn't pay you anything back, except pleasure, a business loan will often pay you a PROFIT of $50, $100, $200 or more PER WEEK!

Put these wealth-studded tips to work and you can soon be richer than you ever thought possible.

Fantastic Fortune-Making Bargains!

There are unbelievably powerful fortune-making bargains available to you today. Opportunities—open to everyone—that you can take advantage of, with little or no cash, that can stuff wads of profit dollars in your pocket, quickly and easily! For example, you'll discover—

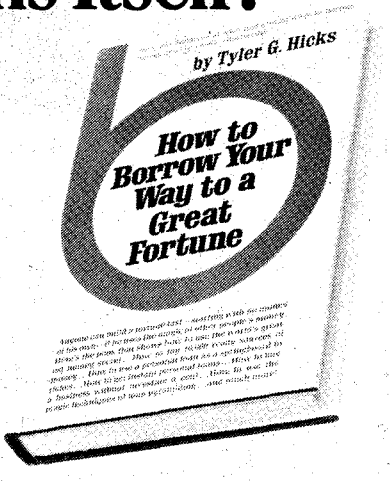
- How a $23,500 split-level home was purchased for only $180.22—and sold for thousands of dollars profit!
- How a 27-room mansion on 13 waterfront acres was purchased for only $98.18!
- How a $12,000 farm-style home was purchased for $55!
- How you may "mortgage out"—a technique that gives you ownership of a property with no money down and with a cash payment to you!

Incredible as it seems, these opportunities are in your local area right now! You don't need any kind of "luck" to find them. I'll show you exactly how to find such fortune-making bargains right away, in the pages of my book. Just apply a little imagination to fit them into your own situation—and you're on your way to a fortune like these.

Shortcuts That Zoom Your Income!

You can, by using the methods in this book, make yourself a millionaire. Others have done exactly that. I've watched them. People like—

- Cliff R. using the secret just mentioned above, Cliff purchased and sold some 25 properties in a six-month period. His profit on these deals was $68,000!
- Sam T. used another one of the sources revealed in this book to get $400. He invested this money in valuable postage stamps, and sold them to fellow stamp club members. Within 3 years, he was worth $500,000!
- You'll see how Larry M. got the money he needed to buy $14,000 worth of paintings. In 2 years, he was offered almost FIVE TIMES as much for them. But Larry waited another year and sold them for more than SIX TIMES the purchase price: $100,000. This is a neat income —particularly when you remember that Larry didn't invest a dime of his own!
- Ben D., considered such a poor credit risk that six banks had refused him time after time, used a method revealed in this book to get a $50,000 five-year loan in less than 30 minutes! He used this money to buy a restaurant. Today, he has five booming restaurants, and more money than he can spend!
- Joel L. started with a gas station which he took over, using one of the many easy loans I tell you about. Once Joel had the gas station, he began to look around for other easy-money



businesses. Soon he had a real estate office, a pet shop, a hardware store, a second gas station, and a laundry! His net income from these businesses was $75,000 the first year!

- Herb F. was a mailman for the Post Office, in a little town in the midwest. Using the method I tell you about—for obtaining large sums of money for as little as $8 a month—he obtained $40,000 without putting up a cent! He used this money to buy a $600,000 motel. Today he's on easy street after only a few weeks!
- Clint T. couldn't stand the 9-to-5 routine of his job. He decided he had to make a pile of money as quickly as possible. Using one of the sources revealed in this book, he borrowed $2,000 and invested it in a meat business. In less than 2 months, he made a profit of $12,300 —OR OVER $200 PER DAY FOR DOING NOTHING, while he had other people's money invested!

I Want To Tell You All About These—And Many Other—"Automatic Income" Opportunities Entirely At My Risk! Like This:

There are hundreds of other profitable deals you can set up, using this ready cash! You'll learn about all of them in my book. I'll show you how to get into a business that's

- Simple to run! • Gives an immediate income! • Can grow quickly!

...and give you an automatic income for the rest of your life, perhaps! An income that goes on whether you work or not! Prove it yourself, entirely at my risk!

— — MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY — —

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THE OLD TIMERS CORNER

By Bill Salisbury

THE DAYS OF THE TEAM AND WAGON

SO MANY OF the old timers have been after me to write about working with horses I think I will try to recount some of the incidents back in the early twenties just before the trucks took over. I guess you would say it was the end of an era.

It was the early fall of the year 1920. I landed in Boulder, Colorado with a spring wagon, a team of good harvest horses and a little camping equipment. I came down from Wyoming looking for a milder climate for the winter as I was crippled up from being run over with a wagon loaded with gravel, causing a dislocated hip.

I shopped around pretty extensively for work for me and my ponies and was generally turned away with a shrug as hardly anyone I approached thought I had any business trying to work in that condition.

But seeing as there was no other way at that time I was determined, as my horses needed hay and oats and a place to stay. I also had to have a livelihood. Something had to give no matter how painful.

Hay at that time sold for $1 a bale, same as today, oats $1.50 to $2 a hundred. And no man in his right mind ever worked a horse without giving him oats to keep up his strength.

In shopping around I finally hit a job hauling coal for the Golden Ash Coal Co., 21st and Pearl Streets. I was to be paid $1 a ton for delivery, but with my little rig 1,000 pounds was all I could haul to the load.

Not so good. I'd have to look around and find a heavier wagon. It was no trouble though as the coal company had a regular coal wagon rigged to haul up to three tons with a steel bottom in the bed and extended tail so that when you took out the tailgate the coal would not fall out. This gave you a chance to get your shovel under the coal making the starting of the load a lot better. These wagons were also used for grain, sugar beets, etc.

So I got started in the delivery business and located me a good barn nearby with water trough, etc.

Then I went to the coal yard to await orders as the weather was getting cooler. Orders began to come in and believe you me I appreciated them very much.

We shoveled the coal out of a box car as it was shipped from the mines by rail. Fifty tons per car. Then we had a bin by the scale where we weighed out our loads. If we had too much on it was tossed into the bin. Vice versa if it was short of the mark.

Now you might think it was next to impossible to shovel coal with a crippled leg. It all depends on how crippled and how much you need to go ahead.

In those days there generally was no help available. If there was I was not aware of it. So consequently I had to make a go of it.

Anyway, I would lean my weak hip against the side of the car. If I was shoveling from the wagon I would spend lots of my time shoveling from my knees as that way I could brace my hip against the sideboard of the wagon.

One incident comes back to my memory that was really not funny.

Losts of people had their coal bin in their basement. However, they were not in the majority as most had their coal house out next to the alley and it was transferred to the house via coal scuttle.

In this particular incident the bin was in the basement. The window for shoveling in the coal to the bin was just under a large picture window facing the side from the dining room. And to make it more involving the family was just sitting down to eat their noon meal just as I was getting set to start unloading. As it was slightly some past high noon and my team as well as myself were rather anxious to also get to lunch, of course we were rather nervous.

Well, I was shoveling away, and as the dining room window was slightly below the level of the wagon box I had a clear view of a well set table of food. Of course the team would start and stop as they wanted to go. All at once I missed my swing and hit the side of the wagon with the leading edge of my shovel causing the complete shovel full of coal to land, you are right, square in the middle of that table of food.

You will have to imagine the uproar. And I will tell you—there was one beaten boy. How on earth could I pay for this and make amends? But it turned out they were wonderful, understanding people and agreed if I pay for the window that was all it would take.

That was agreed, so I thought. The next ordeal would be the coal yard. They probably wouldn't put up with a clumsy cripple after this. But lo and behold they also had understanding. The boss patted me on the shoulder and said, "We have insurance," something I had never heard of. But they did pay the damage and caused me to not have to go on short rations.

When people used coal for cooking and heating that left the problem of ashes. To answer this they each had built what was known as an ash pit, also next to the alley. The pit was generally built above ground out of brick and cement looking somewhat like an Eskimo igloo as it was dome-shaped with a large hole in the top for dumping the ashes in and another opening with a slide in metal door for shoveling out the ash on the alley side.

These generally held a good-sized wagonload of ashes, etc. If they put too much other we would not haul it. Also if they should put any small dead animals the city would assess them with a fine.

But we would keep our eyes open as we delivered coal to the customers and would also contract hauling off the ash when the pit became full which would

(Continued on page 66)

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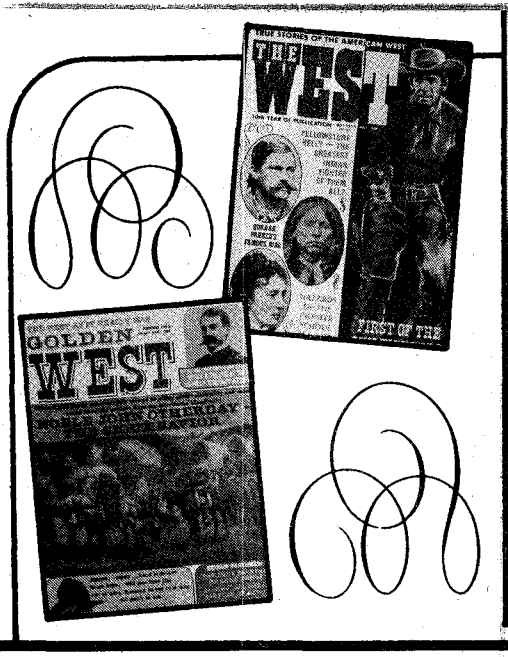

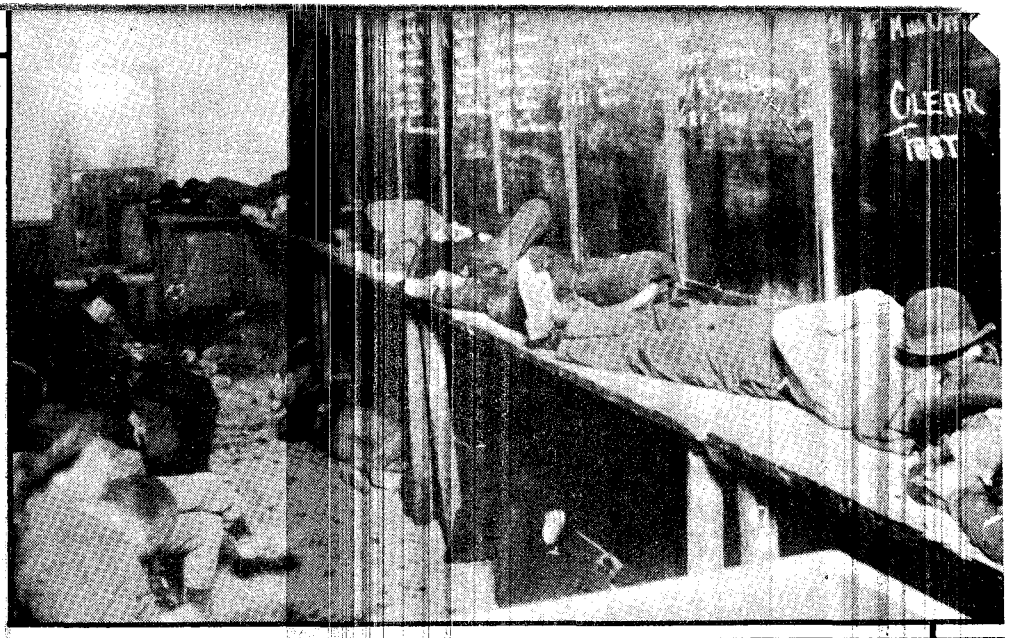

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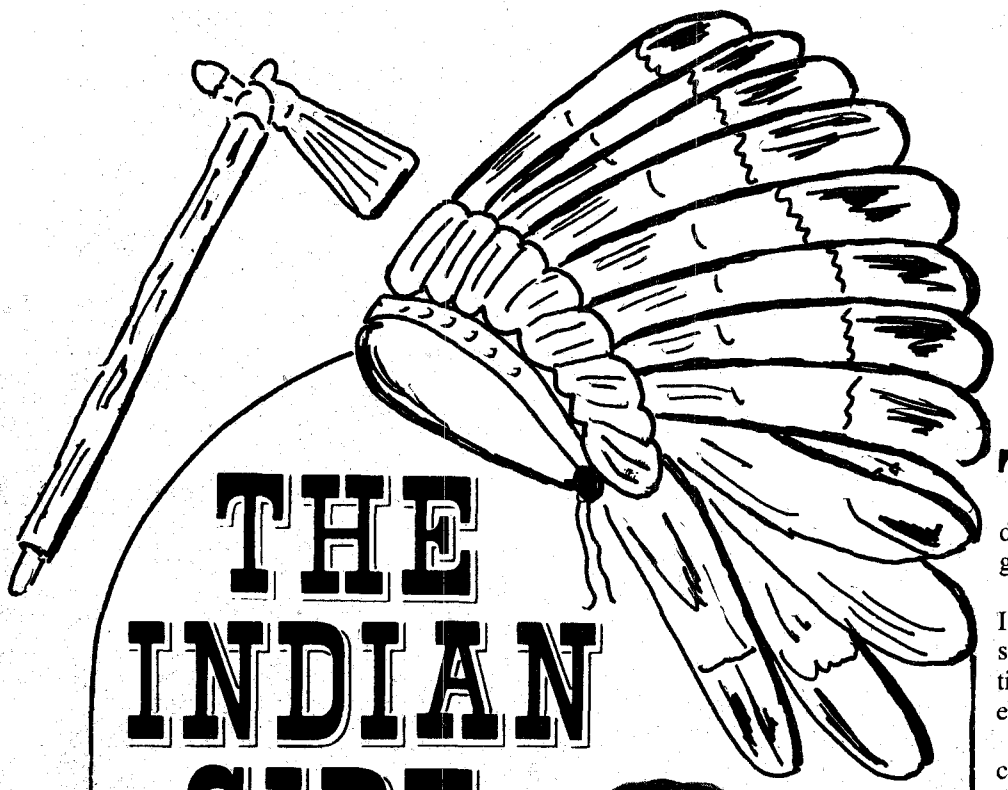
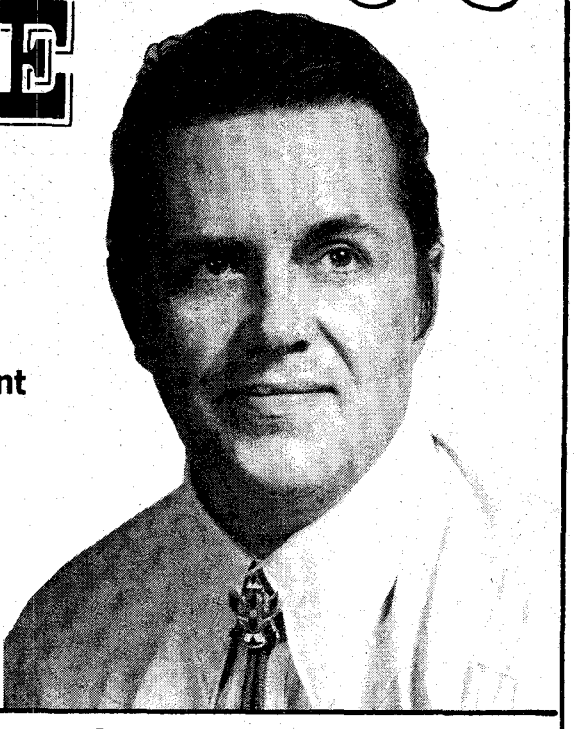


THE INDIAN SIDE

BY RONALD J. MORGAN
Special Consultant On American Indian Affairs



Ronald J. Morgan has made the study of the American Indian his life's work. A special consultant on Indian affairs for the government, he has met with many of the old warriors and their families and has corresponded with several white Indian fighters. A member of the Canadian Blackfeet, Morgan has an extensive background in Indian affairs and speaks the Sioux language. From time to time his column will appear in this magazine giving a view of western history from the side you don't often see in history books.

AMERICAN INDIAN SPEECHES

THE AMERICAN INDIAN has been viewed as a noble savage, red devil, evildoer to white women, and in general, a renegade.

There is another side to the American Indian. A warm human side often observed and admired by early day frontiersmen and Army officers, but seldom expressed.

With most of the Western tribes it was customary while in a council to express their deeds, telling how they struck a certain enemy or captured enemy horses or provided meat for needy widows and children. Then they would get around to the message they wished to express. Often this practice took a great deal of time as each speaker told a few of his deeds.

During the peace treaty at Medicine Lodge Creek in Kansas, there were five tribes involved; the Kiowa, Cheyenne, Comanche, Apache and Arapaho. Needless to say, this was a lengthy council, with several head chiefs of each tribe expressing his views. After each Indian spoke he would pause for the interpreter to translate it into English or Spanish, sometimes both. Then the Army officers would express their views, also pausing for interpretation.

The Peace Treaty took over a full week to complete. This occurred in October, 1867. Some of the Indians who were present were Satana or White Bear, a Kiowa chief, old Ten Bears, a Comanche chief who gave up the warpath and considered the white man his friend, Chief I-See-O, another Kiowa who witnessed the event and lived until the 1920's and showed the Kansas Historical Committee the exact site where the peace treaty was signed.

Quanah Parker's band of Comanches, the Antelope Eaters, were not present, but other influential Comanches were.

The Indians spoke from their hearts and their words and expressions amazed many white observers who had preconceived ideas that all Indians were mere savages and only grunted when necessary. Even Mrs. George Custer mentioned in several of her books the elo-

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Left: Three generations of the Red Cloud family. Red Cloud was the "Terror of the Plains." Above: Chief Iron Shell, beloved by his people.

quence with which the Indians spoke. Mrs. Custer was not present at the Medicine Lodge Treaty, but she was present during several conferences among the Sioux and Cheyenne.

One of the greatest differences between the chiefs and the Army was over the interpreters. There were several qualified interpreters of mixed-blood who volunteered their services, but the government wanted interpreters who were prone to their viewpoint. The Indians wanted someone who would tell it "straight from the heart." Both sides were often forced to compromise. Often the interpreter was bribed or promised something of value.

One problem the whites didn't realize was the friction between several of the chiefs. At one time Red Cloud was considered a "terror of the plains" having taken part in numerous raids and closing the Bozeman Trail. But he gave up the warpath and befriended the white man. He was also tricked into signing a peace treaty by dishonest interpreters who declared him "Chief of the Sioux Nation."

Nothing could have been further from the truth. There was no ONE chief who spoke for all his nation. Red Cloud signed a treaty giving away several thousand acres, and allowing wagon trains to pass unmolested through the sacred Black Hills. He was scorned by many of his people for this deed.

There was also friction between Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, another Sioux Chief. Chief Spotted Tail was involved in the Custer fight but Red Cloud and his band were not. The main party of Sioux called Red Cloud's people "the hang around the fort people," meaning he depended on the whites to take care of his people, while the rest of the Sioux Nation preferred to hunt buffalo and live free as they had in the old days. Later, Spotted Tail also befriended the whites, often riding with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. But the hard feeling remained between the two chiefs.

Old Chief Black Elk, a Sioux medicine man, also had little use for Red Cloud. Black Elk was also involved in the Custer fight on that dusty Sunday in June, 1876 when the Sioux-Cheyenne powers came to a peak.

Often during a peace council several interpreters would be present thus presenting several different versions of a certain speech. Some interpreters would omit several lengthy details or record them in their own words when a certain word or expression had no English meaning.

The following speeches were given at various councils by Indians of different tribes and bands:

Iron Shell (Sioux): "My friends, most of you gathered here know me. The whites here are not known to me but I trust when the sun sets we will all be true friends and have fond memories of these times. My friends are welcomed to share

(Continued on page 53)

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PIONEERING ON THE JIM

Even considering the grief, the heartaches and the astoundingly hard work, the Slacks did not regret the move to the new country; along with other ethnic groups from across the Western world, they had found a place to call their own...

by Leola Lehman

IT TOOK COURAGE AND endurance, and a special feel for adventure for a woman to follow her man into the almost unknown land we called the Early West, in search of a new starting place. Sophia DeWitt Slack had these, and an additional quality referred to, then—delicately—as "intestinal fortitude." Just plain guts, they meant!

Born in Perth, Ontario, in 1828, the young Canadian girl was married to Henry Slack when she was just short of fourteen. Eight years later George, their first child, was born. Within months Sophia began her long career as a pioneer in the American West.

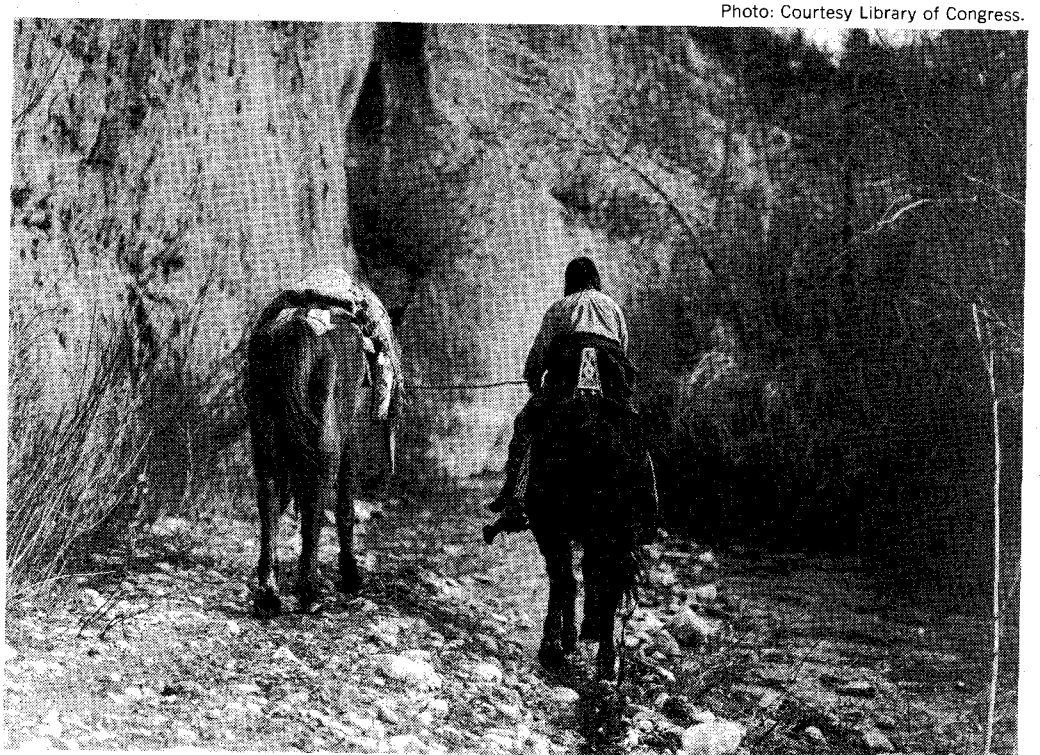
A few years earlier one of Henry's brothers had emigrated to Iowa and he wrote such glowing accounts of the country to his family that Sophia and Henry decided to join him there. This was early in 1849.

Soon after their arrival in Iowa, the California gold strike electrified the country; it caused a wave of excitement all over the world, for that matter. Henry, with a suddenly awakened instinct for adventure driving him, decided to go alone to the gold fields.

"I'll just stay long enough to make our fortune, and then I'll come back for you and little George," he assured Sophia. "You can stay here. It won't be long. They say all you have to do is pick pure gold nuggets up off the ground!"

Empire building in any land is

Photo: Courtesy Library of Congress.



The Sioux were moved to reservations, and then settlers came in.

He would not allow himself to be discouraged, so Sophia had to agree. The months after he left were bad ones for the young wife. Tales of Indian massacres of the gold seekers, of cholera epidemics that wiped out hundreds of them as they crossed the plains, filled the newspapers. Along with the bad news the papers printed stories of new discoveries in the gold fields that made millionaires of men overnight. For Sophia the promise of instant wealth was more than counterbalanced by the danger she knew lay in wait for Henry in the lawless wilds of the gold country—if he lived that long.

Homesick and heartsick, she wrote to her sisters in Ontario that she wanted to return home, but lacked money for the move. Her sisters sent funds, and Sophia and the baby started back to Canada. They traveled by boat and by stage, and the trip was a nightmare—hard on both. They were on a ferry—within hours of their destination—when little George died.

Sophia supported herself as a seamstress while she waited for Henry to come back, and the months stretched into years. For four years she had no word at

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Photo: Courtesy Library of Congress.

never accomplished without great sacrifice and loss of life, as this painting by Leutze illustrates.

all from her husband, and she did not know if he was dead or alive.

Sophia was still a beautiful woman, and after a time a former suitor tried to court her, but she refused him.

"Henry will be back," she said, and she waited.

Late in the fourth year a letter came from Henry. He had succeeded in making a fortune in the gold fields, he wrote. Not as easily as he had expected, but finally he accumulated a money belt full of gold dust. He had started home by way of Central America and contracted malaria, and almost died. He was delirious a great part of the time. When he came to his senses his gold was gone. At the time of writing he was in New York City, broken in health, and penniless. The family sent him the money for passage home.

Sophia supported the two of them until Henry's health improved, and he went back to work as a cobbler, which was his trade. For the next thirteen years the Slacks lived on in Canada, and six children were born to them, three of each, boys and girls. Their names were: Jimmy, Benoni, Margaret, Henry, Sophia and Minnie. But Henry could not forget the frontier country he had traveled through on his way to California. Dakota Territory was in the process of being opened for settlement as the government persuaded the Sioux to go on reservations, and soon the land would be ready for homesteaders.

Henry wanted to go, and Sophia agreed. Even with a houseful of children she was not afraid of adventure—with Henry at her side.

The Slacks packed their possessions and headed for Minnesota. It was autumn when they reached a likely spot on the Zumbro River. Henry built a big log cabin on its banks and they spent their first winter there. They had not brought much in the way of food with them and now they discovered that much of the food was shipped in—and came high. Coffee and tea ran to around six dollars a pound, for example. With six hungry children they would have to eat what was locally available.

Henry had a chance to trade his labor for a good supply of cornmeal, and there was plenty of wild game. Sophia and the girls picked up acorns and roasted them to make a hot drink they cheerfully called coffee. They made it through the winter.

By spring Henry had looked around and liked what he saw. They decided to stay on in Minnesota. A millwright was needed in nearby Plainview and he was experienced along that line. He took the job and they moved there. They lived in Minnesota for eleven years and during that time Jimmy, their eldest son, was killed in a hunting accident. They had now lost two sons.

As the years went by and they did not prosper, Henry became dissatisfied. He thought much of the wide plains country he had traveled through on his way to California, especially the Platte River valley in Nebraska. When two neighbors, Bill Sullivan and John Noehl, returned from a trip to the frontier country and talked about what a beautiful place the James River valley was, Henry could talk and think of nothing else. Once more he talked his wife into going west.

In April, 1878, they loaded up two covered wagons and headed out. This time they were better prepared. With them they took enough possessions to start over with less hardship and making-do. They even tied two cows to the rear of one wagon to ensure a supply of milk for the children.

Henry was in no great hurry. When they came to an area where the hunting and the fishing were good, they went into camp for a few days. Henry, Benoni and young Henry provided fresh meat for Sophia and Margaret to cook over their campfire. All of the family enjoyed the trip.

Noehl and Jim Humphrey had left Minnesota at about the same time as the Slacks, and a meeting place had been

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Photo: Courtesy S. Dakota State Hist. Soc.

agreed upon in the Dakotas. They met as planned, and Noehl talked Henry into joining up with them to go look at the James River country. They reached the Waubay area a few days later.

While they were making camp that evening, four strangers rode up. They were Bob Love, an Indian trader and interpreter, and Charley Foster, from Waubay. With them were two Armadale Indians. Love was trying to deal diplomatically with the Sioux, who claimed for their tribe all the land to a point six miles north of Armadale.

The last thing Henry Slack wanted was trouble with the Sioux, but he liked the country, and wanted to pick a spot before the main rush of homesteaders. These new settlers were expected after the opening of the Sioux lands.

The next day they drove on until well beyond the six-mile limit set by the Indians, and reached a spot on the James River that suited Slack. He saw great possibilities in the timbered section beside the river. It was decided that this was where they would build a house and make a home.

Bob Love and Jim Humphrey stayed to help the Slacks put up a log cabin. They went to work immediately and for the first time the ring of an axe broke the silence on that frontier outpost. The cabin was six logs high when there was an unexpected and ominous interruption. A band of Sioux warriors, led by Drifting Goose, (Ma-ga-bobada), rode up and ordered them off. The land belonged to his tribe, he said, and his heart was "bad" to see the white people there. They must go immediately. Then the band rode away.

Drifting Goose made some threatening gestures at the Slacks.

But Henry Slack had found the place he was looking for, and did not scare off that easily. He had gone beyond the limits set by the Armadale Indians, and although the land he was on was not yet officially opened, it soon would be, and Drifting Goose knew this as well as he did. He decided to stay!

A week later he changed his mind. Drifting Goose returned and was angry to find the settlers still there. He and his braves sat their ponies and glared down at the Slack children. They ostentatiously ran their fingers along the sharp blades of their long knives and repeated over and over, "Killee-ca-nek" "Killee-ca-nek". The suggestion was unmistakable.

Although the children looked up at the Indians with innocent curiosity, unaware of their danger, Sophia and Henry knew that this could well prove to be more than grandstanding. The trails west were dotted with the graves of men and women murdered by Indians, if such proof was needed to prove the danger was real. Be-

Photo : Courtesy Library of Congress.

The western prairie farmer running the "fire-guard;" (an illus. by T.R. Davis in Harper's Weekly, 1868).

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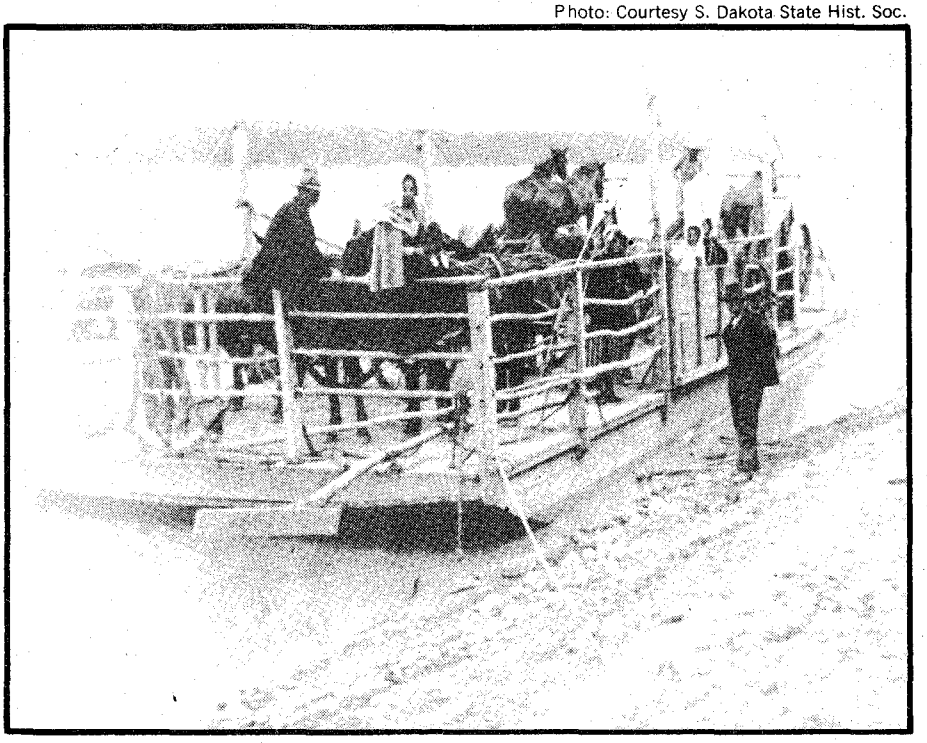
Photo: Courtesy S. Dakota State Hist. Soc.

Minnie and Sophia Slack, belles of Brown County, were noted for charm.

Photo: Courtesy S. Dakota State Hist. Soc.



Henry Slack found that operating a ferry was a good business before bridges were even though of in James River Valley.

fore Drifting Goose and his men rode away he set a definite time for the settlers to be on their way. Henry was grim. He turned to Bob Love.

"You know the Sioux, Love," he said. "Do they mean business? Would it be dangerous to keep my family here?"

The Indian trader looked from the middle-aged man to the partly built cabin. He nodded. "Hate to have to say so, Slack," he said, "but some of these Indians are pretty riled up about losing this big bite out of their reservation. Better pull out until the thing's settled and the land legally open. Won't be long now."

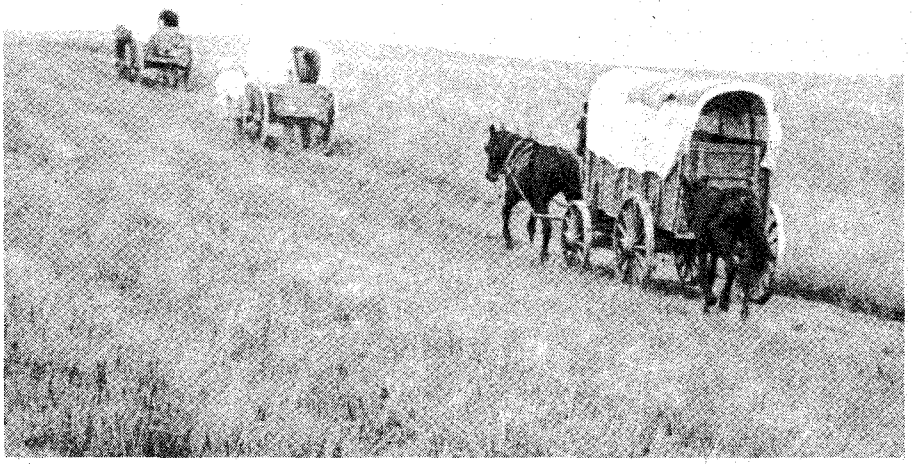
Sophia and Henry were both in their fifties, now, and it was a hard thing to turn their backs on the piece of ground they had set their hearts on even for the few months or the year it would be before they could come back. Also, there was always the possibility that another family might come in and take over, with no claim filed. Still, it looked like serious trouble if they stayed. They might even be wiped out. Drifting Goose certainly seemed to mean it when he ordered them off!

"We'd best go, Henry," Sophia said, and turned toward Margaret. "Come help me get the quilts and dishes ready."

Henry and the other men loaded the wagons, tied the cows to the tailgate of one, and they headed out. They would go to Waubay and stay until the Sioux were safely settled on reservations, and then come back. It would only be a few months, in all probability.

They made a makeshift raft to cross the James River, and were about two miles along, almost to Mud Creek, when they saw a band of braves racing toward them. Bob Love spoke quickly.

Photo: Courtesy S. Dakota State Hist. Soc.



Covered wagons on western prairies were frequent in 19th Century.

"If there's to be trouble it will come at the crossing," he said. "You go ahead as fast as you can, and I'll try to keep Drifting Goose and his boys here. Humphrey can cover for you at the ford. Don't run for it. What these Indians want is to stampede you and pick up the cows and any stray pony they can."

Henry did not argue. The trader knew the Sioux, and he trusted his judgment. He kept the wagons rolling, and Humphrey brought up the rear. Love remained behind, to face the Indians. As they drew near he signalled that he wanted to talk to the leader who, with two other braves, rode over to where he sat his horse. The rest of the riders fanned out and raced past the wagons, yelling and holding their weapons high. Love kept an eye on them as he began to talk with the Indians facing him. He saw that if Slack kept his head the braves would only harry the travelers, so he turned to the business of holding the interest of his companions. He began a dicker. Soon the rest of the band, curious, rode back to see what was going on.

Slack, looking back, saw Bob Love and the Sioux gesturing energetically, and he, too, wondered what was being said. At Mud Creek Jim Humphrey stood guard as the wagons crossed and picked up the dim trail toward Waubay. Then he joined them. After a time Love rode up. Henry looked at him curiously.

"How did you keep the Indians talking while we crossed?" he asked.

The brown-faced Indian trader grinned. "We talked trade," he said. "I offered Miss Margaret to them for 40 ponies. They thought that she was worth that many but could only offer 18, so the deal was off!"

(Continued on page 44)

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JIM KIRKER, KING OF THE SCALPERS

by Don Martin

HE WAS CERTAINLY a strange, tough individual, acclaimed the most exotic character the early West ever knew. People called him Captain James Kirker. Many knew him as Jim, or Don Santiago.

His chief trade was scalp hunting.

He had other titles. He was the self-styled King of Mexico, Don Santiago, Indian, scalp hunter, trapper, mountain man, politician, fur dealer, scout for Colonel Doniphan's Missouri Volunteers, and just about every other blood-curdling title that could be hung on a tough old Western hombre.

Probably the most gruesome title on the list was "Lord of the Scalp Hunters." According to old records, the man was certainly entitled to be called that. The "pelts" to his credit were many, and, when sold in the markets of Chihuahua City, brought him lots of money.

Kirker was a natural born Irishman, despite the fact that his physical features were no credit for the lineage. He became a part of the earth's scramble in Belfast, Ireland, in 1793. And he was only 17 years old when he landed in this country. He lived with the Mexicans and dealt with the Indians until his aspects became mostly the same as those people's and his Irish physical features faded. He was dark of skin, characteristic of the Mexican and spoke Spanish and the dialect fluently. The accent was even present when he spoke English.

Jim landed in New York in 1810, and became a sailor in the War of 1812. He prowled the Atlantic on an American privateer, called the *Black Joke*, during that conflict. However, as was the case with many another immigrant, he had no hankering to remain in the East. The West extended a beckoning hand of adventure, travel, Indian fighting, and quick fortunes. By 1817 he was poking around on the streets of St. Louis, making plans for a trek still farther west.

In 1821, he joined the expedition of General Thomas Jones and John McKnight entering Mexico to free the latter's brother, Robert. In 1822 he went with General Ashley and Major Henry on a trapping trip to the Upper Missouri, where he fell out with the Missouri Fur Company, and returned to St. Louis.

Kirker then joined Colonel Henry Leavenworth's expedition and traveled over the newly blazed Santa Fe Trail, and landed in Santa Fe in 1824.

THE colorful frontier individual met and married a beautiful Mexican girl in the Paso del Norte, and called the settlement the center of his home life. He dabbled with politics up and down the Rio Grande, hunted and trapped in the rugged Gila wilderness. From this period of his life, historians have decided the only extant picture of Kirker was made, one captioned "Don Santiago Kirker, King of New Mexico."

It was also during this time that Kirker commenced showing a decided interest in the daring field of scalp hunt-

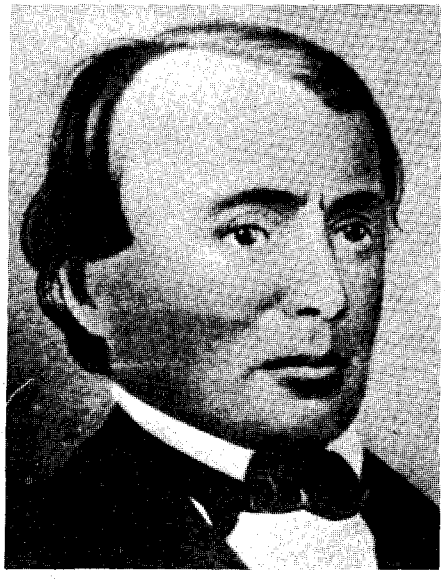
Kirker's type of man was something to behold.

Bancroft Library Photo

Colonel A. W. Doniphan faced a cold deck.

New York Public Library

Gov. Charles Bent was scalped, murdered.



New Mexico Tourist Bureau Photo

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ing, commonly referred to among the working forces as "the hair raising business." Into it he plunged.

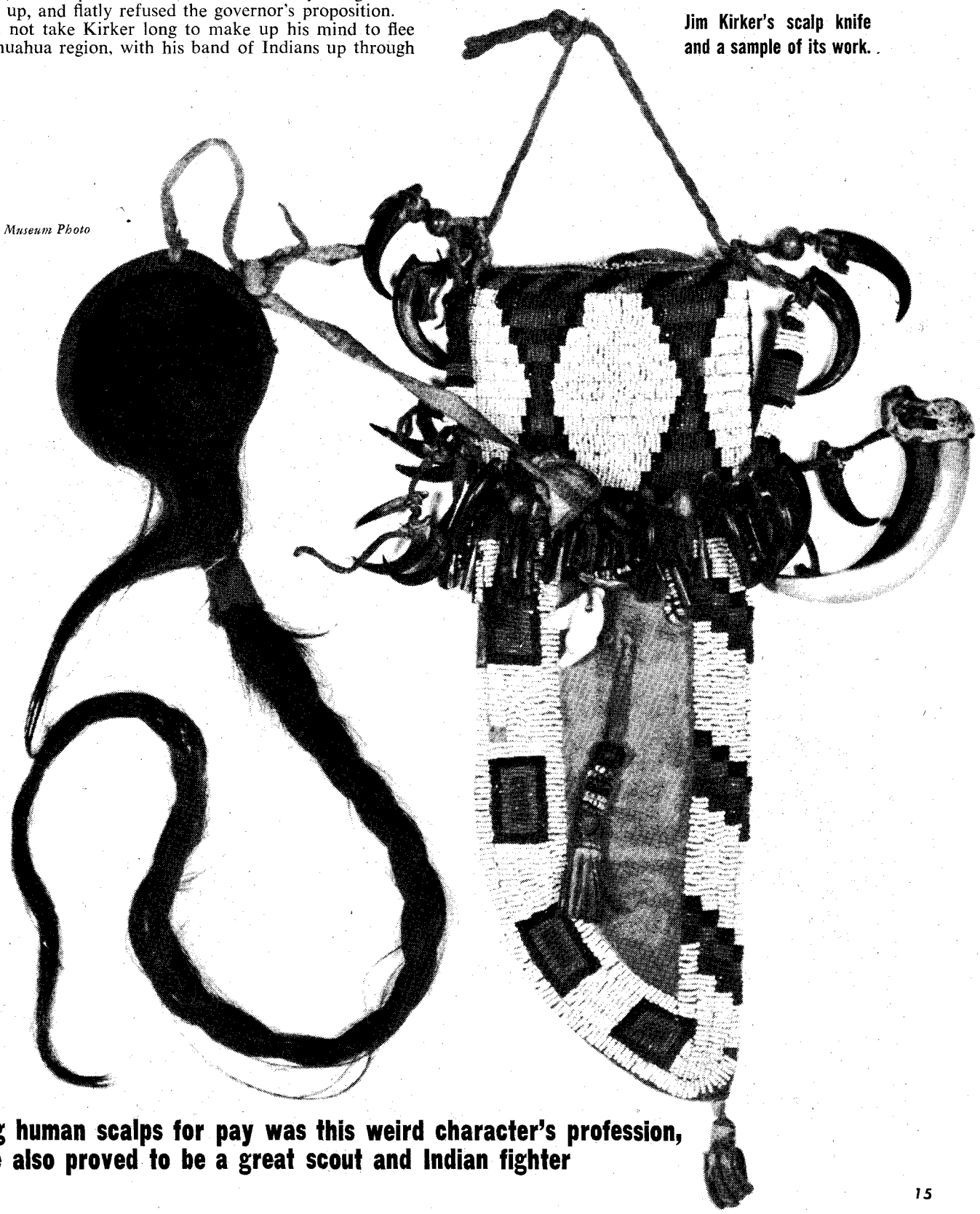
The newly titled scalp king had not been long in the business before the Mexican government owed him in excess of $30,000 for "pelts" which he had lifted during big raids in the northern sections of the area. But there developed an irony to the situation. Instead of paying him the sums due, the Mexican governor offered Kirker a colonel's commission in a Chihuahua army. Preparations were beginning to wax hot and furious to fight back the approaching Americans. However, the scalp hunter did not like the way things were stacking up, and flatly refused the governor's proposition.

It did not take Kirker long to make up his mind to flee the Chihuahua region, with his band of Indians up through the Paso del Norte. We shall soon learn that he probably did this to show his loyalty to the United States, even though he was then a naturalized citizen of Mexico. The Mexican governor Trias had "offered five times as much money ($10,000) for his scalp as was ever paid for any human crown in the hair markets of Mexico."

It was through this hasty and decisive move that Captain James Kirker contacted the forces of Colonel Doniphan

Jim Kirker's scalp knife and a sample of its work.

Denver Art Museum Photo



Taking human scalps for pay was this weird character's profession, but he also proved to be a great scout and Indian fighter

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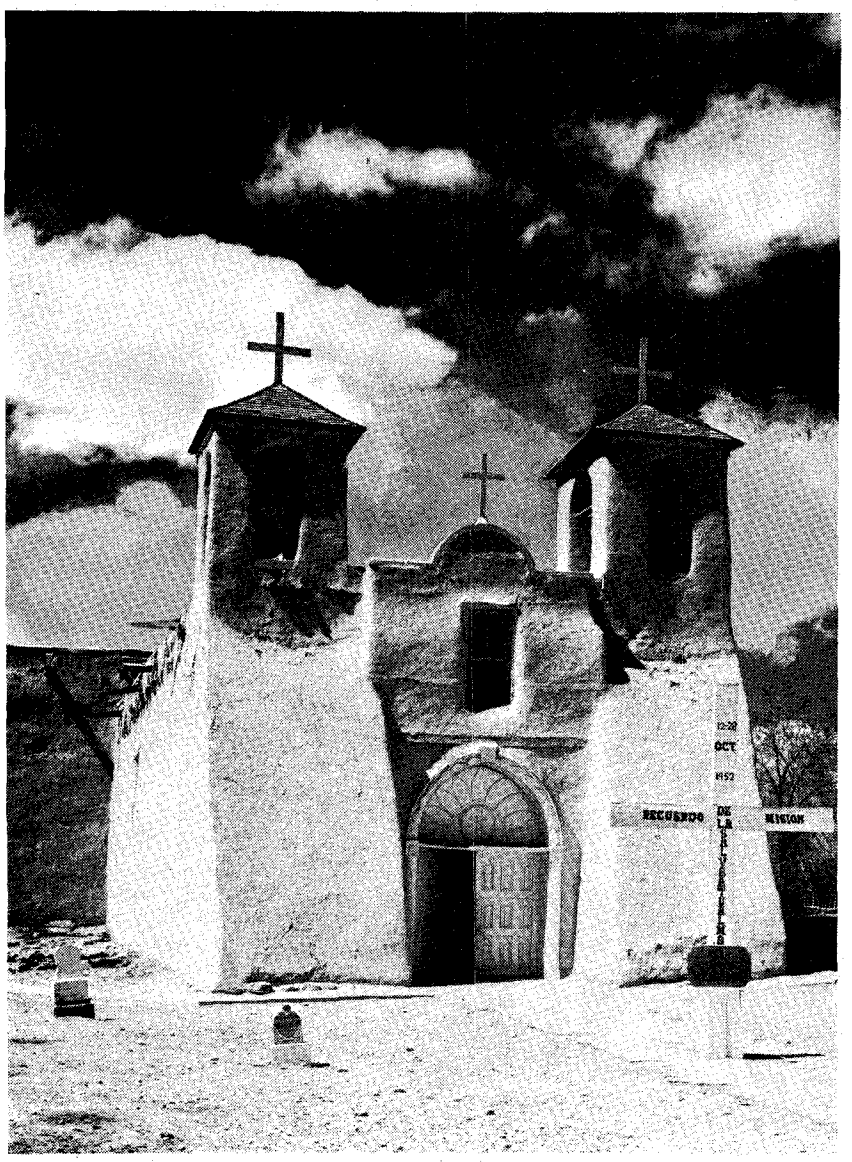
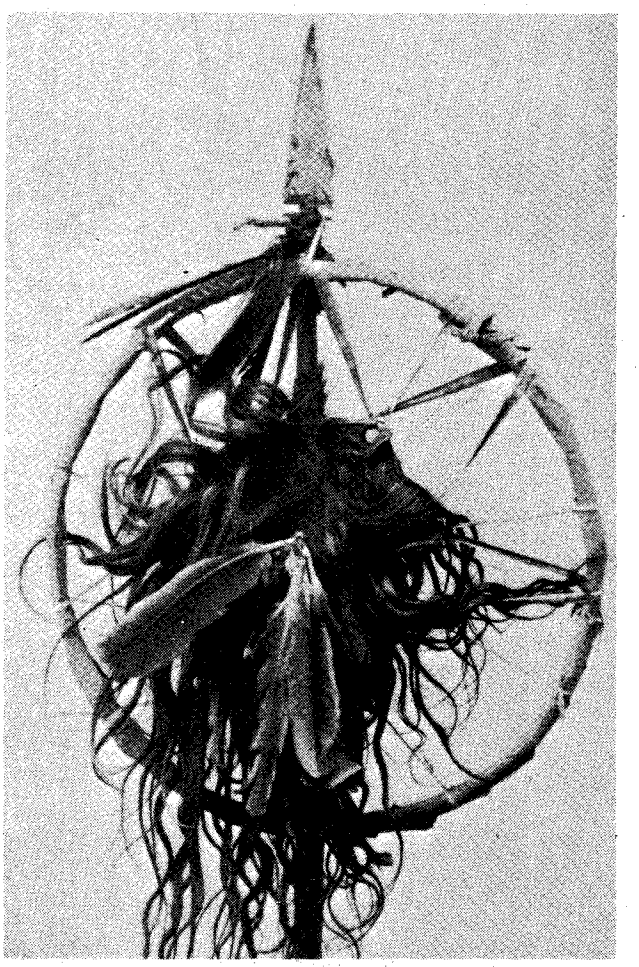
New Mexico Department of Development



Kirker and his "hair raisers" scalped 40 Apaches in Taos mission.

Western Collection, Denver Public Library



Scalps like this brought a high price in Mexico.

a short distance north of the Paso del Norte. For seventeen days the famous scalp king worked his way quietly through the rugged mountains, deserts, and wilderness of northern Mexico, gathering as many men for his little army as he could muster. One of his best scalp hunters, however, had left for his Creek Nation home on the distant west Texas plains, while a few of the Delawares had continued up the Rio Grande, to their homes. A half dozen or so Shawnee and Delaware Indians remained with Jim in his march to the north.

Late in the evening of Christmas Day, 1846, almost at sunset, the cagey Jim Kirker and his small force met Colonel Doniphan and the Missouri Volunteers, about thirty miles north of Paso del Norte, at a small settlement called Brazito. The Doniphan force had camped on one side of the river, while Captain Kirker and his Indians approached the encampment from the other.

The patrols of the half-naked, worn out, battle-scarred Missouri Volunteers were at first very dubious of Captain Kirker and his scalpers, especially with the horrible garb in which they appeared. The Volunteers looked the strange men over very carefully and curiously. They soon formed an opinion, even though they were not, at the time, convinced they were right. They allowed Kirker to cross and join their ranks.

As historian Smith described the meeting in the *New Mexico Historical Review:* "They agreed that his Mexican shirt and breeches clothed a mighty tough old bird. On his head was cocked a broad Mexican hat, and huge spurs embellished with Mexican finery jingled at his heels. He carried a Jake Hawkins rifle elegantly ornamented with silver inlaid on the stock, and daggers were stuck in the top of boots. Though fifty-four years old and weighing about 175 pounds, he moved as smoothly as an athlete. His steed was a fine, spirited 'scalping horse' to which he gave the sort of care which seemed to say that the animal had carried him through some crises during his scalp hunting days."

The Volunteers listened to the old frontiersman's story, and admitted that it was the strangest they had ever heard.

The two small forces had met on the old Spanish Conquistador trail on the Rio Grande, and lost no time in reaching an acquaintance, and formulating opinions of each other. Kirker offered his services in the American invasion. Colonel Doniphan and his weary forces, clothed in rags of almost any sort of fabric that would hide their nakedness, had just come down from the north, where they had been engaged in struggles west of Santa Fe.

Captain James Kirker had appeared at their camp from the south. The Missouri Volunteers became acquainted with

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the sudden-appearing exotic guest that Christmas Day as the well known *Don Santiago Querque*, as the Mexican government knew him, while the Americans had tagged him *Don Santiago Kirker*.

Once they had met, it did not take the two parties long to come up with an agreement, despite the fact that Colonel Doniphan was dubious from the very start about the strange character and let it become known to his lower commanders that he took very little stock in this individual's strange story, giving orders for them to keep a close guard on his movements.

Kirker and the Missouri Volunteers lost no time in combining forces, as each one needed the other in the rapidly approaching crisis, and preparations were put under way for a movement to the south the following morning, where they were to meet General Wool from Saltillo in an all-out subjection of the Mexican forces.

BRIGHT and early on the 26th, the scalp hunter and a few of the Volunteers formed a scouting party and headed out in advance of the main body. Word had already spread up and down the river that Jim Kirker, the terror of the Apaches, had joined forces with the "hair devils" from Missouri, and was hell-bent for the south.

A sudden change seized the Mexicans. Once the mighty Don Santiago had been their worshipped hero. Now he had turned against them, and the inspired dreams of his protection had suddenly turned into fear when they realized Jim could engulf them with a horror as he had done the Indians in many of his hair raising episodes.

The Kirker scouting party advanced toward Paso del Norte, but saw very few Mexicans the first day out. Near nightfall Jim and his party camped with the Missouri Volunteers, who had styled themselves "ring-tailed roarers" about fifteen miles above El Paso. The Volunteers continued to keep a close watch on Jim Kirker, as doubt still remained in their minds about the exotic story he had told them in the first meeting.

On the morning of the 27th, as the Volunteers broke camp, Kirker told them there would probably be no fighting along the Rio Grande. Doniphan's staff put their own interpretation on this—the invaders should be ready at all times for any sort of development. Kirker himself, employing a few of his old scalp hunting tricks, had learned that the Mexican commander Leon and his previously defeated troops had fled through El Paso, and were high-tailing it for Fort Carrizal, along the Chihuahua Trail much farther to the south.

The Missourians moved out with the advance scouting party under the command of Colonel David D. Mitchell. No time was wasted, as the invaders knew the hour was soon approaching when they were to meet General Wool from Saltillo. Then they would know for sure whether Kirker was playing a straight game or just toying with them in a cat and mouse fashion, ready to ensnare them for a bountiful harvest of pelts.

The Mexicans sincerely hoped the latter would be the case with Kirker and his newly-joined forces because such a move would foil the hell-bent advance of the Americans upon Chihuahua City, and ultimately hamper the winning of Mexico by the American invasion.

When the Kirker scouts were about eight miles out of El Paso, they sighted a sizeable body of Mexicans on the opposite bank of the river. The band of Mexicans had no sooner laid eyes on the scouting party than they ran up a white flag, and let it be known in no uncertain terms that they were not seeking a fight. They approached Kirker and the Volunteer scouts.

The scalp hunter might have been surprised at certain men in the band, for they were members of the same municipal council of El Paso who before had "examined, tallied, and certified Indian scalps *(Continued on page 45)*

El Paso was not a very large settlement when the Kirker party passed through en route to the Battle of Sacramento.

El Paso Chamber of Commerce Photo

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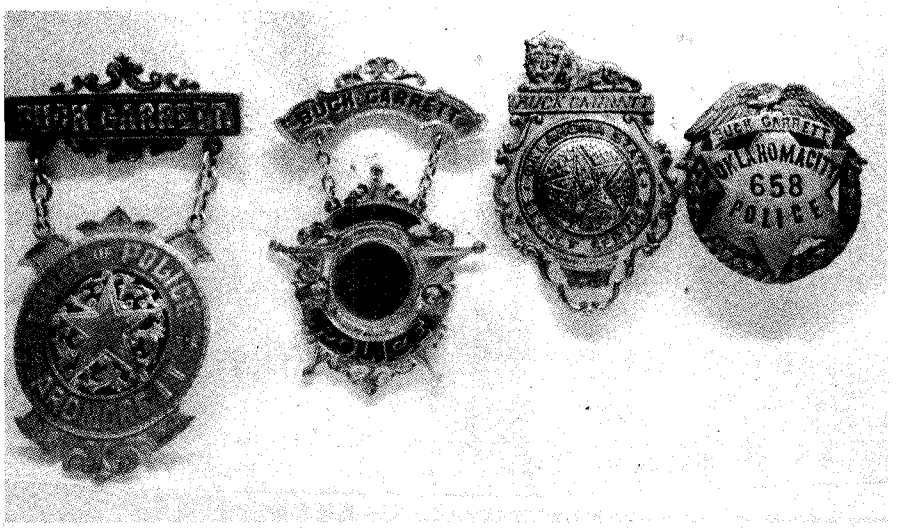
LEGEND OF THE TIN STAR



Several of many badges worn by Buck Garrett at Ardmore & Oklahoma City.

Leslie E. Snow; he was involved with conviction and hanging of Tom Horn.

by Ron Donoho

ROMANTICISM HAS ALWAYS been spotlighted by authors of Western Americana describing the everyday working tools of the Frontier Lawman. Reams have been written narrating Wyatt Earp's skill with his long-barreled Colt Buntline Special on the streets of Dodge City and Tombstone. Bat Masterson was famed for his use of a silver-tipped cane and Tom Smith obtained law and order with his fists. The Colt Six-Shooter and Winchester Rifle have long been the focal point in other wild sagas. However, all Frontier Lawmen did have a common denominator—a badge! One thing is certain, Western dramatists have given very little thought to the evidence of authority that was worn by the early-day peace officer.

Little is known about the origin of the peace-officer's badge as we know it today. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the F.B.I., was startled when quizzed as to the origin of the badge. No doubt Mr. Hoover was too busy carrying out the duties dictated by the badge to worry about its origin.

The editors of the F.B.I. publication, *The Investigators*, were of little help. They expressed great confidence that during their thirty years of publication "much must have been written" on the history of the badge. Accordingly, it came as a distinct shock to them to learn that nothing had ever been published on the subject by their magazine! But then, to make up for lost time, they published four articles on the subject between 1960 and 1963.

Where did it all begin? Probably the badge first appeared in early Chinese history, and it has even been mentioned in Egyptian history in the days before Cleopatra.

Without a doubt, badges first gained prominence in the early days of heraldry. Insignia was prominently displayed by the knights and their followers as a mark of identification when they were about to enter battle. During Richard the Lion-Hearted's reign, (14th and 15th centuries), badges were worn on the horse trappings, as well as on the knight's armor. This indicates that the heraldic badge is of great antiquity and was also richly symbolic. Even though heraldic badges of that day differ considerably from early and present-day lawmen's badges, they were instrumental in originating those later worn by the American peace-officer.

The desire for a sign of recognition or insignia of authority

Author's photos.

Only official issue Arizona Ranger badge known to exist.

Badge worn by Matt Warner, reformed member of Wild Bunch.

Marshal, Hamilton, Nevada; Hamilton has been ghost town since 1887.

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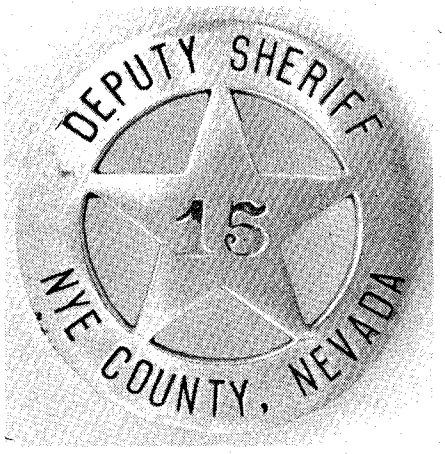
Badges probably gained prominence in the early days of heraldry. Insignia was prominently displayed by the knights and their followers as a mark of identification when they were about to enter battle... both on the horse trappings and the knight's armor.

Badge worn by Leslie E. Snow, Deputy U.S. Marshal, Cheyenne, 1903.



Deputy Sheriff badge, Nye County, Nev., issued in early 1890's.

First worn by Sheriff W.A. Ingalls in 1894, later by W.B. Mercer.

dates back to medieval times. During the 12th century, in feudal Germany, family and personal insignia were commonplace. The thought of an identifying crest seemed to catch on. The shield, with its heraldic emblems, was reproduced in metal miniatures and worn as a means of identification. It became an important part of everyday wearing apparel, and was considered "in" by todays standards. The wide use of personal insignia during this period offers another source of the American peace-officer's badge.

It was during an early period of English history that badges first became widely associated with the minions of law enforcement. Various appointed officials began wearing badges as a symbol of authority, leading, no doubt, to the wearing of these emblems by American police.

The title, "sheriff" was created from the old Saxon designation of the person authorized by the king to uphold law and order—known as the "Shire-reeve." In an extraction from the English Police Service, we find: "In the reign of Alfred the Great, (807-901), there was an effective system for preserving law and order. The Earls of the counties were responsible for the keeping of the King's Peace. The country was divided into shires or counties, and there the King's Agent was appointed, the Shire-reeve, (sheriff) who was in turn responsible to his Earl for keeping the King's Peace."

The sheriff, in the United States of America, is the most singularly powerful man in any county. The sheriff answers only to the people—at election time. In Nevada a sheriff can be arrested by only one other county official, the coroner, and then only under certain conditions.

The constable, another peace-officer name familiar in this country, comes from the Latin word, Comes-stabuli, (Master of the Horse) a mounted soldier who enforced the peace for the Normans. The title, "constable" was brought to England by the Normans during the Norman Conquest in 1066.

Probably the most popular peace officer in the American West was the Town Marshal and the United States Marshal. This title of authority was derived from the Teutonic words for horse, (marah) and servant, (scalc). It was originally given in Frankish and medieval European courts to deputies of the constable, or Count of the stable. This officer, because of the importance of cavalry, was military commander, and an administrator of the royal household as well. In 12th Century England, the marshal had jurisdiction over the court of chivalry, and also gained the title of *(Continued on page 52)*

Two-Gun Charlie Benton wore this one at Goldfield, Nev., during its heyday.

Badge dates back to 1869; hand made; oldest in author's collection.

Colo. Rangers badge worn by E.G. Murray; outfit disbanded in 1923.

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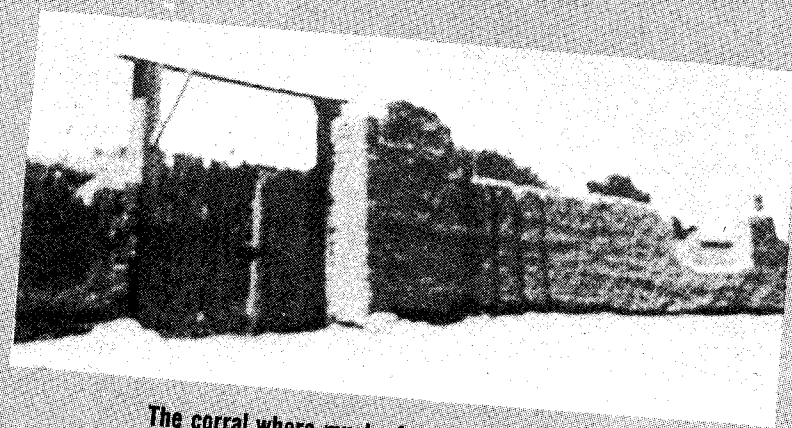
The Lone Star State has had many crazy wars, but the war over the salt flats turned out to be the bloodiest and craziest of them all

TEXAS' CRAZIEST WAR

by Harold Preece

Headquarters of the mob in Texas' great Salt War.



The corral where much of the fighting took place.

Author's Photos

Where Howard did the one decent thing in his life.

(*Editor's Note:* Much has been written pro and con about that most unique feud of the Old West, the El Paso County, Texas, Salt War. Readers have written in asking us for the facts, which we present under the authority of Harold Preece, the well-known Texas writer. Mr. Preece has not only had access to sources that have been buried during these generations since the Salt War, but some of his kinsmen in Texas are descended from a man who was unwillingly involved in it.)

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TEXANS HAVE FOUGHT over everything from grass to oil with rip and shoot instruments that earned the glory blazon of the one star. Bowie knives, Colt .45s, Winchester .73s, all had their decisive tests in Texas and on the reckless flesh of my folks.

But the oddest of these wars was the one fought over salt, the cheapest commodity that ordinary settlers could buy from the shelves of general stores. And just about the cheapest grade of salt ever licked by man or mustang.

The El Paso County Salt War exploded on the Texas-Mexican border back in 1877 when we'd just finished that powder-scorched epoch called Reconstruction. It was, as usual in Texas, conducted with all available weapons from derringers to dynamite, and it almost involved in military conflict the United States and Mexico, who had previously matched artillery in the two-year Mexican War.

It was all stirred up by a brawling, rough-handed adventurer from lethal Missouri that had already contributed to America such turbulent citizens as William Clarke Quantrill and Jesse Woodson James.

This adventurer was Charlie Howard. Judge Charles Howard, if you want to recall him by a title he bore transiently. "A bulldog of a man with a barrel body" and a "menacing, heavy-featured face" was the description given him by El Paso historian C. L. Sonnichsen who had helped depose Howard. He was married to a frail, timid girl from Austin, my home town, Lou Zimpleman Howard, great-aunt of some of my cousins. Howard had been a Confederate officer briefly.

Charlie Howard could outshoot Jesse James or that Texas stellar marksman, John Wesley Hardin. As Wes Hardin would later do, Howard made his debut in the remote border county as a swaggering jackleg lawyer whose poke itched like his trigger. Even sooner than Wes, Attorney Howard made himself a bone of contention in a Mexican-dominated area where gringos made themselves acceptable by learning Spanish and marrying dark mestiza girls.

Howard, a passionate Democrat, showed up in Republican-run El Paso County around 1872 after a year in Austin where he had somehow won the heart of gentle Miss Zimpleman. At that time, the population of El Paso County consisted of some eighty Anglos and five thousand Mexicans who barely knew that residence in Texas made them technically citizens of that feared gringo nation called the United States.

To these, the international boundary of the Rio Grande River was nothing but a funny myth concocted by Anglos. Mexicans from both sides of the river traded, wed and fought game cocks without reference to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo which they had never heard about anyhow. All of the mestizos or mixed Spanish-Indian residents regarded as common property the Salt Lakes—a series of saline marshes lying at the foot of Texas' tallest mountain, Guadalupe Peak, 100 miles east of El Paso, then called Franklin.

WITH PICKS and homemade wooden spades, Mexicans from a hundred and fifty miles on each side of the Rio Grande came to the Salt Lakes to help themselves. Many a man on the Mexican side of the river earned his living by loading oxcarts with salt and then peddling it to his neighbors. But already greedy gringos were trying to grab the salt supply as a private monopoly.

El Paso County's ruling Republican political machine was split into two factions when Charlie Howard arrived to widen the breach. There was the covetous Salt Ring whose leading figures included a man named Mills who was the son-in-law of the state's first Reconstruction Republican governor, Andrew J. Hamilton. Opposing it was the public ownership faction led by the border political boss, Don Luis Cardis, an Italian who had served in Garibaldi's armies but who was better at swinging a deal than throwing a trigger.

Cardis was a Republican state legislator whose word didn't carry much weight with that majority of Democratic state senators and representatives at Austin, the capital.

His control of the Mexican vote depended on his keeping the Salt Lakes as public property when the gringo adventurers were trying to annex them by filing on the area as homestead land under the settlement laws of Texas.

To accomplish this, he needed a sitting district judge who could accomplish such handy tasks as issuing injunctions and writs of eviction against the Salt Ring or any group of Anglo Democrats which might obtain some kind of charter of ownership from a legislature right pleased to do in any bunch of Republicans whenever it could.

In Charlie Howard, Don Luis thought he'd found his man. So the Democratic lawyer became the candidate of the Cardis Republican faction for district judge and won by the enthusiastic votes of Mexicans supplied with already marked ballots since they could no more read English than Sanskrit. Judge Howard mounted the bench and threw Don Luis Cardis harder than any bronc ever had.

With money supplied by his father-in-law, Major George B. Zimpleman, Howard organized a family syndicate to grab the Salt Lakes. Major Zimpleman, a distinguished citizen of Austin, liked to make money as well as Texans before and since. But there is no evidence that he behaved as a conscious crook in this shabby theft of a peoples' inheritance. El Paso County was the other end of the world for him as it was for most Anglos. Seven hundred miles of Apache-infested hills and mesas lay between it and the nearest other settled section of Texas. To reach it safely from the Lone star capital, travelers had to journey a thousand miles across Indian Territory and New Mexico. Mexico City lay closer to this remote, Spanish-speaking enclave under the American flag. So did the settlements of distant California.

Major Zimpleman went along with the man who had married his sickly daughter. And if there is anything stronger in Texas than the six-shooter ethos, it is the family tradition. You back a kinsman, born or acquired, with everything you have whether it's your last shot or your last peso.

Howard started being called Pistol Judge by the respectable Anglos who'd never wanted him in their club anyhow. He strode the streets of Franklin town and of Ysleta, the county seat, wearing two loaded .45s primed for action. Lawyers were careful about dissenting from rulings in his court. He treated the friendly, hospitable Mexicans of that continuous string of Rio Grande settlements as less than dirt and scorned to learn much of their language. Unsubstantiated rumors began circulating that His Honor had left Missouri under indictment for shooting a fellow attorney who had been opposing counsel in a lawsuit.

Judge Howard required the lead cure if any frontier jurist ever did. But Don Luis Cardis, who stood a cut above most border politicos, hoped to depose the grafter on the bench by some lawful means before the four-year term expired. Cardis told his Mexican followers to keep their triggers and their tempers cool. At a later date, he would be accorded less mercy by the man he was protecting.

Still the border seethed. As yet, Howard had made no overt move to appropriate the Salt Lakes despite all the papers filed by his syndicate with the Texas secretary of state in Austin. From both sides of the Rio Grande, the oxcarts still lumbered to pick up tons of salt. But now the *paisano* drivers came armed to the teeth; came ready to mix salt with blood from their veins.

Howard had hired as agent to direct salt operations an equally greedy character named John McBride. In the fall of 1877, Howard flung the gauntlet. And from that time, huge El Paso County became boiling hell, turned into the latest battle front of generally embattled Texas.

Through McBride, Howard announced that he would

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have anybody arrested who took salt from *his* lakes without paying the proper toll. Meantime his stooge, El Paso County Sheriff Kirber had recruited a set of drifting gunslinging guards ready to go anywhere or shoot anybody for the price of a drink or a woman. Most of these bullies, it is said, came from Silver City, New Mexico, where that charming prodigy Billy the Kid had allegedly slain his first man to celebrate a twelfth birthday.

AGAIN CARDIS held back when effective and principled counter-resistance was urgent. Within a few hours he could have rounded up by pony couriers enough incensed Texas Mexicans to have swept the whole sorry caboodle, including Howard, out of El Paso County. But the 47-year-old Italian with the manners and the rotund build of an opera singer still vetoed violence.

"No, amigos," he told his followers. "If we kill these gringos there will come more gringos with guns—those soldier gringos called the Rangers. We must defeat Howard with his own weapon—the law—and by our wits."

One hot-tempered young Texas Mexican disagreed. He was Chico Barela, or Varela. The spelling is uncertain, but he was one Mejicano with whom not even roving gringo gunmen from Silver City or California ever dared match a draw. Aiding Barela was a fanatical Anglo-hating priest of the San Elizario parish where Barela lived. The priest, however, was as venal as Judge Howard and was in trouble with his ecclesiastical superiors in Mexico for having played around with the original Salt Ring for his own intended benefit.

Barela and the priest probably instigated the first test of Howard's authority with Cardis being unwilling to pick up the glove. In November of 1877 two of Barela's friends, Macedonia Ganaria and José Maria Juarez, boldly drove their carts to the Salt Lakes and filled them in contemptuous disdain of the guards. Then a trap that had been set for Howard was sprung by the clever young Mexican.

His Honor came storming into San Elizario as Barela knew he would. He was breathing fire, thunder, and legalisms which the Mexicans neither understood nor gave a damn about. With him rode several retainers including Kleber, just about the sorriest specimen who ever sported a sheriff's badge in Texas. Kleber was carrying writs of arrest for Ganaria and Juarez. They had been signed by a Mexican justice of the peace, Porfirio Garcia, who had allegedly been handed a chunk of pesos for a traitorous job.

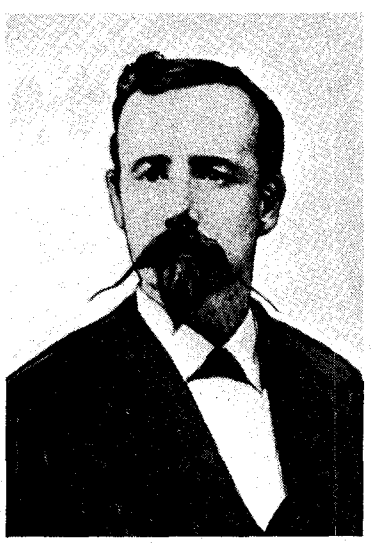
The whole town turned out as a mass reception committee for the visitors. But the citizens were carrying hardware instead of the traditional flasks of tequila and bowls of chili. Mexican hospitality is determined, in its forms, by how you treat Mexicans. Barela and his elite corps surrounded the unpopular guests. The priest preached a howling racist sermon and, before Howard could spout Blackstone, the whole party had been imprisoned in an adobe hut.

The upshot was that Howard saved his neck and those of his partners by agreeing to foreswear claim to the Salt Lakes, to resign from the bench, and to leave El Paso County never to return. But for the intervention of a younger priest, defying the old fanatic, the judge would have been shot forthwith against some wall. As a guarantee of performance, Howard was also supposed to put up a hundred thousand dollar bond that would be forfeited if the Missourian ever so much as set a toe again across the boundary of El Paso County. But this author has never found any authentic record of the bond ever having been posted. Or that Howard ever had ready access to what was such a huge sum for those days.

Round One of the El Paso County Salt War had been fought. That first round might have been the last one but for a certain something upon which other writers have barely touched.

That something was the intervention of the habitually anti-Mexican state government of Texas on the side of Howard Mills and the other would-be salt magnates. Mills seems to have kept in the background to save his own skin though he would years later write a highly inaccurate and biased account of the curious conflict. But spewing and chafing, Howard went to Messila, New Mexico. There he established contact with Colonel Albert Fountain, a border Republican boss who had broken off with the original Salt Ring in a dispute over prospective dividends but was willing to talk business with the commercially-minded Democrat. Besides, Fountain had no love for Cardis who had reputedly ousted him from control of the El Paso County Republican machine when they had both been legislators at Austin.

Fountain was now building a new political career in New Mexico. It would last till he and his eleven-year-old son would be ambushed, some years later, in what is still regarded as the greatest unsolved murder mystery of the Old West. What went on between him and his new cohort will never be known completely. But almost certainly Howard contacted the Democratic state government in Austin during their discussions. Certainly, too, this regime of ex-Confederates decided that helping an old comrade at arms would also wipe out one of the last remaining Republican bastions in the lone star state. *(Continued on page 58)*



Don Luis Cardis (l.) wanted to keep disputed Salt Lakes public property.

"Judge" Charles H. Howard (r.) was a bulldog of a man with a barrel body.

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JUDGE PARKER'S LAST HANGING

by Frederick W. Kelsey

MURDER SEEMED SO EASY UNTIL THE PARCHED EARTH YIELDED UP THE SECRET THAT MADE JIMMY CASHAROGA NO. 88 FOR THE HANGING JUDGE

THE LANKY YOUTH with the straggly moustache was planning murder. He was doing it coolly, calmly, and with no pangs of conscience. His victim, old Zachariah W. Thatch, sat at the campfire in a wild area of the Creek Nation in the old Indian Territory, oblivious of what was gong through the mind of his youthful companion.

Murder in that year 1895 in the wild and lawless Indian Territory was a common crime; but, lawless as the area was, murder didn't always go unpunished. In Fort Smith the fat Isaac Parker, the Hanging Judge, had an army of tough, hard-riding and hard-shooting deputy U.S. marshals who ranged over the Indian Territory, arresting the killers and taking them to Fort Smith.

They were mostly ruffians, and their murders were crudely done, and it was only a matter of the deputy marshals catching up with them. These deputies did such a thorough job, the number of killers appearing before Judge Parker to be sentenced to be hanged were so many, that the judge had a special scaffold built so that five and six murderers could be hung at one time.

But this youth, James W. Casharoga, alias George Wilson, had no intention and certainly no desire to have his neck in one of Judge Parker's nooses. Casharoga was not a crude, illiterate ruffian. He was a criminal of some distinction and prestige in the Old West. There was irony in the motive for the murder he was about to commit. He was killing old Thatch for his wagon, his team of mules, and the supplies in the wagon. A hundred dollars or maybe a hundred and fifty in all. Young Casharoga smiled with some bitterness. Six months before, he could have bought twenty outfits like that with no hardship.

He had started in crime as a twelve-year-old, stealing money from the church collections on Sunday, doing it with such skill that the money wasn't missed for several days. Even at that age he had a glib tongue that could talk him out of any trouble. This glibness and smoothness increased with age. From filching Sunday School collections, he turned his hand to forging checks, bonds, all with amazing success. As a con man he had few equals and, as he traveled over the West, he left a trail of embarrassed and bankrupt suckers.

Then came a series of unfortunate breaks for the young wizard of crime. They could be charged to his egotistical desire to return to his home town in Arkansas and do some strutting. But strutting cost money and he solved that problem with a forged bond he sold to a widow. This widow knew Casharoga far better than his victims over the West, and she got suspicious and went to her banker to have the bond checked.

Young Casharoga was arrested, but his glib tongue moved

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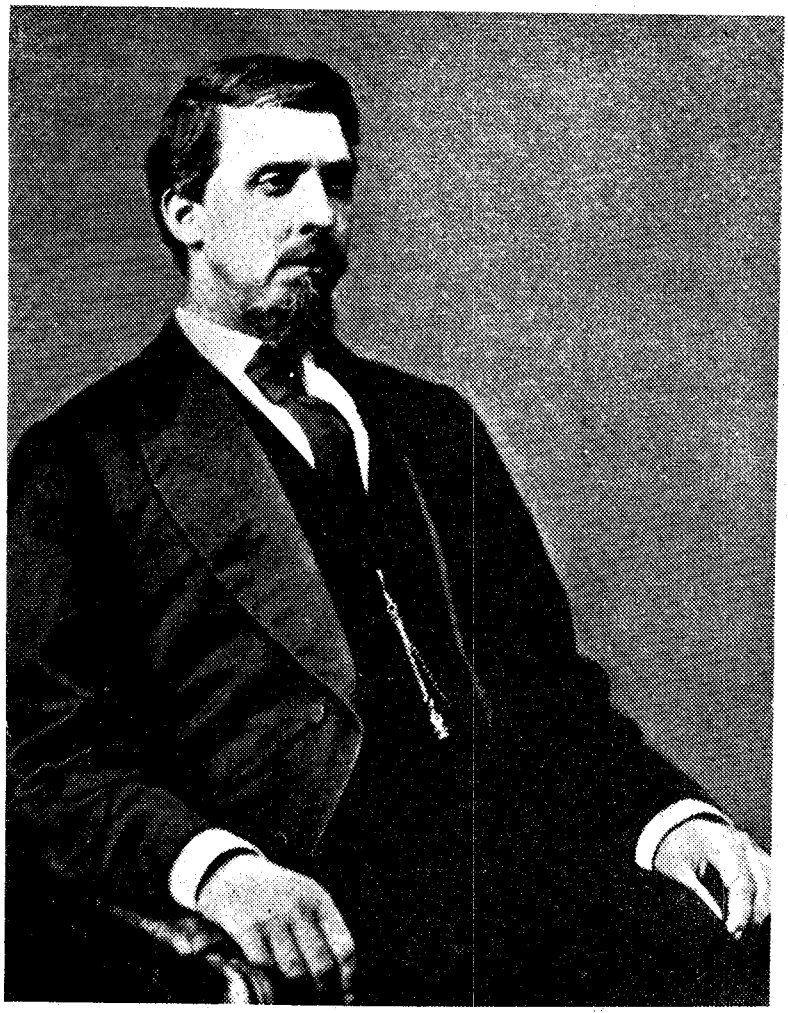
the sheriff to give him special privileges in the county jail, and these special privileges enabled him to escape. He fled to Washington County where he met Zachariah W. Thatch, a friendly old man who planned to go west in a covered wagon.



AS ALL RAILROAD stations were being watched for Casharoga, and all well traveled highways were under surveillance for him, the only way for him to escape the state was to slip into that maze of wilderness known as the Indian Territory. No police officer would ever imagine the smooth talking, immaculately dressed check forger and con man would go into that country.

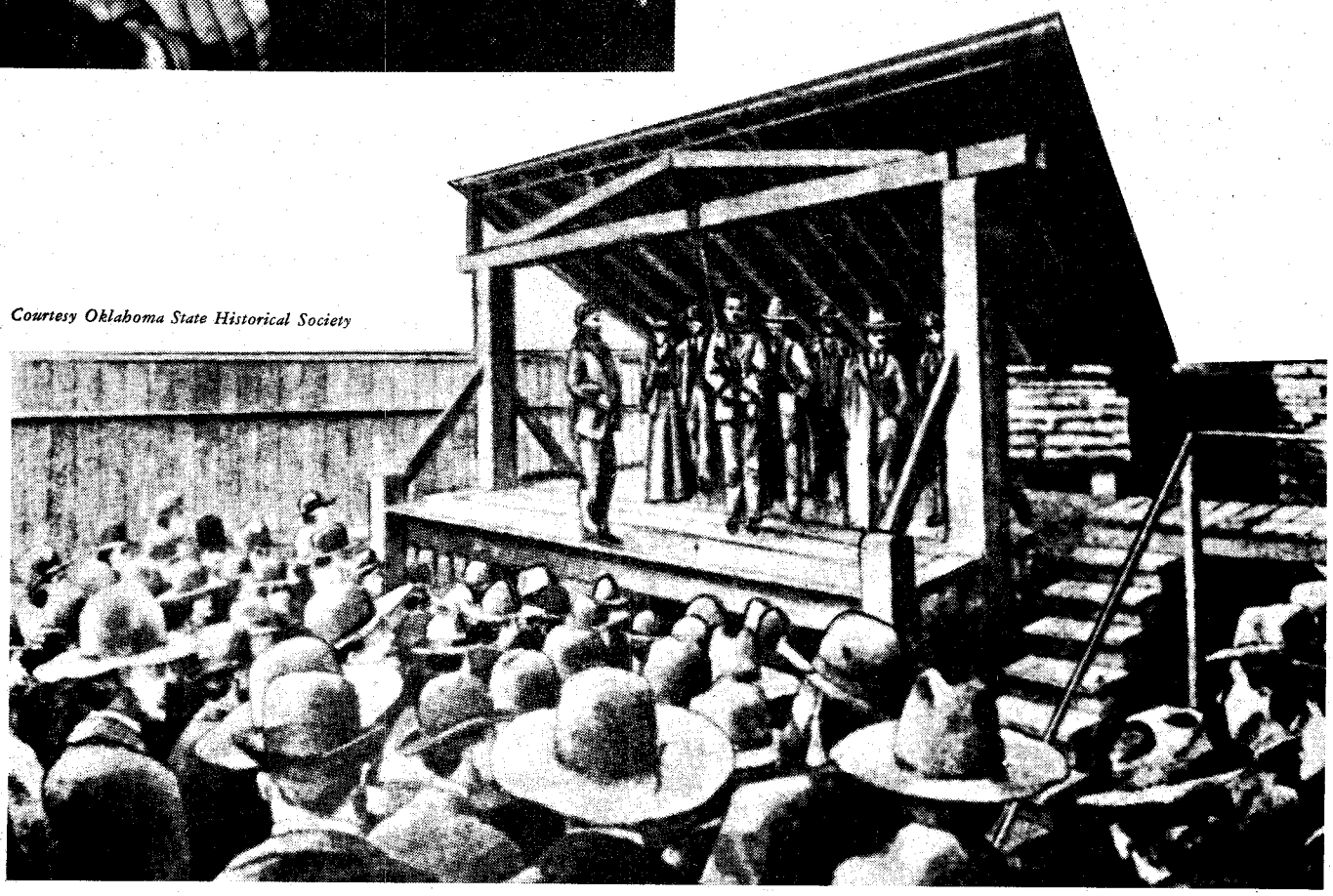
Casharoga had no difficulty talking old man Thatch into letting him go west with him. But Jimmy Casharoga had no intention of going any further than was necessary for him to hide until the excitement blew over. When he and Thatch got into the Creek Nation, Jimmy realized this was ideal country for him to hide in until the police hounds called off their search for him in Arkansas, which would probably be a month or two.

But old man Thatch made Jimmy's plans difficult. The old man was set to journey to the state of Washington where land taken from the Kickapoo Indians was being given to white settlers. So to Jimmy's alert mind came the natural solution. He had to kill old man Thatch, hide his body, take his wagon and supplies, live in the Creek Nation for a month or so, and then return to the West with some safety.

Murder was something new to Jimmy Casharoga. He had committed most other crimes, but the necessity had never arisen for murder. The idea didn't frighten him. The only thing that frightened him was the fear he might make some blunder and end up at the end of a rope.

So Jimmy didn't rush into the act of murder hastily. He spent days figuring out the perfect murder plan. He dismissed plan after plan because they were too complicated. After discarding all these, he came to the conclusion that the safest way of disposing of the old man was the simplest way. Kill him, throw his weighted body in the river, eliminate all possible clues at the camp site, and then move on, but remaining in the wilderness of the Creek Nation.

When caught, a killer was hustled to Fort Smith, received a speedy trial, and usually ended up on the gallows.



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There was the possibility the body might be found, but Jimmy discounted this. Yet, if it were found, he had a ready and glib story to tell, should the authorities connect him with the dead man. The dead man was his uncle and they had started for the Indian Territory to find land to settle on, but the uncle had met two strangers who talked him into going west with them to Washington for new lands. Jimmy Casharoga, who when expedient went by the name of George Wilson, would claim his uncle had given him the wagon, mules, and supplies to find land for himself.

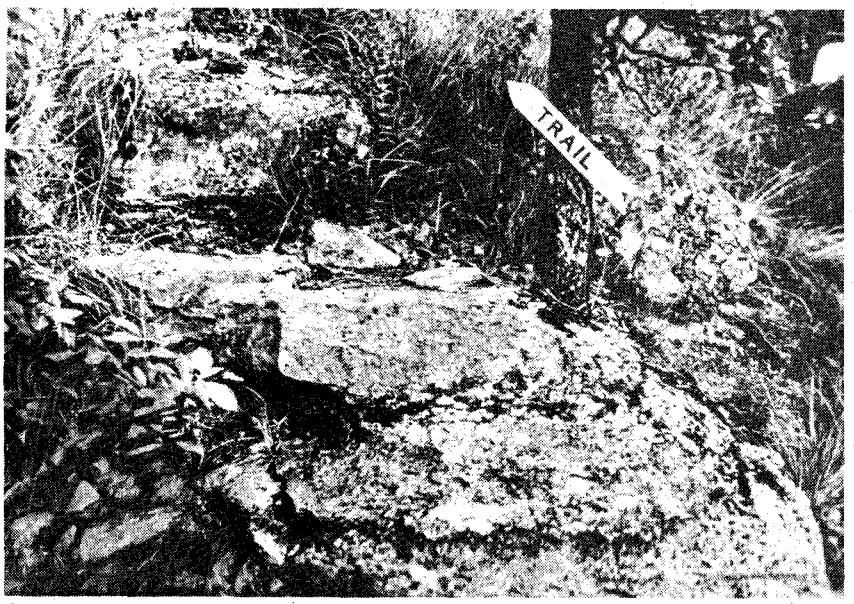
OLD MAN THATCH was sitting at the campfire, stirring the stew. Jimmy pulled his gun. He didn't know much about guns, but figured he couldn't miss at that close range. A shiver went over his body. He suddenly felt sick at the pit of his stomach. This enraged him. Why should he be worried about murder? The gun came up, exploded in his hand, and old Thatcher screamed, holding his right hand.

Jimmy's bullet had missed the chest of the intended victim, but had blown two fingers off the right hand. The old man looked at Jimmy, fear and fury in his eyes. Jimmy's mind went blank and there was a numbness over his body. The only thought that raced through his head was that he had failed; and then, almost subconsciously, he grabbed an axe and brought the sharp blade down on the head of the old man. The axe split Thatch's skull. Blood gushed out in torrents and then there wasn't any more blood.

Old man Thatch was dead. Jimmy was shaking like a leaf. Murder was the only word that throbbed in his brain. Then, suddenly, he stopped shaking. His brain cleared, and that momentary terror that comes to most murderers when they first kill left him completely.

His return to normalcy brought a feeling of elation, of having done a well executed job despite the first blunder, but this elation quickly gave way to cold reasoning and action. He had no time to lose. There was always the danger some traveler might come into the camp. *(Continued on page 60)*

The thick brush could not hide the evidence of murder from a marshal's keen eyes.

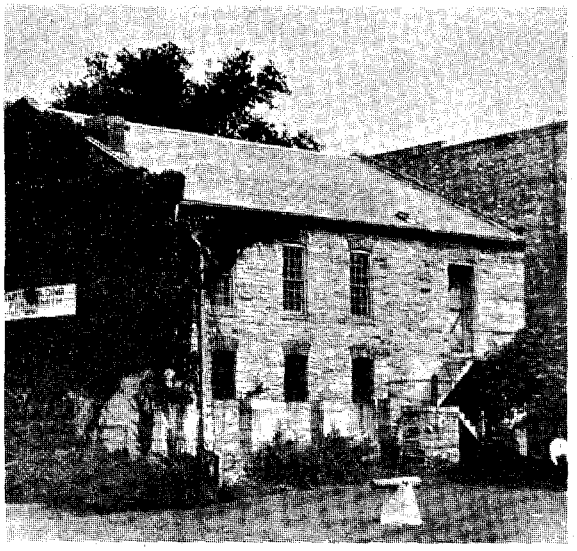


Courtesy Oklahoma State Historical Society

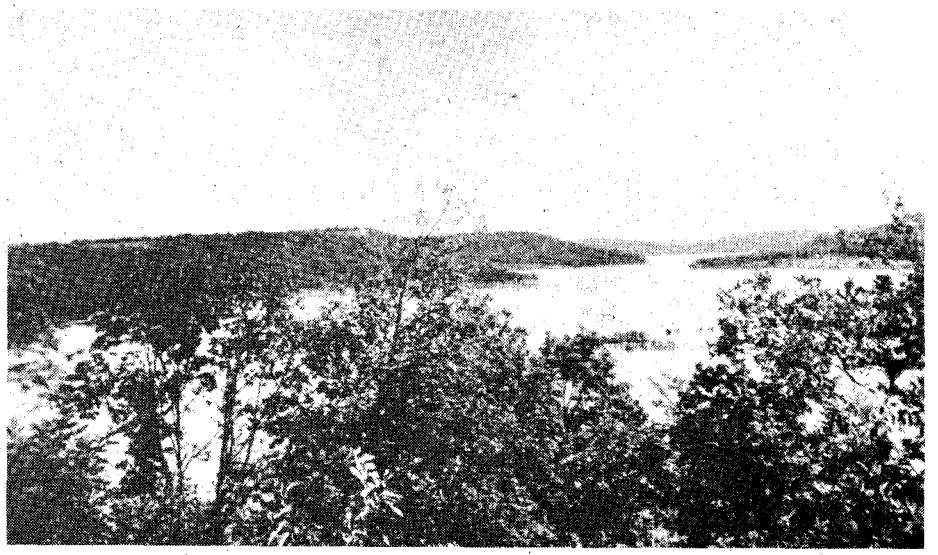
Courtesy Bellman Collection

A group of U. S. marshals, posed before the federal jail, are shown with a wagon used for transporting prisoners.

Building where Judge Parker held court.



The Indian Territory was wild and lawless, a natural hide-out for wanted men.



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WHAT CHIEF TURKEY LEG of the Cheyennes thought of the white man's contraption called a railroad wouldn't, if translated into English, be printable; yet as much as he hated the iron horse, he valued with equal intensity the gear and material the white man's trains carried.

The Chief and his braves weren't the only members of the tribe that looked with greedy eyes on the things those cursed railroad trains carried. Cheyenne squaws were, for the first time, wearing orthodox lingerie instead of pantaloons made from buffalo hides with the hair scraped off. The underwear, may it be said, had originally been consigned to fancy white vixens plying in Western mining camps a trade as ancient as the reduced empire of the Cheyennes. Turkey Leg's number one squaw, who set the social pace of the tribe, was decked out in silky ribbons that had come from Belfast by way of Boston and with bracelets intended for the doxies of gamblers in such merry hells of sin as Denver and Omaha. For what traditional cultures, sustained by the arrows and sweat of men, can stand up against the insatiate greed and strumperies of women?

Had Chief Turkey Leg been sociologist as well as warrior, he might have concluded that his way of life was being wrecked not only by the outside forces of that white something called civilization but by the material drives of Cheyenne squaws. Proud braves who once rollicked around the medicine fires were increasingly being put to a new occupation by their woman and girl friends.

Turkey Leg and his lads with the topknots were pioneering at train robbing long before paleface parvenus like the James boys and the Daltons would turn it into a more systematic sort of profession.

Early in August of 1867, Turkey Leg and a band of his more proficient train heisters staged a beaut of a hold-up on a Union Pacific train four miles west of a Nebraska homesteader settlement called Plum Creek. Since they lacked pistols and other such professional equipment for standardized banditry, they didn't board the engine and throw down on the crew after a fashion made popular by the brothers James.

Instead they tore up four miles of track with stout, sharp poles before the train's arrival at the place they had selected for the haul. The cars stopped short when they reached the spot. What happened to the crewmen isn't entirely clear. But after the warriors had broken open doors with sledge hammers stolen from scalped miners, they came off with loot that would please the most fastidious squaw.

There was enough shiny ribbon to give every woman of the Cheyenne Nation a bright bandeau for each of the seven days of the week. Pantaloons that would never know the tigerish swish of a Denver sister of sin's thighs. Bells and braiding and bolts of gingham and bales of other such woman stuff. But compensating the braves for so much hard work were piles of good serviceable wares. Watches whose ticking was pleasant even if a Cheyenne gentleman wasn't sure what the round metal things were for. Top hats consigned to gamblers, but making tribal beaux look mighty handsome at the sacred feasts of dog stew. Wool pants affording greater protection than breech clouts against the vagrant western weather. Best of all, something for which the fingers of Cheyenne warriors had been itching—a huge stack of Spencer carbines.

Not long before this the bluecoated white warriors of the United States Cavalry had disarmed all Indians within reach except for the mercenary Pawnees, who had hired out en masse to help clear the country of fellow red men. These carbines made Turkey Leg and his warriors start dreaming tall dreams and seeing heaping visions.

With the white man's weapons, they could drive out the white man, could make him eat his silly scraps of talking paper called treaties. The buffalo would return as he made his exit. The tepees would once more spread out across the prairies to replace the hated towns where even friendly redskins had often been shot on sight. The consecrated medicine lodges would replace the flimsy churches of the sacreligious palefaces who had killed their god to make lamenting brags about it.

But such larger questions were of no concern to that hard-minded legion of the conquerors—the U.S. Cavalry. What concerned military officials when word of the Plum Creek raid got back to Fort Laramie was that the Cheyennes had firearms which they would be loading with hidden caches of ammunition that the palefaces had missed when the confiscation had been made, several months before.

ONE VETERAN commander of Pawnee scouts knew Cheyennes like he did the wrinkles on his blanket folds. That shrewd fighter was Major Frank North, then only twenty-seven years old, but a man who had been around Indian country since his teens. "Probably no man in the government service was ever worshipped more than Frank North by the Pawnees," the noted Western soldier, Major General Grenville M. Dodge, would write in his classic work, *The Indian Campaigns of 1864 and 1865*. At the time of the Plum Creek affair, North had been assigned to a group of soldiers guarding Union Pacific graders and tracklayers from roving Cheyenne war bands in the vicinity of Sidney, Nebraska.

An army courier brought him the news of the latest Cheyenne derailment job. Major North immediately dis-

A BATTLE

Major Frank North, veteran commander of Pawnee scouts.

Nebraska State Historical Society

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patched thirty-five Pawnee scouts led by Captain James Murie to the junction of Plum Creek and the Platte River in the very heart of Chief Turkey Leg's domain. He himself took the first train from Sidney to Plum Creek station, with the intention of taking overall command.

On August 17th, 1867, he arrived at the tiny village managing to survive constant Cheyenne depredations. On that day began one of the weirdest battles ever fought in the history of Indian warfare. Engaging were one tamed tribe and one still wildly uncapitulating. At stake were the white man's civilization and the white man's mammoth accumulation of property symbolized above all else by the domineering Union Pacific Railroad.

Pawnee against Cheyenne. An ancient inter-tribal feud, antedating Columbus, finding new and cruel forms after the white man had intervened with his ancient game of dividing Indians to conquer them. And how well that game has paid off wherever the strident Caucasian has landed with his tricks, his diseases, and his armaments among aboriginal folk.

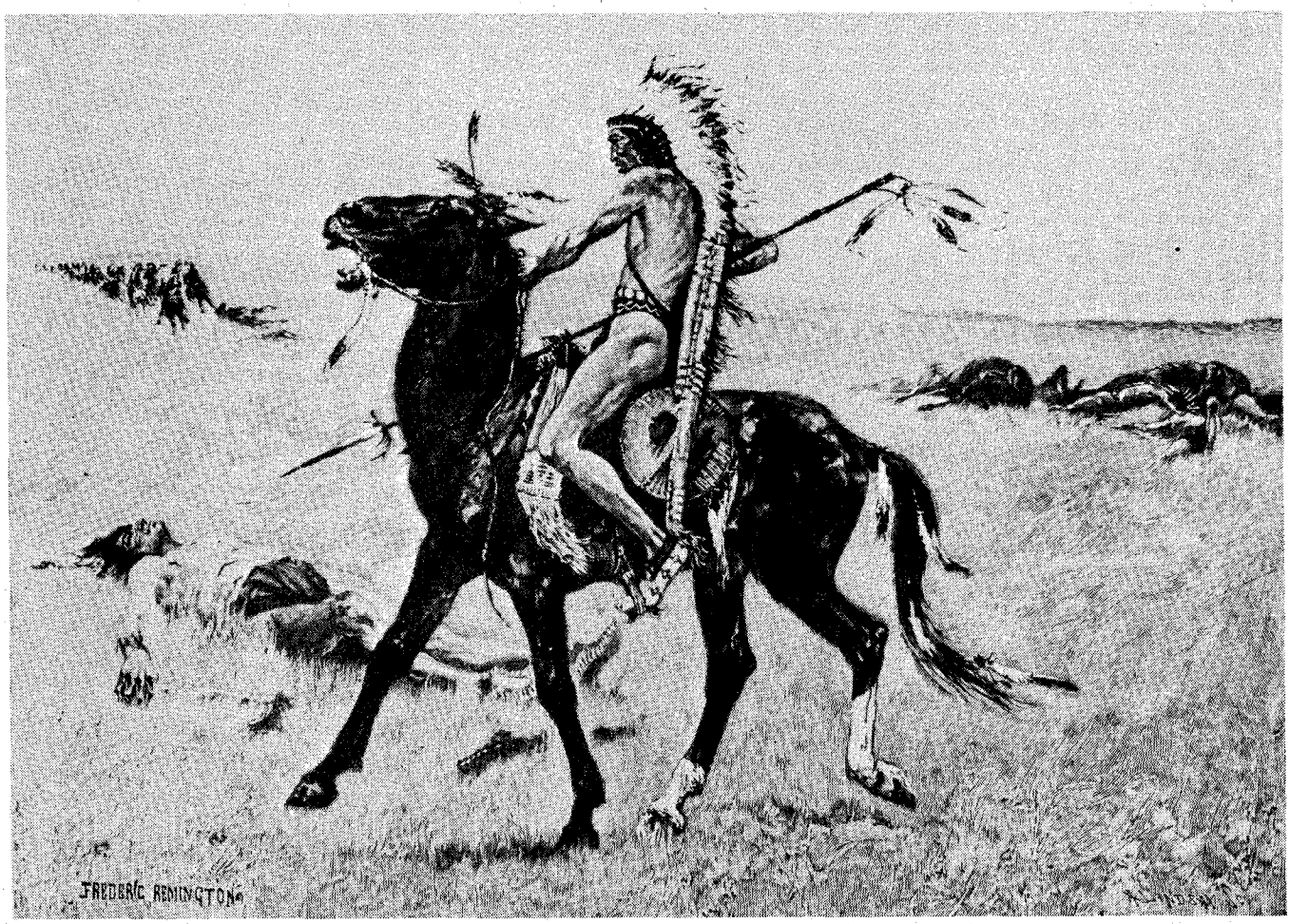
The mood was a mood of war. But the first few days of the campaign went by unmarked by any clash of rifle butt against tomahawk. From the best accounts, Captain Murie and his Pawnees arrived at the *(Continued on page 48)*

Major North knew the Cheyennes like he did the wrinkles in his blanket. Trouble brewed when they derailed a Union Pacific train at Plum Creek and made off with "pretties" for their squaws and a huge stack of Spencer carbines. The major came up with his greatest victory by pitting Pawnees against Cheyennes.

by George Manly

FOR THE SQUAWS

This colorful painting by Frederic Remington shows what happened when Indian met Indian on the field of battle.



Frederic Remington

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BARGAINS, BRAINS,

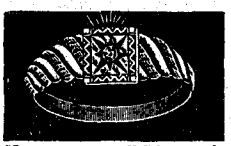
The 1897 Sears catalogue confirms that attitudes do not change much; it carried an ad called "Bust Cream, unrivalled for Enlargement of the Bust" . . . based on the premise that people are seldom satisfied with their original equipment . . .

Genuine Diamonds and Solid 14 Karat Gold Mountings.

On diamonds **we have absolutely no competition.** No concern has ever offered diamonds at anywhere near our prices. Our diamonds are **pure white, clea and well cut.** The value **of a diamond** depends largely on the cutting, for if it is not well cut the stone will not be brilliant. We import our diamonds direct fro Europe in large quantities and pay spot cash, thus securing them at the lowest possible figure. Our Buyer is an expert in his line and buys nothing but perfect goods. W buy our mountings in large quantities and do our own setting. Every stone is carefully weighed on fine diamond scales before it is set, and you will be charged only for th actual weight of the stone and value of the mounting. The stone we send you will sometimes vary a small fraction from the one ordered but the price will be change accordingly. Diamonds are as good as gold. They never wear out and if bought of us you can realize very near, if not more than you paid for them.

We send with each diamond a **Guarantee and Refund Certificate** in which we guarantee the stone to be a **genuine perfect diamond** and we agree to take back at any time within one year from date of purchase and refund the purchase price less 10 per cent. Where is there another concern that will do this? Don't bu diamonds at retail and pay two prices for them.

Diamonds **will be sent C. O. D.** for examination at your express office, providing $1.00 accompanies your order as a guarantee of good faith. If goods are not foun to be as represented the deposit will be refunded to you



No. 6400. Small Diamond. Price, $4.60

No. 6401. Small Diamond. Price, $6.75

No. 6402. Small brilliant cut Diamond. Price, $8.15

No. 6403. Small brilliant cut Diamond. Price, $8.50

No. 6404. Small brilliant cut Diamond. Price, $8.90

No. 6405. Small brill cut Diamond. Price, $

No. 6406. Weight ⅛ carat. Price, $9.50

No. 6407. Weight ⅛ carat. Price, $9.50

No. 6408. Weight ⅛ carat. Price, $9.50

No. 6409. Weight 3-16 carat. Price, $12.50

No. 6410. Weight 3-16 carat. Price, $12.50

No. 6411. Weight 3- carat. Price, $12-5

These sparklers were modest-sized, but they were real, and the prices were certainly right.

$20.50 Buys a Regular $35.00 Carriage

No. 9953 We feel safe in saying this is a regular $35.00 carriage, safe in saying that we can furnish you at $20.50 such a carriage as you could not buy in your local market at less than $35.00. The reason we are safe in saying this is that we know we are offering a line of baby carriages direct to our customers at 20 to 30 per cent. less than the same carriages are being sold in large quantities to dealers. **Figuring on the profit** that the retail dealer must make, we are sure that this carriage could not retail at **less than $35.00.**

The above illustration will give you an idea of the **beautiful appearance of this buggy.** It is the very latest design, brand new for this season. There will be nothing like it in your neighborhood. You will have the **finest baby carriage for miles around** if you order this. It is made from the very best material throughout, gotton up in a very artistic manner. The body is the finest quality reed, elegantly finished; has the very finest Wilton carpet in the bottom; solid bent wood handles; **highest grade Bessemer steel wheels,** axles and tire; our own patent self-locking automatic brake; all beautifully plated; upholstered in very fine silk damask with fancy **silk plush side rolls and silk plush pillow** with silk cords and tassels; parasol of very fine silk satin, lined, flounced ruffle and Valenciennes edge. We can furnish this carriage in **any color**

No. 9959 To s of our custome as fine a carria possible to bui **less of price,** that is equal t that can be fou market at any arranged with facturer to get or four specia something **enti for this sea** such as we cou out an equal in a at any price. T of the beautif Our special pri **We allow a di cash** in full wit at our regular $28.90 we will freight C. O. D. examination. examined at y depot, and if fou as represented pay the freight price and freig less the amount order. From t lustration, engr a photograph y as good an id carriage as it to give in the lowed, but in **ou carriage cata** show a very **plate illustra** interested in s carriage is gott body is of a ver woven cane bo

A stunning carriage fit for an infant prince or princess, for $20.50.

EVERYONE KNOWS BY NOW that the frontier afforded mighty few comforts, but about the time railroads were extending themselves beyond the Mississippi and R.F.D. was getting fairly dependable and women were demanding outhouses as common necessities, a tone of really high quality was about to be added to every interested household. And that was the Sears and Roebuck Catalogue. For fifteen cents, or even without it, one could have delivered to the nearest post office a book filled with what appeared to be the treasures of the world, and all at prices below any local merchant.

Sears, Roebuck would clothe you from underwear to outer wear, help you farm, feed you, fix up your house, cure you, set your table, amaze you, educate you through the books it sold or, as some did, you could learn cheaper by reading the pages of the catalogue itself. One Georgia school system used the Sears book for general school use until their texts arrived! The students learned to read from catalogue pages, learned arithmetic by adding up purchases, and learned geography from postal zone maps.

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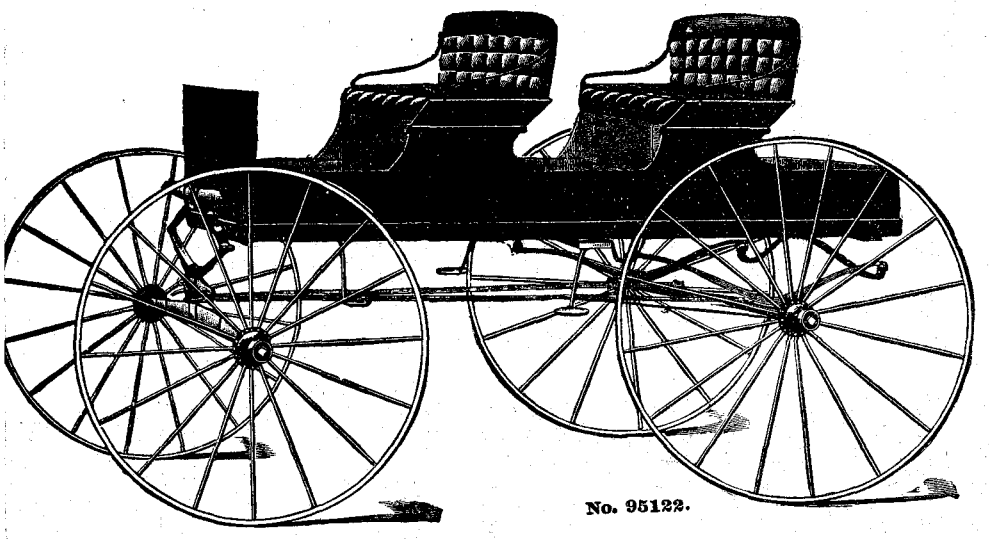
and BALLYHOO!

by Joyce Gibson Roach

Illus.: Courtesy, 1897 Sears Roebuck Catalogue.

AT 39.90 IT LEADS THE WORLD.

$39.90 is Our Regular Price for this Wagon when Shipped by Freight, C. O. D., Subject to Examination on Our Regular Terms.



No. 95122.

Three Per Cent Discount

IS ALLOWED if cash in full accompanies your order, when $38.70 pays for the wagon.

When we Can Furnish

YOU SUCH A WAGON AS ILLUSTRATED and described at $38.70, we believe we are entitled to your order. We only ask you to compare it with anything on the market at anything like the price, and leave you to be the judge.

Our Binding Guarantee.

Every wagon is covered by a binding two years' guarantee, during which time if any piece or part gives out by reason of defect in material or workmanship we will replace it free of charge.

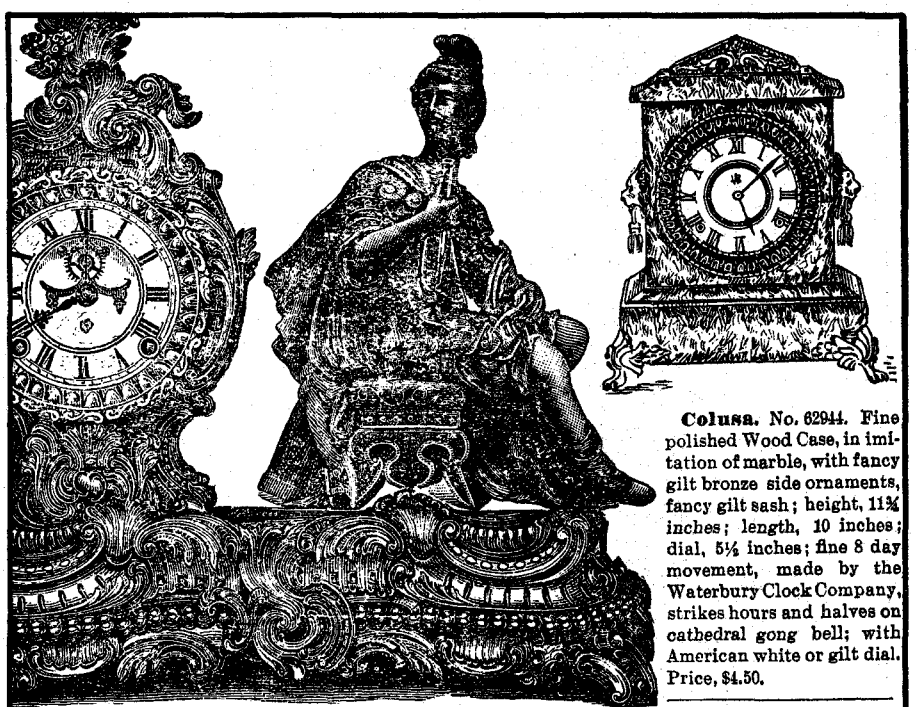
WE SHOW AN ILLUSTATION OF THIS WAGON hung on Half Platform Springs, also the Three Spring Gear. The price is the same ou can have your choice. In ordering be sure to state which is wanted.

This 4-seater is undeniably handsome; another thing we learn is that they had proof-reading problems then, too.

Even convicts passed the time reading about what was on the outside by perusing the inside of Sears' pages. But it was the isolated people on the frontier who profited most from the book.

How Sears and Roebuck got started is briefly told. Richard W. Sears, at the age of 16, and in order to support his family, got a job as a telegrapher for the railroad in Minnesota. In his spare time Sears earned extra money on the side by selling lumber and coal to local residents. His big opportunity came, however, when a shipment of watches was received by a local jeweler who did not want them! Sears bought the watches from the jeweler and sold them for a handsome profit. He ordered more watches for resale and went into business as the R.W. Sears Watch Company. Watches needed repair, so he hired a man named Alvah C. Roebuck as repairman. The two became interested in more than watches and in 1893 they incorporated.

The right time and the right idea collided—or coincided—and Sears and Roebuck rode the wave into the era of mail order business.



ght. No. 62941. Elaborate gilt bronze case, with very fancy engrav- scroll decorations, ornamented with a fine statue of a bugler; very fancy h fine visible escapement; height, 15 inches; width, 15 inches; has fine

Colusa. No. 62944. Fine polished Wood Case, in imitation of marble, with fancy gilt bronze side ornaments, fancy gilt sash; height, 11¾ inches; length, 10 inches; dial, 5½ inches; fine 8 day movement, made by the Waterbury Clock Company, strikes hours and halves on cathedral gong bell; with American white or gilt dial. Price, $4.50.

No charge for boxing or cartage. The

The $4.50 dandy above strikes hours and halves on cathedral gong bell!

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Several factors contributed to the success of the business. The Plains were being settled, railroads were moving west, post offices were being established, and goods were at a premium. The people were tired of middlemen who boosted prices ever higher. Into this atmosphere marched Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Sears, the latter once called a showman "...of the calibre of P.T. Barnum," and with "bargains, brains, and ballyhoo," they turned the nation's needs to their profit.

While the earliest catalogues featured only watches, the printed catalogue of 1895 boasted some 507 pages, featuring many other items. By 1897 the catalogue contained all one could wish for, and the book was and still is referred to as "The Wish Book."

There were sights to dazzle the eyes and phrases to catch the ear. Under men's underwear was the caption, "Make a change, off with the old, on with the new." "Survival of the Fittest," described men's overalls and jumpers. Not only did the catalogue tell you what to wear, but how to wear it. On men's shoes, the reader is admonished not to buy a kangaroo shoe and expect it to wear like a plow shoe!

Where clothes were concerned, one could not be thin-skinned. A fat man was called so, and Sears offered a "Fat Man's Special" on shirts. A man was expected to expose whether his shoulders were sloping or squared when he ordered a suit, and, if he was short and stout, he was advised, "do not pay the extra price for having a special size," when he could instead order the next size and *cut it down.* The average man was declared to be about five feet eleven and not over forty-two inches in the chest.

Boys' clothes were given special encouragement. What parent could resist the following advertisement: "Our fancy Juvenile suits will make the boy's heart glad. It will make the proud Mother happy and surprise the father, for at last he can clothe his boys in the nobbiest of suits at a cost next to nothing."

No mother needed to wonder when to put sonny in long pants. The catalogue was very precise on that point, as well as how to measure. Long pants were for boys 10 to 17 years of age and should be measured as for a man's suit. Knee pants were for boys 10 and under. There was no need to measure, but simply to state the age of the boy and say whether he was *large or small for his age.*

Foods occupied a large space in the catalogue, and the same ballyhoo was administered in directions for ordering and buying. A simple item such as baking powder calls on the customer to make use of his own natural good sense by pointing out that all of it was made the same way, so why not buy from Sears.

Sears Roebuck took it as their duty to encourage the buyer to beware. In connection with buying dried fruits the advertisement cautions: "Just what have you been paying? What do we ask? What's the difference? Don't it pay to order here?"

Readers were encouraged to buy candy

(Continued on page 56)

Our 68c Revolver.

No. 876¾ "Defender," wood stock, full nickel plated, plain cylinder, 7 shot, 22 caliber, rim fire, 2½ inch barrel, weight 7 ounces, safe and reliable. Each.....**$0.68**

Postage, extra, 10c.

Our 85c Revolver.

No. 877 Rosewood handle, 7 shot, full nickel plated, 22 caliber, long or short, rim fire, weight, 7 oz., 2½ inch barrel, safe and reliable. Price....**$0.85**

No. 877½ Rubber Handle, 7 shot, 22 caliber, long or short, rim fire, full nickel plated, weight 7 ounces, rifled barrel. Our special price.....**$0.95**

Defender, 32 Caliber.

No. 878. Rubber Handle, 5 shot, 32 caliber, rim fire, full nickel plated, weight 10 ounces, rifled barrel.

Our special price..... **$1.20**

Wood handle—same as above,

Our special price, each.....**$0.85**

For 10c extra we will send by open mail. For 18c extra we will send by registered mail.

Bull Dog Revolvers.

American Bull Dogs all double action, self-cocking; all have rubber stocks, all beautifully nickel plated; all have plated cylinders, all have octagon barrels, all warranted new and in perfect order. Regular retail price $3.00; our special price.....**$1.35**

Description: These revolvers are strictly first-class in every respect. The quality of material and workmanship is the best. All have rifled barrels and are good shooters; all 5 shot. These are not toys, but good guns. No one can meet our prices on these goods.

No. 879. 32 or 38 caliber, center fire, 2½ inch barrel, weight 16 oz.

Our price.....**$1.35**

No. 879½. 32 or 38 caliber, center fire, 4½ inch barrel, weight 16 oz. Our price.....**$1.98**

No. 880 32 or 38 caliber, center fire, 6 inch barrel, weight 17 oz.

Our price.....**$2.25**

Remember one dollar must accompany all revolver orders to be sent C. O. D., balance to be paid at express office. 3 per cent. discount if cash in full accompanies your order.

For 20c extra we will send by open mail. postpaid. For 28c extra we will send by registered mail, postpaid.

No. 880½ Rubber handle, 7 shot, 22 caliber, long or short. rim fire, full nickel plated, weight 7 oz., rifled barrel, price.....**$1.35**

Postage, extra, 10c.

Our $1.45 Revolver.

No. 881 Forehand & Wadsworth New Double Action, Self-Cocking Revolver, full nickel plated, rubber stock, rifled barrel, safe and reliable. accurate, rebounding locks. parts are interchangeable, 32 caliber, 2½ inch octagon barrel, weight 12 ounces. Our price.....**$1.45**

No. 882 38 caliber, 2½ inch octagon barrel, 5 shot, weight about 15 oz. Our price.....**$1.45**

Postage, extra, 17c.

At these prices almost anyone could have a collection...

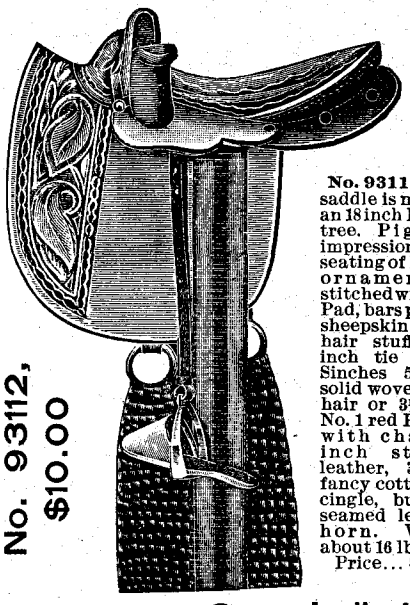
Ladies' $9.80 Saddle

No. 93110. $9.80

No. 93110. This saddle is made on an 18 inch Ruwart tree, has pig skin impression skirts, seating of Moquette carpet with leather roll quilted. Pad, bars padded, sheepskin lined. 1⅛ inch tie straps, ¾ inch stirrup leather, 1¾ inch leather surcingle. Sinches, 4 inch woven hard hair or 3½ inch back band web with chafes. XC plated shoe stirrup; leaping horn, buckskin lined, seamed. This is a regular double sinch rigged saddle. Weight about 15 pounds.

Our price..... **$9.80.**

Ladies' $10.00 Saddle.

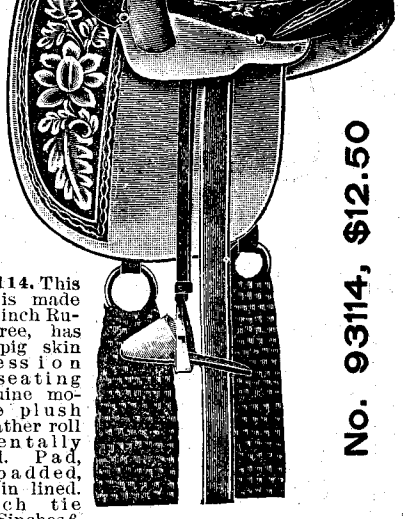


No. 93112, $10.00

No. 93112. This saddle is made on an 18 inch Ruwart tree. Pig skin impression skirts, seating of leather ornamentally stitched with roll. Pad, bars padded, sheepskin lining, hair stuffed, 1⅛ inch tie straps. Sinches 5 inch, solid woven hard hair or 3½ inch No. 1 red BB web with chafe, ¾ inch stirrup leather, 3 inch fancy cotton surcingle, buckskin seamed leaping horn. Weight, about 16 lbs.

Price... **$10.00.**

Ladies' $12.50 Saddle.



No. 93114, $12.50

No. 93114. This saddle is made on an 18 inch Ruwart tree, has fancy pig skin impression skirts, seating of genuine moquette plush with leather roll ornamentally stitched. Pad, bars padded, sheepskin lined. 1⅛ inch tie straps. Sinches 6 inch, solid woven hard hair. ¾ inch stirrup leather, 2 inch leather surcingle. Buckskin slipper stirrup, buckskin seamed leaping horn. Weight about 18 lbs.

Our price.....**$12.50**

What lady rider could resist a new saddle at modest price.

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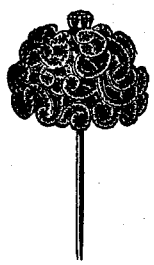
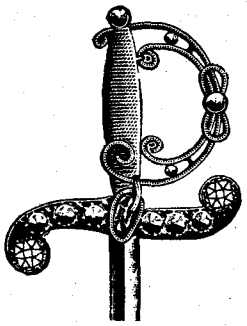
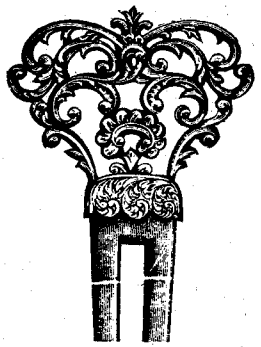
FANCY HAIR ORNAMENTS AND HAT PINS.



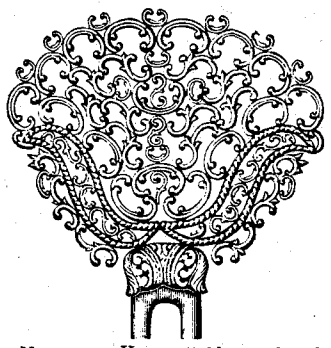
No. 62500. Gold Filled Hat Pin, raised ornamentation, set with Emerald, 5¼ inches long. Price, $1.25.
Postage, 3 cents.



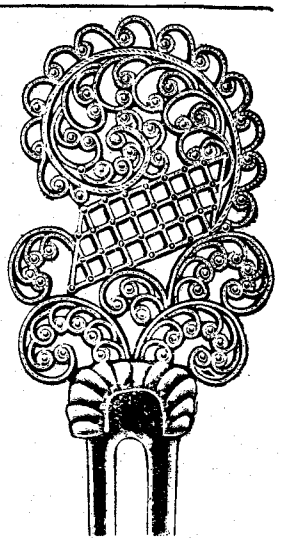
No. 62501. Gold Filled sword Hat or Hair Pin, very fancy Roman handle, set with eight Pearls and one Amethyst, bright polished Silver Blade 6½ inches long. Cut as ⅔ size. Price, $2.15.
Postage, 3 cents.



No. 62502. Gold Filled Hair Pin, fancy, engraved and ornamented, imitation Tortoise Shell prong, 5½ inches long. Cut as ⅓ size. Price, $1.15.
Postage, 3 cents.



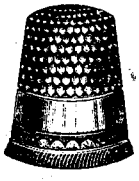
No. 62503. Heavy Gold plated and Solid Silver, with bright cut engraving to show Silver, very beautiful effect. Cut is about ½ size, top is 3½ inches wide, and Pin 6 inches long. Imitation of Tortoise Shell prong. Price, $3.95.
Postage, 4 cents.



No. 62504. Gold Filled Hair Pin, very fancy, hand-engraved and ornamented. Cut as ⅓ size; 6 inches long, imitation Tortoise Shell prongs. Price, $3.50.
Postage, 4 cents.

Silver, Gold Filled and Solid Gold Thimbles. Postage, 2 Cents.

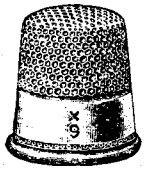
No. 62506. Solid Silver.
Price, $0.20.



No. 62607. Solid Silver.
Price, $0.30.

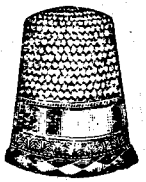
No. 62508. Solid Silver, beautifully engraved.
Price, $0.45.

No. 62509. Solid Silver, hand-engraved.
Price, $0.55.



No. 62510. Gold Filled, warranted.
Price, $0.75.

No. 62511. Gold Filled, engraved, warranted.
Price, $1.15.



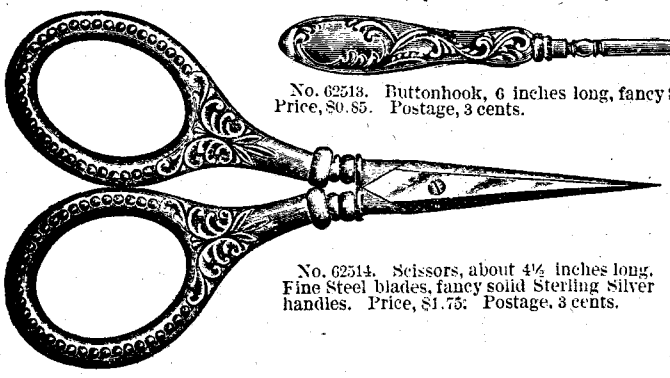
No. 62512. Solid 10-karat Gold.
Price, $1.90.

No. 62513½. Solid 14-karat Gold.
Price, $3.75.

No. 62505. Solid Sterling Silver Key Ring, fancy raised ornamentation, and hand engraved in script when desired. Price, 75c; postage, 2c.

SOLID STERLING SILVER MOUNTED GOODS.

No. 62513. Buttonhook, 6 inches long, fancy Sterling Silver handle. Price, $0.85. Postage, 3 cents.

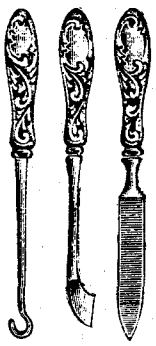


No. 62514. Scissors, about 4½ inches long. Fine Steel blades, fancy solid Sterling Silver handles. Price, $1.75. Postage, 3 cents.

No. 62515. Scissors, 4 inches long. Fine Steel blades, very fancy, Solid Sterling Silver handles. Price, $2.00. Postage, 3 cents.

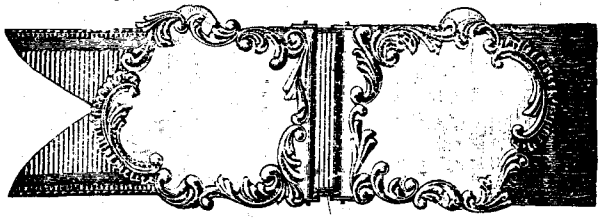
No. 62516. Scissors, 4 inches long. Fine Steel blades, very fancy Solid Sterling Silver handles. Price, $1.50. Postage, 3 cents.

No. 62517. Hair Curler. Fancy Solid Sterling Silver handle, length 6¾ inches. Price, $0.90. Postage, 4 cents.

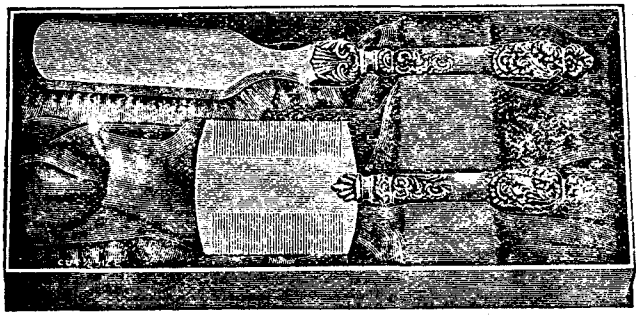


No. 62519. Manicure and Buttonhook set, fancy, Solid Sterling Silver handles, length, 3½ inches. Per set, $0.95. Postage, 4 cents.

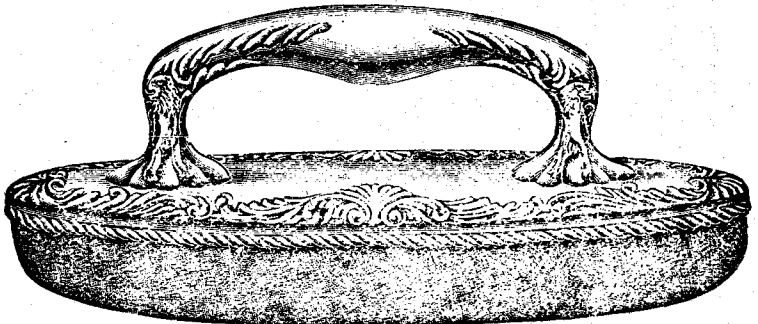
No. 62518. Nail Cleaner and File, fancy, Solid Sterling Silver handle, length 5¼ inches. Price, $0.85. Postage, 3 cents.



No. 62520. Silk Satin Garter. Solid Sterling Silver Mountings, very fancy, raised ornamentation. Price, $1.40. Postage, 4 cents.



No. 62521. Child's Toilet Set, consisting of Comb and Brush; fancy Solid Sterling Silver handles, in fancy satin lined case. Price, $1.85
Postage, 6 cents.



No. 62522. Chamois Nail Polisher, fancy Solid Sterling Silver mountings. Price, $1.90.
Postage, 4 cents.

From fancy hairpins at top, to silver mounted nail polisher, these items are attractive.

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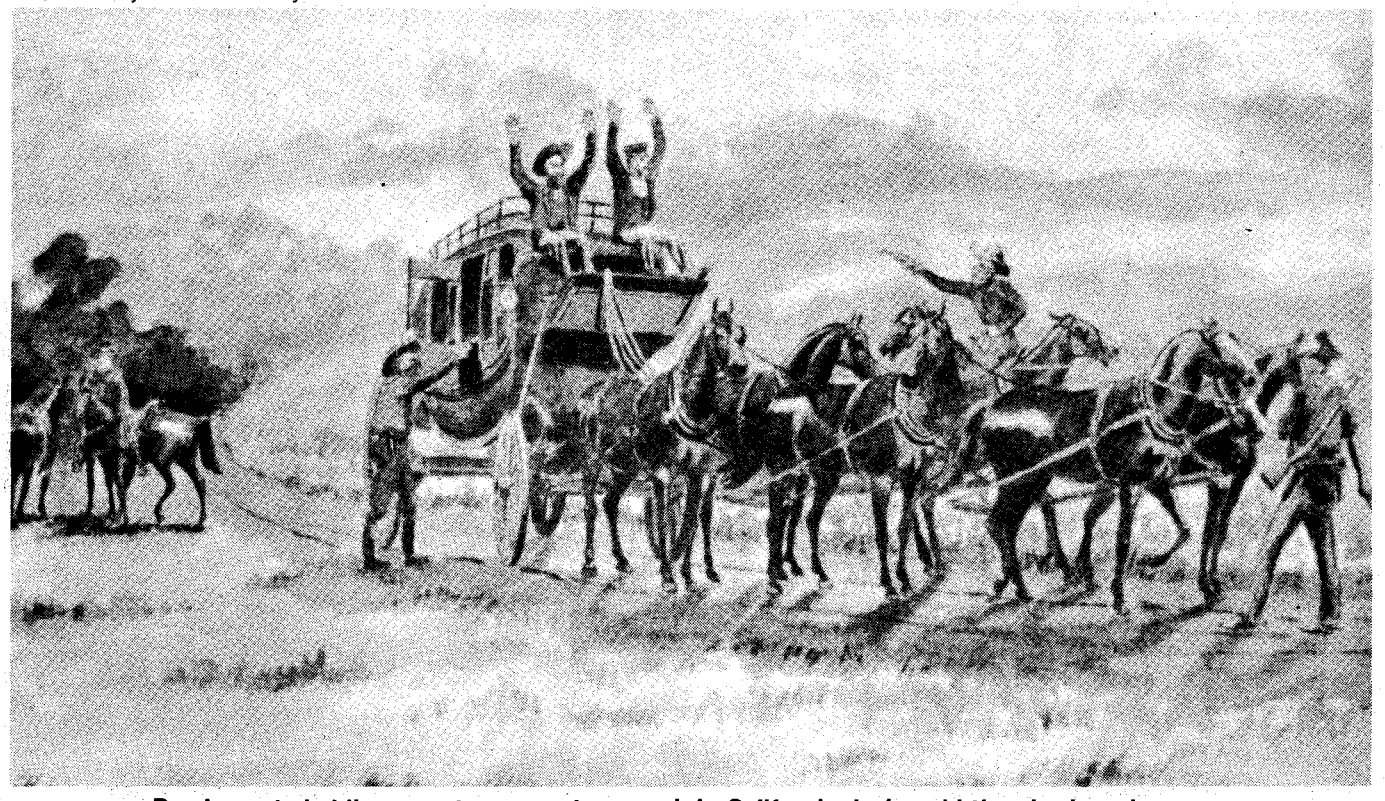
HOW TO FOIL A

Photo: Courtesy Calif. State Library.



Road agents holding up a treasure stagecoach in California during old-time lawless days.

The lawless elements of California's Gold Rush days were bleeding the miners and frontier business interests dry until Wells Fargo Express cracked down!

by Ed Earl Repp

THE RICH, GOLD-LADEN Mother Lode country of California was undergoing a blood bath. Wealth was pouring out of the High Sierras like water spilling westward down the countless streams which formed great rivers like the American, Yuba, Feather, San Joaquin and the Sacramento. Following the discovery of gold at Coloma by James Marshall in 1849, a stampede of frenzied men from almost all four corners of the earth flocked in for a share of the riches to be had for the "taking."

Most of them were honest, hardworking human beings. A great number of them were not. These were the riff-raff of humanity with but one goal in mind—to take what they wanted from the weak wherever and whenever they found them. They were, for the most part, nothing short of human leeches bent upon drawing the life-blood from the usually defenseless miner or the harassed frontier business man, living off the sweat and tears that went with the digging for gold whether in the mines or over the isolated store counters.

For almost four decades the human wolves remained openly active. True, California made a valiant effort to break the grip of lawlessness by commissioning Ranger Harry Love to hunt down and wipe out the cutthroats, then the California Rangers were dissolved and the lawless element took heart. Their numbers increased due to the lack of organized law. They saw that they could remain active and operate with impunity.

Despite the fact that the hard-pressed Forty Niners were learning how to cope with them by establishing lynch law, there was little to prevent the renegade from rustling cattle, robbing the treasure carrying stage coaches, skimming the cream off business or just plain cutting a throat if they held the slightest belief that the victim might identify the killer later on. No man, no stage, no freight wagon or pack train was safe on the lonely mountain trails of the Sierras or the valleys.

It was sudden death for a man or even a group of men with nothing but a slab of bacon and a few pounds of beans in their possession. An outlaw had to eat, didn't he? It was root hog or die!

Soon new names cropped up and were being murmured fearfully. The names were Cisco Procopio, Juan Soto, Pancho Ruiz, Lecudo Escalante, Bartolo Sepulveda, Eduardo Gallego, Tuburcio Vasquez of the Spanish-Californios. Of the gringoes there were the infamous Black Bart, Rattlesnake Dick, Tom Bell, Dick Fellows, a comic-opera bandit, Sheet-Iron John Allen, George Skinner, Big Dolf Newton, Bill Carter, Bill Gristy, John and Charley Ruggles and a long roster of other characters, all bad, not one with a single redeeming feature.

Once more, in the 1860's, Californians became thoroughly disturbed about the lawlessness. The frontier newspapers published impassioned pleas in their editorials for something to be done about it. Pioneer transportation men like Henry Wells and William G. Fargo, who founded the Wells Fargo Express, and long-suf-

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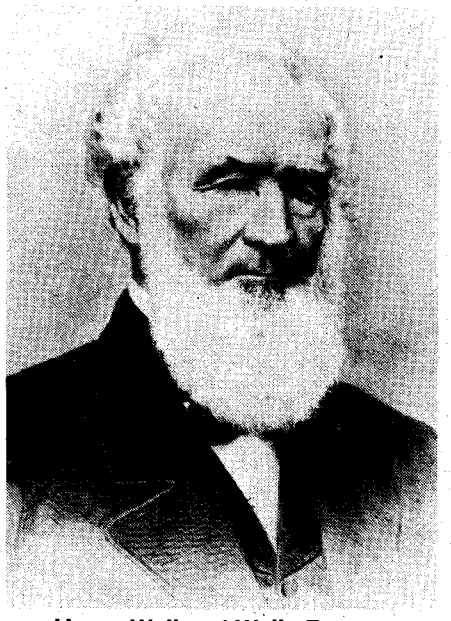
STAGE ROBBER

Drawing: Courtesy Paul Nyeland, Harolds Club, Reno.

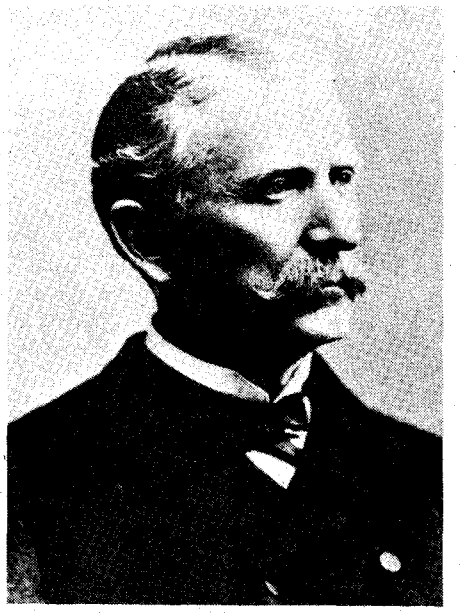
Jim Hume conceived idea of casting raw gold shipments into solid balls.

Photo: Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Rm.



Henry Wells, of Wells Fargo.

Photo: Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Rm.



Outlaw buster James B. Hume.

fering victims of the renegades, were now desperate men fighting to keep the company going. They decided on desperate measures. They armed their employees to the teeth. But still, they realized their efforts to defend their stage lines lacked the necessary organization to become effective and successful. They began quietly to search for a man with the skill and courage to undertake a task of such wide scope. They needed an organizer, a fighting man, a lawyer and an ace detective all rolled into one.

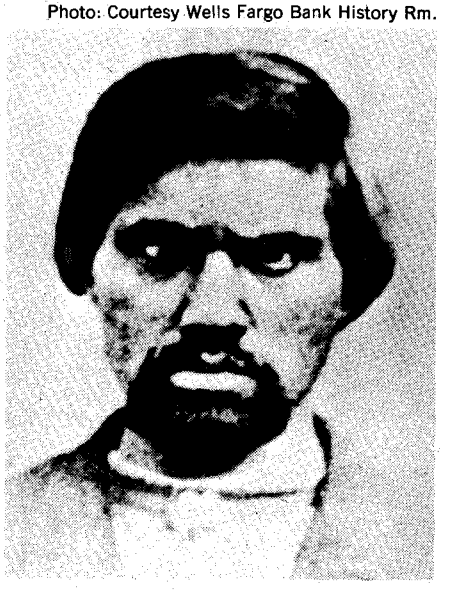
A suggestion turned up one day on Henry Wells' desk, describing a man who met all the qualifications. He was James Bunyan Hume, born in 1823 in the Cats-

(Continued on page 54)

Photo: Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Rm.

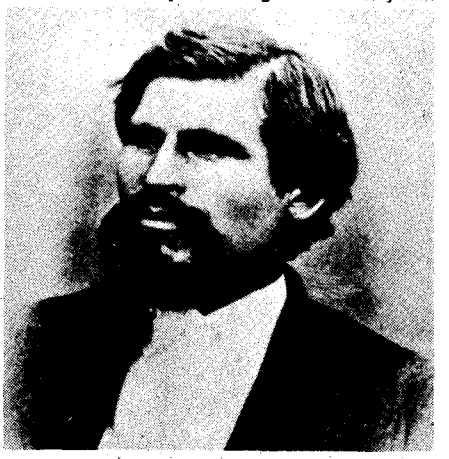
Express expert William G. Fargo.

Photo: Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Rm.



Juan Soto, "The Human Wildcat."

Photo: Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Rm.



Hanged—Tiburcio Vasquez.

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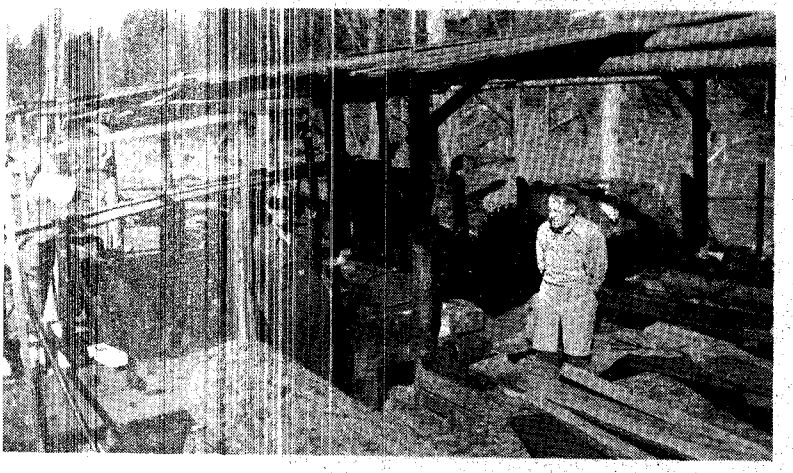
Illustrations furnished by Author.



Author and partner, Ralph Johnston, take time out here for a snapshot. The two of them ran the mill; note large gas engine which men removed from surplus "Sherman" tank.

That's Mr. Sanders at left after mill was rebuilt; Shadow Lake, Wash., 1948.

A MAN LOOKS

Left to right, stg, the Sanders boys and their mother: *Virgil; author; Harold,* Mrs. Sanders and Earl. Kneeling: l., sister Ethel and, front ctr., sister Beulah. Abt. 1913.

C.R. (Ray) Sanders when he went away to fight the Kaiser in 1917, and had good leather belt shot in combat.

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BACK AT MINING AND FIGHTING —LONG AGO!

He can remember how it felt, back then, from what his parents told him, and from what he himself experienced. The marvelous camaraderie with his father, his own rather awkward salad days... and that deadly business in France in 1919...

by

C.R. (Ray) Sanders

MY FATHER, W.H. (Harry) Sanders, came into the Black Hills of South Dakota from the Newcastle, Wyoming area in 1892 or '93. For some time he had had that disease that so many thousands of other men had—gold fever—'twas known as.

His first efforts to "get rich quick" were via the placer-mining methods, and he staked his first claims on Rapid Creek, Slate Creek, Castle Creek and the tributaries of those streams, located in the eastern section of the Black Hills. He never struck the bonanza gold in large quantities, but he "washed out" a fair living, and on one particular claim, he really hit it rich for awhile. But I will tell about this later.

Like all prospectors, Dad was always looking for something better than what he already had. He began scouring the country for quartz mines. The biggest gold producing mine in the world was only 25 miles north of where he was prospecting. The Homestake mine, which had begun operations in 1878, The DeSmet, in 1879 and '80; these and hundreds of other promising claims spurred these men to tremendous efforts and great sacrifice and hardship in their frenzied search for the yellow gold. Dad was no exception—he'd work like a beaver on his placer holdings to get himself a "grub stake" so he could search for rich gold mines.

It was while he was following up a "lead" on a pretty fair placer showing that he owned, that he met my mother. He fell in love with her almost on sight, and wanted to marry her, but he was 30 years old, and she was only thirteen. Of course mother's parents would have none of that and flatly refused to let Dad come around. Dad was pretty much inclined to have his own way in such matters, so one day he kidnapped her! Mother was most reluctant to go with him, but he finally won her over, and they eloped to Custer, South Dakota, and were married.

This happened in 1894, (they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1944), and Grandma and granddad were up in arms about the affair, but they could not find Dad and Mom because, after they were married, they lived in one of Dad's cabins at one of his placer claims for several months. It was an isolated area, and hardly anyone even knew of its existence, so they were pretty safe there.

Granddad had his trusty old muzzle-loading shot-gun all loaded and primed for Dad if he ever caught up with him. Finally, word reached my grandparents that Ella and Harry Sanders had been married in Custer some two months before, so they were forced to accept the situation as it was. But by no means were they happy about the event.

Granddad did take the primers off the muzzle-loader though, and then later on sent word to them that it was O.K. for them to come and visit. Grandmother never did forgive Dad, and many a bitter quarrel developed between them over, or, because of it.

Faced with the responsibility of supporting a wife, Dad had less time to look for the rich gold mine he dreamed of finding some day, and had to spend most of his time digging out placer gold in order to keep his family fed. Even so, now and then he would get a few dollars ahead and follow up some "lead" that he had a lot of faith in. Always thinking of the great Homestake mine, he's say, "That motherlode has just got to be around here somewhere."

Then, in January of 1896, just 33 days before President McKinley was inaugurated, came the first big event in Dad's and Mom's lives. In a little log cabin in Jenny's Gulch, 20 or so miles west of Rapid City in Pennington County, a new life hung in the balance. For the first few minutes there was a great deal of excitement and anxiety because the little feller didn't seem to be too well pleased with his new surroundings and was slow on the take-off. Grandma was the midwife, (there was seldom a doctor in attendance at a childbirth those days) and Dad was there doing everything he could. Grandma picked me up and shook me by the heels a few times and slapped me on the posterior. Dad grabbed a bottle of whiskey, poured a few drops in a teaspoon and he and Grandma got it down me in some miraculous way without strangling me, and I decided that the easiest way to get out of that ordeal was to start protesting! I did! All present said that I let a beller out of me that would have been a credit to a mad bull, and they breathed a sigh of relief, because they knew that no kid could let out a howl like that and not be in good shape. Dad said many years later that that was the only time in his life that he was glad to hear a kid bawl.

My arrival on the scene helped, to some

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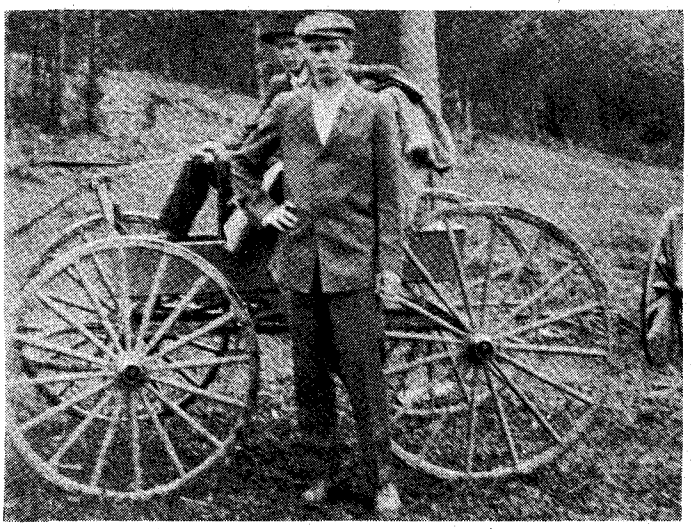
That's Grandma and Granddad Mellick standing behind two small boys, author's maternal grandparents; they hit the roof when daughter eloped.



That's Ray's younger brother Harold seated in classy buggy while dressed-up author poses impatiently; boys were going courtin' . . . So. Dak., 1913.

extent, to further relieve the still existent resentment of the Grandparents. They became helpful to Dad and Mom, and Dad often worked for, or with, Granddad. Granddad had come into the Hills in 1878 from Sarpie County Nebraska, bringing with him two brothers and his mother. He was a sawmill man, and had hauled his sawmill, steam boiler—engine and all—by wagon, using oxen and mules to tote the cumbersome loads. (I faintly remember two of the oxen which he still had when I was old enough to remember anything.)

Mostly, Dad continued to make his living placer-mining. However, on occasion he would work for the mines surrounding our area, or do "assessment" work for claim holders around there. Sometimes he would make mine timbers for the Homestake Mining Company.

By the time I was five years old I was Dad's constant companion, wherever he went I was almost sure to be with him. He still continued to do quite a lot of placer mining and it was about this time when he made one of his richest discoveries. It was high up on a hill, and was what the laymen called "dry diggin's," which meant that the pay dirt had to be hauled to water for considerable distance, or, water piped or ditched to the mine. Usually, it was not possible to get water to the mines without great expense, so it was hauled (the pay dirt) to water.

Every conceivable means available, at that time, was used to do this. Some would use wheelbarrows if the distance was not far, some even toted it in seamless sacks on their backs. (Dad done this for a few days on this claim until he was sure that it was good enough to build a road to.) Some used pack animals, but Dad built a road around the hill and used a team and wagon to get his dirt to his sluices, which he had built on a claim he owned by the creek.

'Twas after Dad had his road built to the claim that I became his "hired man." As I look back at those wonderful days now, I realize that I must have been an awful nuisance to Dad, but he liked it, I guess, because I always went along.

Although the claim was only about half a mile, as the crow flies, from the sluice boxes, it was a good mile and a half by wagon road, and steep in a few places, at that. It would usually take about an hour to get up to the mine with the team and wagon because Dad would rest his team very often. Then came the loading of the pay dirt into the wagon box. Most of the time I'd jump down into the pit and grab the shovel and want to "help."

Dad had to prove to me that I could not shovel the dirt into the wagon, and in order to impress this on me he would tell me to get busy and start loading. Of course I could not even begin to get a shovel of dirt that high, so, I wanted to pick up the dirt loose for him. He soon convinced me that I'd have to "eat lots of fish and slap-jacks," so I'd grow up and be strong enough to do those things.

His favorite chore for me was to set on the wagon seat to watch for the big nuggets as he shoveled on the load. He'd tell me that maybe he might shovel up a nugget once in a while that would be so large that it would roll down over the riffles in the sluice box and we would lose it in the "tailings." Trouble with that chore was that there were quite a lot of lime-coated pebbles in the dirt, and many of them had a real yellow cast to them. All too often I'd clamber down in the wagon box after these pieces, and Dad wouldn't see me do it! The result would be that I'd a get a shovel full of dirt on that part of my anatomy which was closest to the oncoming shovel. I'd usually whimper a little, not because I was hurt much, but because Daddy wouldn't let me get that big chunk of gold.

"Never mind, son," he'd say, "we'll get it when we unload." But as a rule, I would have forgotten all about it by that time.

Coming back down the hill with our load was not an easy task, either for Dad or the horses. Brakes had to be held on tight most of the way down, and in some places the grade was so fast that "rough locks" were required. These were heavy chains which were placed about the tires of the wheel in such a way that when the wheel turned forward a few inches, the chain would be carried directly under the tire, thus causing the chain to bite into the earth, and stopping the licked wheels from turning when the chain was anchored at the opposite end to some forward position on the wagon.

At the foot of these steep places the rough locks would have to be removed and we would continue on down the hill until we reached the next steep place, where we would have to repeat the operation. In order to remove the rough locks it was necessary to back the load up enough so that the chains could be unhooked. Sometimes this presented difficulties if the grade just flattened out. In a case like this, the team either had to back the load upgrade, or pull the load—rough locks in place—to a point where they could back the load on a leveler ground. (Dad soon eliminated this problem by using a "slip ring"—finger-hook.)

(Many types of rough locks and smooth locks were used, but as this is not a story about rough or smooth locks, I will not elaborate.)

Dad's sluice boxes were built by the side of the creek, and water was diverted into them by placing a little promontory of rocks and earth at an angle upstream and toward the center of the creek. The head of the boxes was a sort of wedge-shaped affair about four feet wide at the upstream end, and six feet long tapering down to the width of the sluice boxes wherein lay the riffles (about 12"). This head had two gates to control the water flow into, and out of it. In most cases, the lower gate was not used, its purpose being to hold the water within the "puddling" box, which this part of the arrange-

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ment was called. It was used when there was clay, frozen dirt, grass roots, or anything in the pay dirt that could carry the gold down through the boxes, over the riffles, and on into the tailings piles.

If pay dirt of this kind was being sluiced, the lower gate would be closed and the dirt would be flooded with just enough water to allow the miner to stir the dirt around in the box and dissolve clay chunks, thaw or crush frozen pieces, and remove grassroots, wood particles and other foreign matter before the paydirt was washed down through the riffles.

The lower gate would be opened slowly to allow the excess water in the box to drain off gradually, then the head, or main gate, would be opened just enough so that the paydirt would slowly move out and down through the boxes over the riffles, the gold would drop in behind the bars or holes in the bottom of the boxes where lay the riffles. That part of the sluice which holds the riffles is actually just a trough, varying in size and depth with the volume of dirt which is being washed through them. Dad's were generally twelve by twelve inches.

High cost of processing exceeded profits so mine was closed down. Photo, 1960.

The amount of "fall" or drop per running foot of box, was of the greatest importance. Too much fall would move the dirt out so rapidly that the gold would go out with it; not enough fall and the dirt would not move out evenly, causing it to dam up or stick in the trough. The amount of water used is equally important. Too much water is the equivalent of too steep; not enough, same as too little fall.

The riffles that Dad was using at this time were just some one-inch-thick boards twelve inches wide with large holes bored through them in such a manner as to make it impossible for any material to flow over them without passing over many of the holes. In the bottom of the trough he laid heavy burlap, or carpeting, to catch and hold the "flour" gold. At the foot of the sluices he built what he called a "quick trap," which was a small dropped box at the end; he used mercury in it to catch any gold that may have passed over the riffles.

At the end of his operations each year he would take up the material he had in the bottom of the troughs and burn it in his gold pan, then pan out the ashes and retrieve the gold. To clean up in the "quick trap" he simply removed the "quick" and had it retorted at the assay office.

Well, now that I've told you about sluice boxes, puddling boxes, etc., maybe I should go back and unload that load of pay dirt that we left near the sluice. The wagon would be parked parallel to the puddling box, and as close to it as possible. A tarp would be stretched from the side of the wagon box to the inner side of the box so that the "dribblings" would slide down into the box rather than be lost on the ground beside the wagon. The load would then be shoveled into the sluice head into which just the right amount of water was coming to move the dirt slowly down through.

Hauling four loads (4 cubic yards) per day—five days a week, Saturday was clean-up day—Dad would pick up from $100 to $125 per week. That was good dirt! I cannot recall that he ever found any sizeable nuggets but it was considered to be coarse gold.

We never worked this claim if Dad had other work, and very few people knew how valuable the claim was. Dad would never divulge to anyone how much he was able to make by working the claim. He always told those few that did know about it that he was keeping that "for a rainy day," and it did help him out of many hard spots.

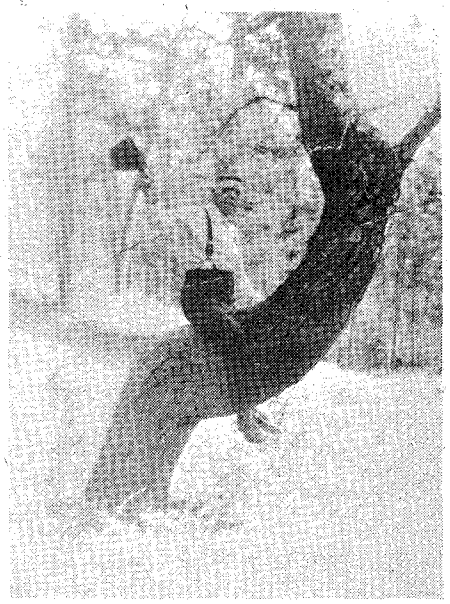
The day finally came, though, when it was no longer a paying proposition, and Dad very reluctantly abandoned hopes of finding any more worthwhile values there.

In 1905 The Grandview Mines in Sunnyside Gulch, backed by an eastern mining syndicate, and under the management of a L.A. Richards as President of the company, hired Dad as mine foreman and general manager of outside operations. Mr. Richards' reasons for hiring Dad to run the Grandview operation were two-fold. First, Dad had been employed by L.A. on several occasions before, and had made a very favorable impression on him as a miner and all-around man.

Second, Dad owned a piece of mining property that L.A. wanted very badly, and he reasoned that the best way to get the property was to butter him up all he could by throwing good jobs his way.

'Twas when Dad took over this job at the mine that I sort of got lost. Dad was then too busy to spend much time with me, and I was left pretty much alone even though by that time I had one sister and two younger brothers.

My Mother had taken over the boarding house at the mine, so she, too, was very busy. I guess that I had never learned how to play with other kids much, having spent so much time "working" with Dad. Besides, I just didn't seem to be able to get along with my brothers and sister. So, feeling sort of let down and alone,



Author's Uncle Lew Mellick on tree generations of clan used happily to "play horse-back riding" as youngsters.

I began getting myself into all sorts of jams.

After several incidents, (on one occasion, I sneaked into L.A.'s office while he was out and swiped a box of "Between-the-Acts" cigars, which I proceeded to smoke—I ended up a very sick boy and I didn't need to tell my parents why I was sick; they knew), it was time to say whoa!

Mr. Richards and Dad decided that they had better give me some kind of a job and keep me out of mischief. They were using a little upright boiler to run a steam pump down in the mine shaft, and I was very much interested in it. I had been at them for a long time to let me fire the boiler, but they said I couldn't "keep it hot," and I insisted that I could, so they gave me a chance to prove to them that I could do it.

Dad taught me how to work the water injector to put the water in the boiler and cautioned me about the importance of keeping the right water level in the water gauge. If the water got too low the safety plug would melt, and the boiler might even blow up; if I carried too high a water level I would have "wet steam," and this would be bad for the pumps.

(Continued on page 50)

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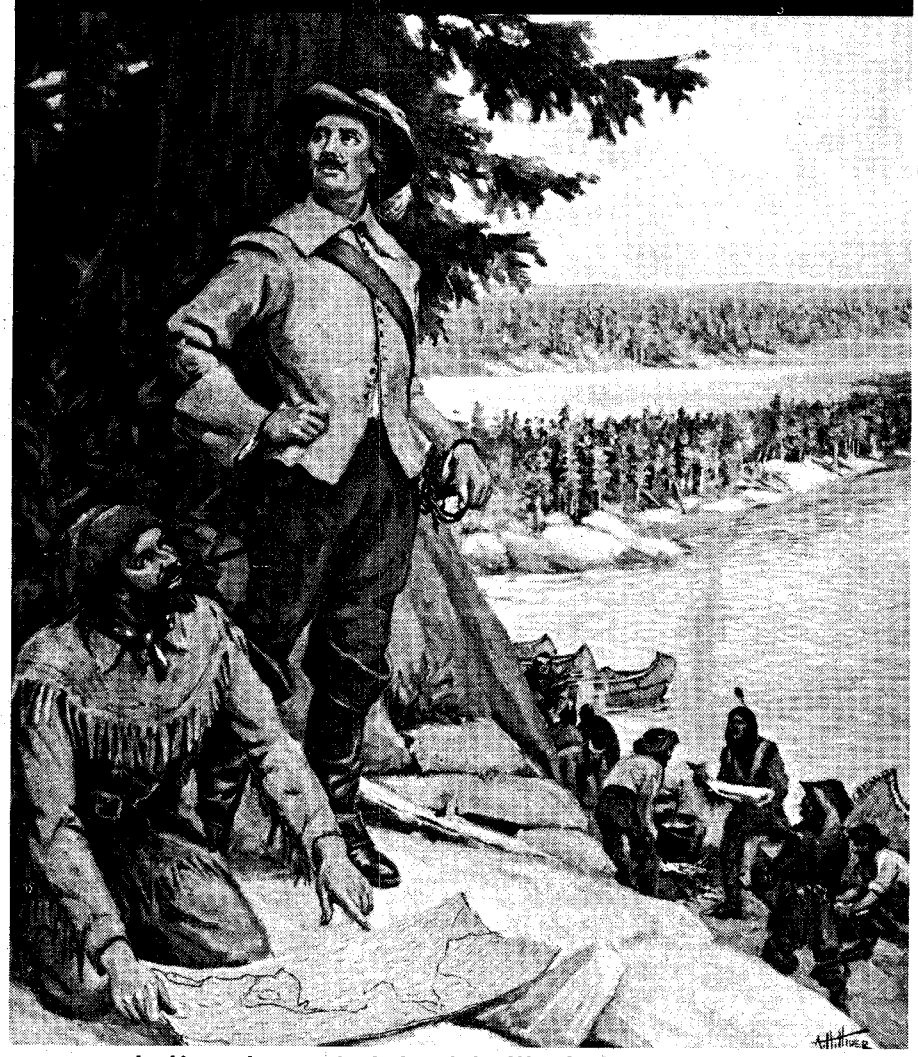
Pierre was the son of the governor of Trois Rivieres, that frontier community on the St. Lawrence which was the starting point of the expedition of Marquette and Joliet and of La Salle. Young Pierre grew up in an atmosphere of heroism and self-sacrifice, and at an early age acquired a hunger for adventure...

THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED A MYSTERY

by Earl V. Chapin

Illus: Public Archives of Canada



La Verendrye at the Lake of the Woods, by A.H. Hider.

PIERRE GAULTIER DE VARENnes, Sieur de la Verendrye, awoke from his dream with a start. A pale northern dawn filtered in through the one small window, faintly illuminating the log walls of his bedroom. But his dream had been of such great vitality that it remained more real than the austere surroundings of his isolated trading post on Lake Nipigon, in the Canadian forests north of Lake Superior.

La Verendrye arose, and as he stood on the furs covering the floor he realized that he was trembling with excitement—not because he had dreamed that he had found his way to the Western Sea, but because the identical dream had returned to him now for three successive nights. At that moment, Pierre de La Verendrye felt that the hand of destiny was on his shoulder.

He was right.

La Verendrye was to become Canada's greatest explorer. He was to be the first man to dip a paddle in the swirling waters of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, to see the wide Missouri and the majestic Saskatchewan. His sons, Francois and Louis, were to reach the foothills of the Rocky Mountains a half century before the coming of Lewis and Clark.

In spite of his many accomplishments, La Verendrye was never to fulfill his greatest dream. He would never see the Pacific. But a supreme moment was to be his when, on December 3, 1738, he was to stand on a hillside and see below him a walled city surrounded by a moat crossed by a drawbridge. He was to go down in that city and find blond people walking the streets. He was to find there a civilization unlike anything else that existed in North America. He was to be the first and most important witness to the greatest racial enigma of this continent, one which later observers have conveniently swept under the rug.

La Verendrye called these strangely different people the Caserniers. Later they were to become known as the Mandans.

The Caserniers occupied a great deal of attention in the journal and in the mind of La Verendrye during his years in the wilderness. They seemed, in some mysterious way, to link medieval Europe with the heart of the New World.

Pierre de La Verendrye was a man for

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Author's Photo.

Mandan Chief, from drawing by Catlin.

Author's Photo.

In July, 1732 La Verendrye's expedition reached Lake of the Woods, and on that shore the explorer built Fort St. Charles.

his time. He was the son of the governor of Trois Rivieres, that frontier community on the St. Lawrence which was the starting point of the expedition of Marquette and Joliet, and of La Salle. Young Pierre grew up in an atmosphere of heroism and self-sacrifice, and at an early age acquired a hunger for adventure.

Pierre entered the army at the age of fourteen. He fought in New England, in Newfoundland, and in Flanders in 1707, where he distinguished himself in the Battle of Malpalquet. Left for dead upon the field with a gunshot wound and nine saber slashes, he recovered, was cited for gallantry, and promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

Pierre returned to Canada, and in 1721 he was placed in charge of the important frontier trading post at Lake Nipigon, strategically situated between Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay. Here, fabulous tales of cities of white people beside a river that flowed to the ocean stirred his imagination, so that for three nights he dreamed he had discovered a route to the Pacific.

This coincidence convinced La Verendrye that he was a man of destiny. He journeyed to Quebec and laid before Intendent Marquis de Beauharnois a plan for a journey of exploration which would add new realms to the glory of France. The leaders of France were then more interested in their amours and intrigues than extending the Empire. La Verendrye finally wheedled financial support for his project from certain Montreal merchants who were much more interested in the fur trade than the possibilities of walled cities of white people in the West.

In 1731 La Verendrye set out from Montreal with three sons, Jean Baptiste, Pierre and Francois, his nephew La Jemeraye, and a party of about fifty soldiers and voyageurs. In July of the following year the expedition reached the Lake of the Woods which lay nearly in the center of the North American continent. On the western shore of that lake La Verendrye built Fort St. Charles, one of many posts he was to establish in the heart of the continent while other men were still securing a foothold along the Atlantic coast.

La Verendrye's first duty was to secure furs for the merchants who had financed him. But ambition fired his urge to find a route to the Pacific. Fueling that flame were the tales told by the Indians of "ships and seas, and sound of cannon," of men who were "white and bearded and rode

(Continued on page 43)

Author's Photo.

Mandan Village on the Missouri River, 1832. From Sketch by Catlin.

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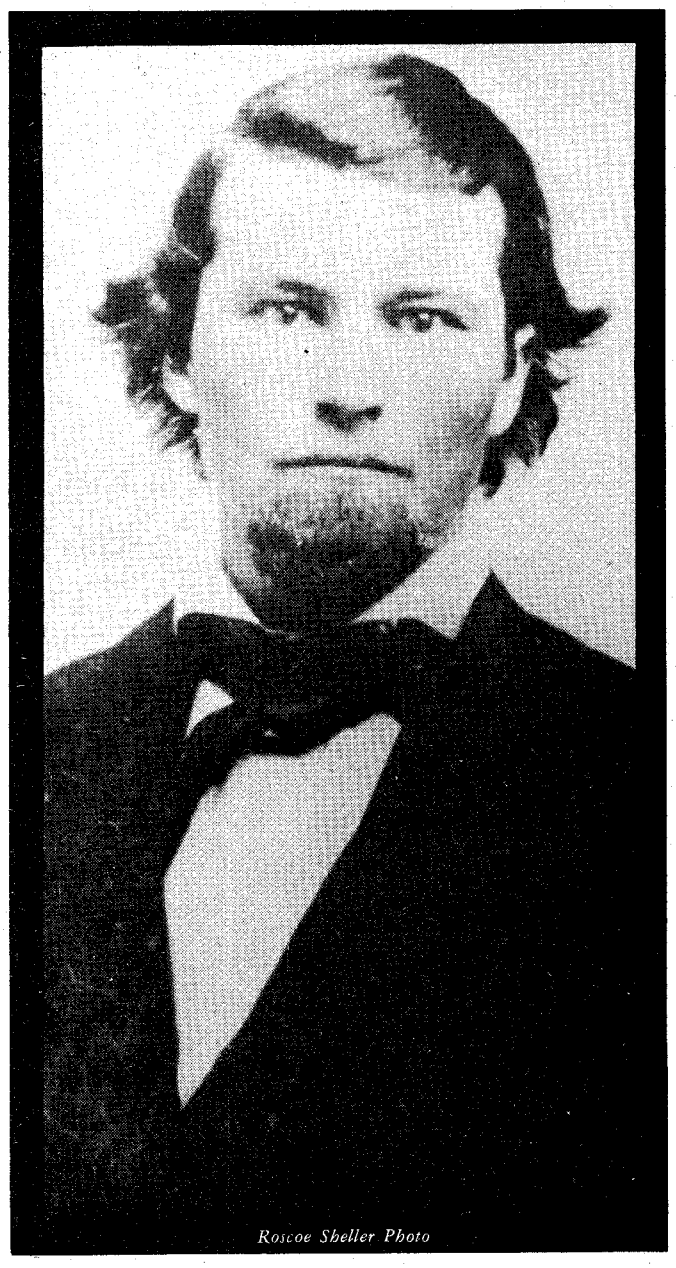
by Joe Koller



Roscoe Sheller Photo

This colorful cattle king of the Northwest faced all of the hardships of the early frontier with a "never-say-die" determination

BEN SNIPES' BEEF BONANZA

AT TWENTY, BEN SNIPES was trail boss of an Oregon cattle drive headed for Cariboo, British Columbia. The Cariboo diggings were rated a fabulous market. Miners that wintered on sowbelly and bear steak developed spring hunger for beef at any price. To satisfy such cravings a trader met the Snipes herd on Frazer River to talk terms. While the herd rested under nighthawk supervision Snipes and the trader dickered far into the night.

Ben Snipes had bought the cattle with borrowed money and had brought the herd over land and water from central Oregon, across Washington, into the Canadian wilderness with Indian riders, who knew the route and its hazards. When the trader offered $125 a head for steers that cost Ben $50 each, he accepted the offer. There was one condition Snipes agreed to. The crew would have to deliver the cattle to the Cariboo camp.

The herd was re-counted by morning light. Two steers were missing.

"Stolen," Eagle, the ramrod, concluded as he picked up his rifle and mounted his cayuse. "The Frazer route is thief river trail to mines. Indians, renegades, maybe even miners make trouble on river route."

Eagle spoke in the Chinook jargon of the Northwest that Snipes had picked up by association with the Indian riders. Eagle rode up river to look for the missing steers. Snipes mounted the little mare, Nichi, and started down gulch. Ben Snipes was unarmed and he recalled what Jobe, his foreman at the cow-and-calf camp on Klickitat Divide in Washington, had said at their parting, "You got no gun, Boss Ben. Better you take shooter."

Snipes smiled at the Indian's concern. "Why tote a gun," he had replied. "I don't want to kill anybody."

Snipes remained unarmed, but he noticed that his Yakima riders carried Hudson Bay rifles they used to shoot game, kill wolves, and protect property. This was demonstrated to Snipes one foggy morning when shots were fired at riders disappearing over the misty horizon with five head of his cattle. It made Ben rustler wary. He was determined to find the missing steers if they were still around the region.

Presently Snipes' roving gaze discovered two steers; and he neck-reined Nichi toward a gulch pocket studded with dark cedar trees. Snipes carried a piece of rope that he used to prod cattle along. "Hike for camp, you Big S branded beef steers," he shouted at the elusive animals. "You're holding up the payoff."

An attack came unexpected. His horse was amongst the thickets when the short, bearded man leaped in front of the mare and waved a red bandana into her face. A second figure, tall with long braided hair, darted toward the rider with a lifted pole. Nichi, by training, lifted up on hind legs and swung to the left. The pole missed Snipes but hit the mare's rump. With the first action the two steers darted around cedars to charge out of the pocket. Snipes' touch of spurs sent the mare after them. A shot came from behind. A bullet whistled past Snipes' head. He headed the two animals up trail toward camp.

The shot brought two of his riders at a gallop down the trail. Together they returned to the pocket and found it deserted. The two men that had tried to steal the steers had made their escape. The trader judged from descriptions that

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the bearded white man was Shark and the breed was called Tallow. They were scavengers of the river route. The trader made one more observation. Snipes was a fool to go unarmed on this lawless frontier.

Ben went to the trader's tent where the latter man opened a chest full of fat, leather pouches and set out a gold scale. The payoff was in Cariboo dust. Ben Snipes was surprised to learn the $47,000 payoff in gold weighed so much. It produced new worries. Could a horse carrying such dead weight be swum across a big river? Would renegades try to waylay him knowing he carried the cattle payoff? Snipes assumed his crew would act as guards on the way back. Now they were obliged to deliver the cattle at Cariboo and he would have to take the gold back by himself. He did not even have a gun.

TEN YEARS before Texas cowboys and longhorn cattle got their first look at Kansas country cattlemen of the Far West were trailing herds over a thousand miles to markets in Canada.

Ben Snipes was one of these drovers. At seventeen Snipes was a potato picker in Oregon, at twenty-six he was a cattle king, and in 1878 authorities claim he had 125,000 cattle and 20,000 horses on Yakima range. From this pinnacle of success Ben Snipes was to know poverty once more. The rise and fall of Ben Snipes, cattle king of Washington, is a classic of Far West cow country.

Benjamin E. Snipes, son of Elam and Asenath Snipes, was born in North Carolina in 1835. In 1837 the family moved west to Jefferson County, Iowa, where Ben got schooling and worked on the home farm. His brother, George Snipes, left for Oregon Country in the early Fifties. Not hearing from him for a few years, Ben Snipes left home to find him. Ben drove an ox team and herded loose cattle to work his way west with the George Humphreys party that settled in Willamette Valley, Oregon.

Here Ben Snipes became a potato picker on neighborhood farms. During fruit season he joined a 45 pack mule train that was hauling apples into California mining camps. Snipes staked a claim and tried the gold panning technique. When he was later offered $500 cash for the claim he sold it. The new owner was to strike it rich and take out $75,000 from his purchase.

Ben Snipes became a mining camp meat cutter. He made good at it and bought the shop and went into business for himself. Several weeks later a roving miner remarked that he had met a man named Snipes at the Cariboo diggings. This clue to George's location caused Ben to sell the shop to an Indian and take the little mare, Nichi, in part payment. He rode the mare across Washington into Canada only to learn that George had left, leaving no address. In the long ride back Snipes took stock of the country and it looked like good range for cattle. He searched Seattle and the coast towns and finally took work with John T. Jeffries at Amity, central Oregon.

Jeffries, an inn-keeper, traded in cattle as a sideline. He bought the surplus livestock from Willamette farmers, pooled them with small ranchers' consignments, and trailed the herd to Cariboo. Snipes realized that these farm cattle were of Durham blood lines and could be used in a breeding program to upgrade range stock. It made Ben Snipes eager to become a cattleman.

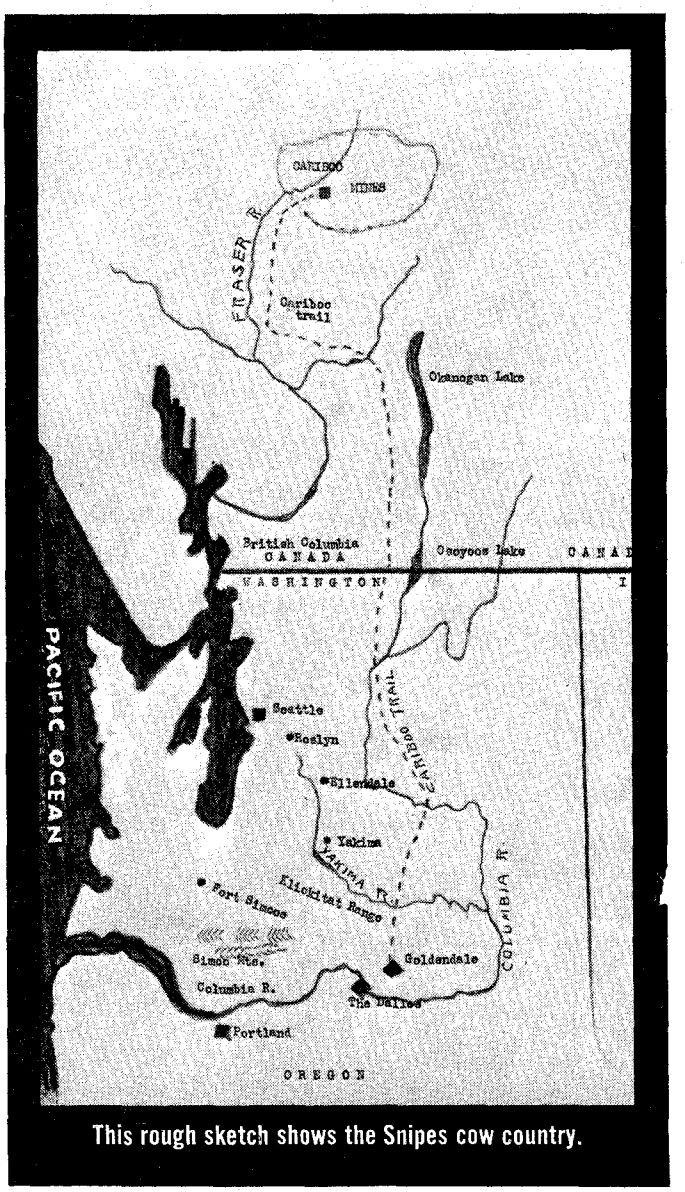
Ben looked after Jeffries' home animals while he was on the drive to Cariboo. Upon his return Jeffries stated that a George Snipes lived at The Dalles, a riverport up the Columbia.

Ben Snipes found brother George in charge of a horse breeding farm near The Dalles. George knew the Army was coming into the country. A post, Fort Simcoe, was to be built on the Washington side of the river in the Klickitat Range country, between Klickitat River and the Simcoe Mountains. A campaign was to be launched against the hostile tribes that for years had killed settlers trying to come into the Yakima Valley. Captain Jordan had a bunch of cattle grazing in the Columbia Gorge that he hoped to sell to the Army for beef.

Ben Snipes viewed the Jordan cattle and offered to buy them and set himself up in cattleman business. His sincerity, knowledge of livestock and dedication to purpose impressed the banker. By taking Jeffries in as a partner and signing loan papers along with George the finance was arranged and the cattle purchased.

Ben Snipes separated the breeding stock and started a cow-and-calf camp on Klickitat Divide. Jobe, a full blood, was put in charge of the camp. Later Snipes was to buy ground and build his cabin home on such acreage. He shopped around for farm steers to build up his first beef herd that he and Indian riders were to take to Cariboo as a fund raising venture. With luck and the help of his Indian riders Ben Snipes completed the drive with a minimum loss of stock. After the herd changed ownership Ben Snipes had to plan his return with a cargo of gold.

With the crew pushing the herd on to Cariboo he had to give the appearance that no payoff for the cattle would take place until they got to the mines area up the Fraser. Snipes' departure would be at midnight. The little sacks of gold were tucked into saddle bags and some pouches were rolled in a blanket and tied behind the saddle. With grub in a sack and no weapon, Ben Snipes led the mare down the trail on foot. When well away from camp he mounted and rode



This rough sketch shows the Snipes cow country.

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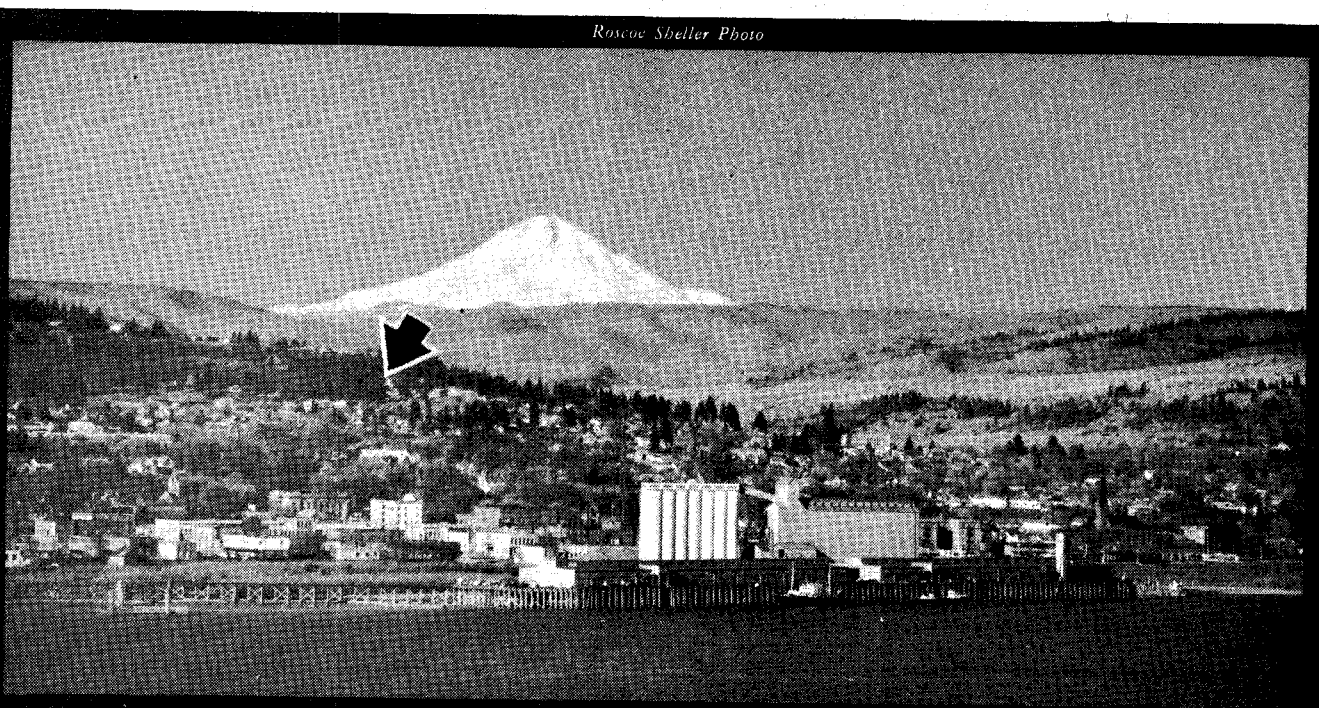
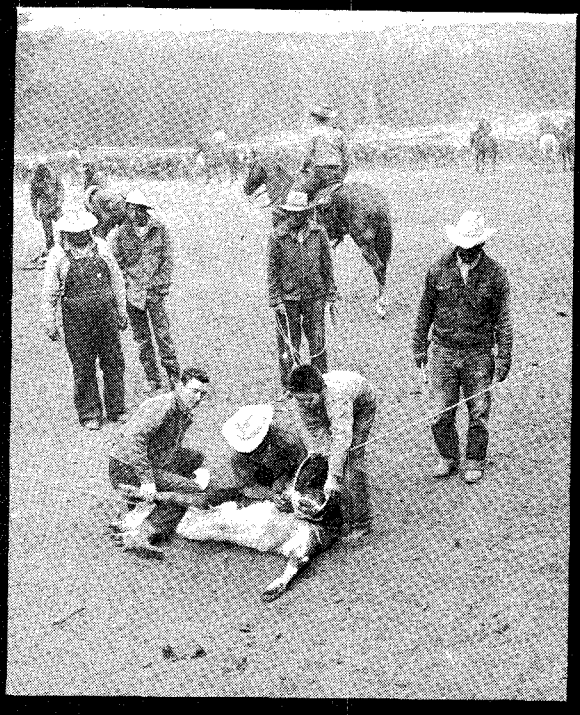
Roscoe Sheller Photo



Arrow points to Old Fort Dalles, The Dalles, Oregon, with Mount Hood in the background.

Sam Churchill Photo



Present day Indian cowboys still work cattle just as they did in Snipes' day.

slowly down river to its junction with the overland route. The cargo gave Nichi a double load to carry. Through early morning hours he let the mare graze. By day they hid in thickets to rest. When darkness came they traveled again.

They were on the overland route, but camped off trail, the day Snipes saw the two renegades, Shark and Tallow, scouting the route for tracks of a rider headed back. Thereafter Snipes traveled off trail all the time. He avoided the river hazard crossings with a load of gold by taking a longer route, farther west, that brought him to Jobe's cow camp on the Klickitat Range. He reached the bank in safety.

Ben Snipes settled with Jeffries, paid off his loan, and had money left to buy more farm cows. In 1857 he built the cabin; and his herd supplied beef to the Army at Fort Simcoe for years to come.

BEN SNIPES had crossed the inland territory and come down the coast side of Washington and understood why its hinterland, the range empire, had remained unpopulated. The Cascade Range hindered access to the back country from the coast side. The Columbia River, with its great rock cliffed gorge, served as a barrier to immigrant invasion from Oregon, thus the Yakima Valley had remained cayuse range under Indian domination.

Ben Snipes learned the Chinook jargon spoken between the tribes and early settlers in the region. He made friends with old Chief Kimiakin of the Yakima hostiles. Snipes carried no gun, paid rent on grazing Indian lands, and hired Indian riders. He donated a steer or two for feast occasions and felt at home in camp and lodges. Such public relations paid out through the troublesome, tribal punishing campaigns.

The Snipes method of improving cattle and his efforts to increase herds by re-investing the revenue from trail drives soon made him a leader in his field. Ben believed that wealth should be put to work to produce more income, more resources, more everything.

From the day the Indians swam his herd across the Columbia River Ben Snipes had new respect for their ability. Before ferries hauled herds across the river the cattle had to be swum across the Columbia and the big river took its toll of cattle, horses and people. The foreman, Jobe, rallied tribal aid to move Ben Snipes' cattle into Washington Territory. In crossing the Columbia the herd was flanked with paddlers in canoes who directed the crossing in a downstream drift to the opposite bank. The riders left swimming mounts to cling to their tails and be towed across the river. It gave Snipes confidence in his Indian associates.

Among the new people scouting Washington was the stranger on the fine Hambletonion stallion who bought Snipes' land and cabin on *(Continued on page 62)*

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MYSTERY

(Continued from page 39)

on horseback," of rivers that ebbed and flowed. But most exciting of all were the constantly repeated tales of that nation of people who lived in walled cities and traded with the surrounding Indians as the white men did.

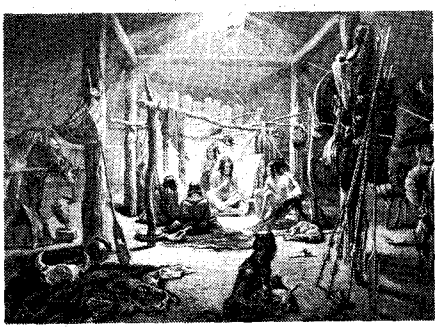
"The Assiniboines," La Verendrye wrote in his journal, "told me that the Caserniers' forts and houses were very much like our own. Their forts are surrounded with two strong rows of stakes and there are two towers at opposite corners. The Indians are very tall with well proportioned limbs, the complexion being white, and they walk with their toes turned out. Their hair is fair, brown or red, and some have black. They have bearded faces though some shave.

"This is a very industrious people. They sow wheat, beans, peas, oats and several other grains in large quantity. The women do not work as hard as the squaws of our Indians, but they attend to the house which they keep very clean, and they help with the farm work. The Caserniers breed several kinds of poultry: the common hen, turkeys, geese, ducks and several others whose names are not known to our Indians. They live ordinarily on maize, as do our voyageurs, but they also eat considerable meat. They hunt on horseback and go in large parties.

"Every fort has a chief but he is subordinate to the great chief of the nation, and when there is any alarm they signal to each other by means of a trumpet. The Caserniers make use of iron knives with artistically carved handles. They also use earthen or stone jars bearing designs of flowers, and varnished on the inside."

La Verendrye was to see much misfortune before he was to reach the cities of the Caserniers. By 1735 his troubles had begun to roll up on a great wave which was to break thunderously, at last, against the high, bleak shores of what was the after to be known as Massacre Island. Winter approached that fall with the garrison at Fort St. Charles on Lake of the Woods on the verge of starvation. The wild rice crop had failed and the stock of other provisions was almost depleted. Supplies that La Verendrye had purchased at Montreal at the cost of surrendering his forts to other management, failed to arrive. The hungry men watched for the convoy as each day fingers of ice reached farther out from the shore until they finally clutched the entire lake in their frigid grasp, sealing the remote wilderness from the outside world. The men at Fort St. Charles drank broth of boiled roots and leather before spring.

By spring the garrison was low on gunpowder as well. At this critical juncture



This is the interior of a typical lodge of an Mandan Indian chief. La Verendyre thought Mandans were a tribe of mixed blood. He noted their women were especially pretty.

word came to the fort that a large party of Sioux was on the lake with the avowed purpose of taking French scalps. June came and still the convoy did not arrive. La Verendrye called a council to discuss the grave situation.

As the outcome of the deliberation La Verendrye first sent out from the fort a fast canoe manned by four of the ablest of the voyageurs. They were to serve as a decoy if the Sioux were encountered. Then, on June 5, 1736, La Verendrye inspected arms and distributed the meagre gunpowder to a second group of 21 men. In command of this expedition of three canoes was the explorer's oldest son, Jean Baptiste, and with him went the garrison's missionary, Father Aulneau.

The very next day a band of friendly Monsonis arrived at the fort to report that the Sioux war party numbered more than 100 men. A few days later a canoe bearing long-awaited supplies from Montreal arrived at the fort. The incoming voyageurs had seen no sign of the expedition sent out to meet them.

Immediately La Verendrye dispatched a party to follow the route probably taken by his men. The searchers returned, bearing tragic news. On a high, rocky island about seven leagues from the fort, they had found the remains of the party. All had been slain and their heads severed. The bodies had been laid in a circle. The heads were wrapped in beaver skins. The explorer's son, Jean Baptiste La Verendrye, lay on his stomach, his back cut open. His headless body was derisively garnished with stripes of paint and bands of porcupine quills. An arrow was driven into the head of the priest. He was found with one knee and hand upon the ground and his right hand outstretched, as though absolving his companions who were dying all about him.

Other misfortunes were still to come. That same spring saw the death of La Verendrye's most trusted lieutenant, his nephew La Jemeraye, as the result of overwork and exposure. So it was not until the year 1738 that La Verendrye was to embark on the quest that had begun at Lake Nipigon ten years before. With him were his sons Pierre, Francois, and Louis-Joseph and a small group of soldiers and voyageurs, making a party of about 25 men.

Still, the fur trade came first. On his way, La Verendrye established Fort La Riene on the site of present Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. When he finally set forth for the country of the Caserniers he wrote in his journal: "We must travel light, and rapidly, to reach our destination before the heavy snows."

Finally, on December 3, 1738, La Verendrye reached his long-sought objective. On that day he reached an eminence and looked down at a fortified city surrounded on all sides by tilled fields. He could see that the streets of the city were laid out in geometrical proportions with a square in the center. A host of Caserniers came out to welcome them.

La Verendrye recorded that the Caserniers, or Mandans as they were later to be called, had six forts. One of these forts had 130 huts arranged in a row like a street. As they were all lined up and so alike the French often lost their way to those villages, where the cleanliness was remarkable.

La Verendrye wrote in his journal that "The palisades rested on wooden bars fixed in grooves on stakes fifteen feet high." In the most critical places they were strengthened by raw buffalo hides. The walls were protected by a ditch fifteen to eighteen feet wide so that these forts were proof against any attack from the Indians.

La Verendrye wrote that the Caserniers, or Mandans, were lighter complexioned than the other Indian tribes and a large proportion of their women had blonde or white hair. They seemed to be a nation of mixed blood. The women were rather pretty, especially those with the fairer complexion, the explorer recorded.

La Verendrye had planned to spend the winter among these remarkable people, learning more of their ways and origin. He was vastly intrigued by the mystery of them. Had white people been here generations before he arrived? How could such a thing be?

Unfortunately for history, the explorer's plan to spend the winter in study of the Mandans went awry. In crossing the prairie, La Verendrye's party had attracted a rabble of some 600 Assiniboines, men, women and children. This was too large a contingent of freeloaders to suit the Mandans. Knowing of the cowardice of the Assiniboines they circulated a rumor that the Sioux were about to attack. The Assiniboines headed north toward home in frightened rout, and with them went La Verendrye's interpreter.

On this visit or a later one made by his sons, the Frenchmen journeyed where

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MYSTERY

(Continued from page 43)

"...no Frenchman or Englishman had been before," and in woods and prairie found stone pillars which appeared to have been masoned. From one of these pillars a foot-long stone was taken which was inscribed on two sides in unknown characters. La Verendrye brought this stone to Montreal and later it was sent to France and lost. Searches for it, spurred by rumor, have proved unfruitful.

George Catlin, noted American ethnologist and painter, visited the Mandans around 1832, lived with them, studied their ways and memorialized them on canvas. Wrote he:

"So forcibly have I been struck by the peculiar ease and elegance of these people, together with the diversity of their complexions, the various colors of their hair and eyes, the singularity of their language, their peculiar and unaccountable customs, that I am fully convinced they have sprung from some other origin than that of other North American tribes, or that they are an amalgam of natives with some civilized race.

"A stranger in the Mandan village is first struck with the different shades of complexion, the various colors of hair and is almost at once disposed to exclaim that '...these are not Indians.'

"There are a great many whose complexions appear as light as half-breeds; and among the women particularly, there are a great many whose skins are almost white, with the most pleasing symmetry and proportion of features, with hazel and with grey and blue eyes, with mildness and sweetness of expression which render them exceedingly pleasing and beautiful."

Those who believe in the authenticity of the Kensington runestone which was discovered in 1898 grasped in the roots of a tree while clearing land in Douglas County, Minnesota, see a link between this controversial artifact and the Mandans. The Kensington stone purports to relate the expedition of a party of Norsemen into central North America in 1362. The stone was discovered only 145 miles east of the site of the fortified villages of the Mandans.

The Mandans themselves have no tradition of prehistoric linkage with white people. According to their legend they were the first people on earth, having previously lived underground.

The Mandans had even less resistance than other tribes to the scourges brought upon them by the whites. They died like flies, particularly of smallpox. There is not a full-blood Mandan living today. Once more, as in the beginning, they are all under ground. ●

PIONEERING

(Continued from page 13)

Slack's startled oath was his only reply.

Now on guard, the travelers were very careful for the rest of the way to Waubay. At night they drove well off the trail and made cold camps. They talked over their plans. They would stay at the trading post until it was safe to go back to their claim on the Jim. In the meantime Henry and the two boys would go back east during harvest and make enough money to live on while they waited.

When they reached Waubay the Slacks met Francis Raundell, a French Canadian Indian trader who ran the post. He was married to an Indian woman, and had considerable influence in that area. Henry and Benoni built a log cabin near the trading post. Then, with young Henry, they went back to the harvest fields of the settled areas.

That summer was a troubled time. The Sioux were being pressured into giving up a large section of their reservation, and they were angry and restless. The possibility of danger to the whites in the area was real enough. Sophia and her daughters had a few uneasy moments even though they were under the protection of Raundell. The cabin they lived in gave little protection in itself, since a quilt served as a door! The Sioux did visit them once while the menfolk were away. They rode up one afternoon while the women sat in the shade of the trees in front of the little cabin. The band of braves were painted as though on the warpath and they raced up to within yards of the Slacks, yelling and gesturing. They leaped from their ponies and went up to the girls and motioned as though to grab them. The girls, not realizing that they might actually be in danger, showed no fear. After a while the band rode away. Sophia had a sturdy courage, but she was relieved when Henry and the boys returned.

That winter Benoni and Jim Humphrey went back to their claims on the Jim. They built a dugout to live in and stayed all winter. There was no trouble. In the spring Henry went back, also, and prepared the house for his family. He built a two-story place with a clay and grass roof. It was a substantial place and looked rather like a fort, which he might have had in mind.

The Sioux were now on reservations. Drifting Goose and his band were at Armadale Reservation, where they no longer posed a threat. But there were many Indian scares in the following years that were a detriment to relations between Indians and whites.

The Slacks settled down on their own place at last, much to Sophia's relief. They raised a kitchen garden that first summer, and she laid by vegetables for the long winter ahead. Henry looked to the future, and built a ferry across the James River to handle the swarms of immigrants he believed would soon be coming in. He guessed right, and was soon doing a good business. Sophia ran what was called a stopping place; she was kept busy. She soon became accustomed to looking up to find dark, bright eyes watching her intently through the cracks in the log walls. It was only curiosity, she knew. There were other dangers to living in a relatively lawless area that drew outlaws on the run, but the Slacks quickly learned to live and let live, a useful code of the day.

The hazards of living in a cold country often proved harder to cope with than outlaws and Indians. They moved to their claim the spring before the big blizzard year of 1880-81. Originally from a cold country themselves, the Slacks were not caught unprepared. Besides the vegetables they had raised and stored, they hauled in plentiful supplies of flour and sugar and other necessities well before the winter hit. Most of the other settlers were ill prepared that first winter.

An early blizzard struck and for months not a man could get through to bring in supplies. Food ran low. Sophia could not turn people away when they came to her for food for their children—not until her own were beginning to feel the pinch. Then she drew the line.

Henry and some other men tried to get through to Watertown, the nearest settlement. They wore snowshoes and pulled a sled to load with the hoped-for supplies, but the snow was too deep; they had to turn back.

Fortunately for the newcomers the Antelope herds were also trapped by the deep snow, so there was plenty of meat all winter, but nothing else. By the time of the spring thaw people were so starved for vegetables and fruits that a neighbor from one of the claims came and picked up beans that had fallen to the ground in Sophia's garden the previous summer. They had been on the ground all winter, and were not much good, but he took them home anyway, for his wife to cook.

Henry and Sophia prospered and lived on their farm on the banks of the Jim for 18 years. In 1897 they moved to Melette, South Dakota, to live out their remaining years. The days of their lives in Dakota had been satisfying, although tragic for the displaced Sioux, who were compelled to learn a new way of life. Although it was hard, and sometimes dangerous, for the whites while they learned to live in a harsh land that gave nothing without a battle, the Slacks never regretted their decision to emigrate to the new country. They, along with the Norwegians, the Germans, the Russians and other ethnic groups from across the western world as well as from all parts of the United States, had found a place to call their own. ●

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JIM KIRKER

(Continued from page 17)

for payment when he (Kirker) had brought them into this place."

The Mexican delegation was ready to surrender the town and lost no time in making friendly gestures. The invaders were served with bread and "Pass Wine," and the scouts moved into El Paso. The townspeople hastily brought forth fruits, sweetmeats, and more wine to make the occasion a merry one, as the scalp king had previously predicted would happen.

Although it was the second day after Christmas, enough liquor was produced to satisfy the thirst of the entire group. The occasion rapidly turned into a gala one. It had been more than twenty years since Kirker had first made an entry into the settlement, and he knew just how it was to be done. The knowledge previously gained helped as he led the Doniphan invaders into the place.

When Kirker was young and had first come into the area, he had found a beautiful, well-bred *senorita* and married her, as previously noted. Two children had been born of the marriage, Joseph and Petra. But when Kirker had fled from Governor Trias, he left his wife at Corralitos, in northwestern Chihuahua.

Petra, the daughter, was then eighteen or twenty years old, and it has been offered that she "met a certain young trader in the merchant train following her father and the army, at the time. This trader's name was Samuel F. Bean, who came from a family of Kentucky wanderers. One of his brothers was Roy, later *The Law West of the Pecos*, and another was General Edmund Bean of California history. Petra and Sam married several years later and brought two of the best known Scotch-Irish names in the West under the same roof."

The Missourians, trail-weary and seeking frontier excitement, lost no time in taking over Ciudad Juarez. They prowled the streets and made havoc day and night, for forty-two days.

A patrol party coming up from the south, commanded by Captain John Reid, had a couple of prisoners they had picked up near Chihuahua City. The two men were strung up in hangman's nooses and dangled to within an inch of their lives. Under such circumstances the prisoners soon disclosed the information the scouts were seeking.

They told how a certain Jose A. Heredia, governor and commandant general of Durango and one who was heavily mired in the hair traffic, was approaching from the south to deal with Kirker and the Missourians. Heredia was to leave Chihuahua City in a matter of only a few days with 1800 men, to meet the invaders.

The two runners from the north brought with them the awful story of a rebellion among the Pueblo Indians, Mexicans, and Jim Kirker's Delawares who had entered Taos when the scalp king had joined the Missourians that Christmas Day at Brazito. The rebels had killed twenty Americans and Mexicans, and had scalped them in true Kirker fashion.

AS the news was related, Kirker thought of the time, September 5, 1839, when he and his little army of hair hunters had slaughtered forty Apaches in the mission at Taos on one of the most successful expeditions of the trade during his scalp hunting career.

It was said "the best known persons to lose hair at Taos in the latest spree of Kirker's scalpers were Governor Charles Bent, James White Leal, and young Narciso Beaubien around whose scalp a big dance was held." Governor Bent and his brother were the builders of the well-known Bent's Fort along the Santa Fe Trail, and figured prominently in the settlement of that section.

Colonel Doniphan faced a cold deck, with the recent developments from the north and south. He had to advance at once as originally planned, remain in El Paso, or else retreat. And Don Santiago Kirker had some tall explaining to do in order to hold his prestige, since his hair hunters had figured in the scalp lifting ordeal in Taos, which stirred up a stink all over the area.

An outstanding question haunted Doniphan's forces: Was the Scalp Captain part of this conspiracy against the American rule?

Things were not shaping up too well for the old hair hunter.

But the role which the Delawares had taken made the complicity appear more practical. Especially when Big Bill, Jim Swannik, Jim Dickey and Little Beaver, who were a part of the little army that had trailed with Kirker up the Rio Grande to Brazito, had scalped Governor Bent and the others, and killed practically all of Colonel Price's men as he attempted to suppress the revolt.

The Delawares, using the same practice they had learned from Jim Kirker, headed for the mountains and could not be ousted. A big reward was offered for Big Bill's head, but the only time anybody ever collected a cent for the hair of one of Don Santiago's barbers was when he was killed in Kirker's own service. Then Kirker himself would carry the hair to market with pelts raised from the heads of redskins or brunette peons, pitch them down before the tally men with the others, and do the collecting personally.

In the end James Kirker talked himself out of the predicament. And the scalp captain convinced Colonel Doniphan to continue the southward march toward Chihuahua City. Jim pointed out to Doniphan that his sense of loyalty to the Americans was by far greater than to the scalping of Apaches for a bankrupt Mexican government.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 8th, Captain James Kirker led Colonel Doniphan and the Missouri Volunteers and the trading wagons south out of El Paso, bound for the big kill at Chihuahua City. Rumor rapidly spread up and down the trail that the "Irish Traitor" (Kirker) was advancing at the head of a horde of pagans, seeking vengeance that would far outrank any of his exploits on previous fleecing sprees.

Jim, with Captain Forsythe and six or seven scouts, traveled ahead of the main body, ranging deep in the enemy territory. They made careful reconnaissances to determine conditions and locations of the forward Mexican forces. Jim, from his previous experiences with the Apaches, knew the surrounding mountains were full of savages, perched in elevated hiding places, studying the American invaders as they passed.

The advance scouts carried only a small amount of supplies, packed on a few mules, intending to live on the natural resources for which Jim was well experienced in doing. At one time, however, when game was very scarce, they became desperate for food and were down to the last resort of killing a pack mule for food, when a small body of horsemen showed up.

Kirker and the scouts at once recognized the men as Lieutenant G. Pope Gordon, James L. "Squire" Collins and A. Henderson. The newcomers had food to spare, and shared it with the starving band. By dusk Colonel Doniphan's forces had overtaken the scouts, and they all pitched camp together. Then a new plan of approach upon the south was negotiated.

On February 15th the Kirker and Collins scouting party had twenty-three men in it, after they had combined forces up the trail, at Sierra Gap. Colonel Doniphan commanded them forward to reconnoiter Carrizal, the only remaining fortress in the advance path to Chihuahua City. Jim knew the place well and was an apt selection for the task.

ON the morning of the 16th, Kirker and the scouts approached the village of Carrizal. The *alcalde* met them with no degree of welcome whatsoever, as De Leon's soldiers fleeing south had spread word that the "roarers" and the "Terror of the Chihuahuas" (Kirker) had arrived. The scouts looked around and found only a small party of Mexican scouts and about 400 civilians.

After a certain amount of jabbering and finagling, a written statement was secured from the *alcalde* which turned the village over to the invaders. The scouts made it known that the following forces would spend very little time in Carrizal, and would advance with all speed possible to the *hacienda* of El Carmen, on the Rio Grande.

It was also conveniently arranged for a few of the Mexicans to hear that Colonel Doniphan's "notorious guide" would lead the "Texas jackasses" without fail into Chihuahua City within fifteen days. Kirker had intentionally allowed this information to be overheard, and also let it be known that he would accomplish his point, come hell or high water, or "in spite of a Mexican army at Laguna de Encenillas."

The release of this propaganda worked wonders on the Mexicans. They became more alarmed than ever about the outcome of the American invasion. They knew the capacities of the scalp hunter, "for they remembered other triumphal entries that he had made into their capital, when his burros had struggled under the great loads of green human pelts, and scalp hunters with long knives had borne still other crowns strung along poles. Even more sobering to the citizens than this picture was their recollection of Kirker's disputes with the governor over mixing the crowns of peons with Indian hair." These memoirs certainly accounted for the depleted morale of the Mexicans as the invaders approached.

On the irrigation canals of Carrizal Creek, on the 18th, Captain Kirker rejoined the Doniphan main body. The forces commenced the movement of a more orderly group for a while. Kirker led the invaders along the El Paso-Chihuahua Trail, which followed much the same course as it does today.

They approached the vast ranch holdings of one of Kirker's old regional friends, Don Estanislao Porras, at Agua Nueva. The scalp hunter had befriended him many times in the past, as he brought revenge upon Apaches who dared raid his

(Continued on page 46)

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JIM KIRKER

(Continued from page 45)

ranch. He told a few of the scouts (in later years they recorded it in their diaries) that "when Apaches had killed his (Porra's) muleteers and robbed his pack train of merchandise early in 1845, he had paid Don Santiago to track them to their lair deep in the Sierra Madre Occidental. Kirker and his barbers had killed over 200 Apaches, then set out for the capital with 19 live Indians, a number of rescued Mexicans, and 182 scalps, including one from the head of his Mexican guide killed in a fight. Trias still owed the Scalp Chief for these pelts and the captured Indians at the rate of fifty dollars each."

Colonel Doniphan dispatched Kirker with others from Agua Nueva to scout out the beautiful lakeside country seat of the governor at Encinillas, twenty leagues above Chihuahua City. To the captain this seemed like a trap to get his head stuck in the lion's mouth.

They found the governor's palace at the southwestern margin of a north-south lagoon more than twenty miles in length. The scouting party soon learned that General Pedro Garcia Conde had harbored 700 of his cavalrymen here and some artillery pieces only shortly before.

The Kirker scouts reported to the Doniphan headquarters on the 24th and the entire force commenced maneuvers for the battle the next day. In the meantime the Mexican Conde's scouts had learned the extent of the American position, and lost no time in relaying the information to Generals Heredia and Trias, at El Sauz south of Encinillas.

Early on the 25th Captain Kirker rode ahead of the main column in battle order with Captain Reid and the horse guards. A grass fire had previously spread across the country and caused much delay in the advance.

When night came upon the tired troops, Kirker and 25 scouts departed to spy around the governor's villa. They bogged through more than three miles of mud and underwent all sorts of hell to reach the high walls which skirted the settlement. From within floated the pleasant strains of Mexican music, and the frequent pounding of horse's hooves denoted the constant arrival and departure of the Mexican couriers. The scouts made a desperate effort to peep over the high walls, but had no luck.

As a last resort to gain entry, Kirker decided to pull one of his old tricks learned in the hair hunting business. He reined his horse and prepared himself for a mad charge. He tightened his hat down upon his head of long hair, rammed home the spurs and fled hell-bent through the main gate of the courtyard, landing in the center of the plaza with a rousing and blood-curdling yell, equal to that of any Comanche Indian.

The old scalp hunter lost no time at the main gate to inquire of the guards if the governor was in the villa, but raced at breakneck speed right through. Panic prevailed everywhere when the dreaded Kirker was immediately recognized, roaring into the midst of the inhabitants of the villa. It did not take the scouts long to learn that Conde and his 700 cavalrymen had already fled, not more than an hour before, and were making for the Sacramento hills.

Gathering what information they could, the raiders lost no time in taking over the swank quarters of the Mexican governor. They indulged themselves to the fullest extent with liquor, music, dancing and well prepared, highly seasoned food.

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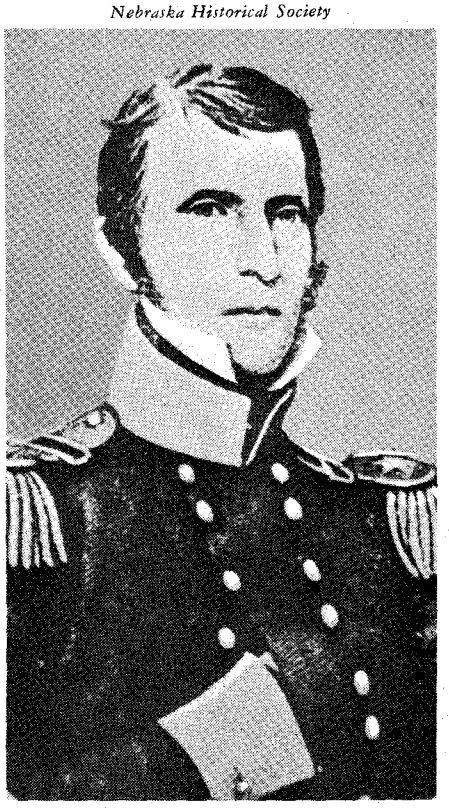

Colonel Henry Leavenworth.

IT HAS been a conjecture as to just how much information Jim Kirker and his scouts brought back from the reconnaissance at the governor's villa, detailing the Mexican strength the American invaders would ultimately face in battle. It has been decided, however, that they learned the Americans would be greatly outnumbered in the showdown, and the battle would be rough and hard to win.

General Doniphan's army camped for the night at El Sauz prior to the Battle of Sacramento. Mountain men and scouts, who at one time or another previously had been connected with Kirker and his scalpers, commenced to filter into the regiment. One of them was James Hobbs, a well known, rugged frontiersman from the northern bounds of the territory.

He had just completed a fast single-handed ride from San Luis Potosi, where General Santa Anna had attacked his expedition and confiscated his ten merchant wagons, all the goods, and eighty head of fine mules. He handed Doniphan a poor, but legible, sketch showing the enemy position at Sacramento, as he had surveyed it during his passage.

It was on a bright sunny day, the last of February, 1847, that the scalp hunters moved with Doniphan's troops to engage the enemy in a showdown battle at Sacramento. Despite the loyalty which Kirker had shown for the American invaders ever since he joined them as scout, he was still a shadow of doubt to the Missouri Volunteers; and Doniphan had released his order to shoot to kill if he displayed any signs of a crooked move.

Hobbs pulled his mount over close to Doniphan as the troops moved along, and in a short time pointed out a twenty-four pound gun nest in the side of a mountain. Colonel Doniphan gave Hobbs an order to select 25 men from the ranks and wipe out the threat.

Most eyes were on Captain James Kirker, however, as time was rapidly running out for him to pull any sort of shenanigan. He had little time left to perform any of his scalp hunting tricks. But some of the men actually thought he had an ace card up his sleeve.

The small number of American forces faced something over four thousand Mexicans and were estimated to have been more than twice outnumbered. Kirker pranced in front of the Mexican forces, proudly displaying his silver strands and openly daring anyone to come out and take them. They were worth a dollar apiece—all paid for with hair money from the Mexican government.

No one dared; the Mexicans feared the man. They visualized the number of times he had entered their midst with loads of pelts which his little army had taken while they roamed the hills and had taken hair from anyone who dared show his head rather than his heels.

General Heredia was in command of the entire Mexican force, with Pedro Garcia leading the cavalry. Matias Conde commanded the artillery, plus the aid of Commandante Vincente Sanchez, Colonels Cayentano Justiniana and Francisco Padilla leading the infantry; and General Trias and Colonel Muricio Ugarte heading the Chihuahua Volunteers.

Justiniana was the Mexican who, in 1839, had challenged a civilian governor to a duel in opposing Kirker's $100,000 contract to scalp Apaches and Comanches. And Comandante General Ugarte had reluctantly authorized Kirker's Galeana raid on July 6, 1846, "which produced 148 scalps. But none hated the Don Santiago Kirker more than Trias. If anyone could have collected all of the bounties that this Governor Trias had placed on the head of the alleged King of New Mexico it would have totalled $19,000."

Colonel Doniphan returned Captain Kirker to his side as the Americans moved up to within four hundred yards of the embedded Mexicans. When a large band of the Mexicans rode out to demand that Doniphan and his greatly outnumbered forces lay down arms and surrender, Captain James Kirker made a movement around the American infantry line.

JUST as Doniphan gave the bugler the command to sound the attack, Kirker yelled to Jim Collins, "Let's you and I see who can get into that Mexican battery first!" He indicated the cannon beds facing them.

With these words, Kirker jerked down his hat, sank home the spurs to his faithful scalping horse, waved his sword, and raced across the no-man's land. Captain Reid, Joseph Marshall, Major Samuel Owens, and a fourth man saw this, and lunged forward too. Jim Kirker led the four right up to the enemy line. Owens was said to be somewhat boozed up and a little bit too daring. He fell from the first round of enemy fire. The rattle and discharge of the Mexican guns prevented many from hearing the command of Colonel Doniphan, and the main column did not follow up with the attack. Seeing this, Kirker retreated to a safer position to rejoin the Volunteers.

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Adjutant James A. de Croucy had ridden down the line drunk and shouting "Halt!" And this move brought confusion to the American forces, and Kirker and the three remaining chargers took positions with the Volunteers as the advance commenced. Yelling like mad Indians, the invaders made the attack, and the fight did not last long.

Hobbs by this time had completed the assignment of wiping out the gun nest in the side of the hill, and came into the heat of the main battle. A Mexican flight was soon turned into a stampede, as Volunteers and scalp hunters played havoc with the Mexicans. They sent soldiers and hundreds of men, women, and children, spectators who had been perched on the surrounding peaks, tumbling over each other along the road into Chihuahua City.

A courier had advanced to the city with the cry, "We are lost, defeated, ruined!"

Thus the Battle of Sacramento was won by the invaders, and the Mexican officials pulled freight, headed for more distant climes of the Hidalgo del Parral. The Terror of the Chihuahuas would be upon the city with his hair dressers and the Texans, Yankees, heretics, and pirates.

Kirker and his scalp hunters continued to offer and render services to Colonel Doniphan and the Missouri Volunteers. They fought off the constant and troublesome Mexican thieves, and in case of a successful raid by the Indians, the scalpers dashed out and returned the stock and the stolen goods.

However, with all this constant protection for the troops, Kirker was not completely satisfied. It did not afford him enough excitement. He soon went on the prowl for the Mexican governor who had advertised for his hair during the peak of the invasion. He rode with seventy other scouts from the city on March 3rd on a tip that the governor had set up quarters at Parral. They came back with Heredia's "rigging."

Later Kirker and other scalp hunters boarded ships for New Orleans, which they reached in the middle of June.

When word got around that the scalp hunters had entered the Queen City, George W. Kendall of the *Picayune* gave them many write-ups, and he said, "We are happy to announce that Don Santiago Kirker, late colonel in the Mexican service and celebrated for his feats of daring against the Indians, but during the present war known as a spy, interpreter, etc., of Colonel Doniphan's command of Missouri Volunteers, is now in this city. . . ."

Everywhere Kirker created a stir. And on June 26th, he boarded the *Clarksville*, bound for St. Louis, to eventually rejoin his family in Chihuahua. The St. Louis periodicals noted "him as one of the most interesting among the mountain men. If ever a man has *un-Irished* himself, as far as appearance goes, it is *Don Santiago*—otherwise Mister Jim!"

Again quoting from Dr. Smith's papers: "Accompanying troops of the Third Regiment of Missouri Volunteers, he had reached New Mexico by the fall of 1847. When the great Apache and Comanche scalp hunt resumed in 1849, the master scalper re-appeared as one of the captains of the scalp "industry," as Mexican writers called his profession. For whom did he "harvest pelts"? For Governor don Angel Trias, of course! That is, until he left for California the next year leading a wagon train, where he died in 1853." ●

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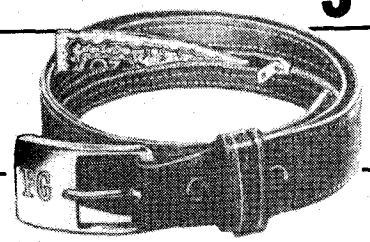

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A BATTLE FOR THE SQUAWS

(Continued from page 27)

Platte around August 15th to set up camp near the old Plum Creek station on the south side of the big river, once the boundary line between the now crumbling Cheyenne and Sioux Nations.

Smoke signals trailed across the summer skies, but they might be so many lures into the traps already set for ambush. A war bonnet, discarded because its feathers had become frayed, on a trail where buffalo no longer roamed for having been so reduced by wanton white hunters. Now and then the distant throb of a drum: fast, staccato, sometimes mocking.

Baits to battle. Battle fought to the best advantage of the Cheyennes whose squaws were now staging their own primitive versions of fashion shows back in the tepees.

Over that stream, whose bordering trees bore so many cumulative hackings of tomahawks, North and Murie dispatched a reconnoitering party of ten Pawnee horsemen led by cagey Lieutenant Isaac Davis. A few miles from the bank, they encountered the stretch of prairie they had been looking for.

The Cheyennes had a sprinkling of Sioux reinforcing an old foe against the threatening power of the palefaces. A war band, all told, of probably 150 braves captained by Chief Turkey Leg himself were ready to make a prairie pie out of the ten Pawnees and the lone white shavetail who led them.

"Sons of dogs," Turkey Leg shouted at the tribesmen dressed in army blue.

A watch fob suspended around his neck by a buffalo thong jiggled and shook with his wrath. "We will stamp you out like lice," he added in that common patois understood by all the tribes along the Platte.

Davis waved his blue campaign hat in the hot summer wind. "Cheyennes! Cheyennes!" he shouted. "Country's as full of 'em as wood ticks."

A PAWNEE bugler blew his instrument for battle formation. Horses trained to war charge pawed as the line assembled. Pawnees, eager to meet Cheyenne and Sioux, whatever the odds, shouted in derisive boasts about what they would do to foemen. Polished spurs gleamed bright in the August sun. An excited woodpecker stopped his tap-tap on a tree and soared off in fright from the ominous doings of men.

Then the tense day exploded in battle.

From a ford on a trail by-passing the thicket, Chief Turkey Leg and his braves appeared in full fighting assemblage. Spears and carbines were lifted; the wind blew to have their horses bog down in the heavy

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Pawnee warriors, drawn from villages such as this one, whipped the mighty Cheyene and Sioux.

With the Pawnees eager to fight because some of the booty from the freight train might fall to *their* squaws already learning how to manipulate the government cash paid their husbands for risking scalps.

But Frank North, major strategist and soldier, held back the tide of recklessness. He knew well how to cope with the frontier psyche—Indian or white—from having been a post trader before turning trooper. He even saw to it that no jugs of firewater circulated among his Pawnees dreaming of the looks in squaws' eyes when they were handed crinkly lace and imitation topaz rings.

By the morning of August 17th, it was clear to North's precise mind that the confrontation between Pawnee and Cheyenne could not be postponed much longer. The drum beats sounded louder from points that were nearer if unseen. On the evening before, a Pawnee scout hauled in across saddleback a dead Cheyenne who had had the misfortune to be caught in a counter-prowl across the river.

His warriors began drawing carbines for a quick kill, but lowered them at an impatient gesture from their chief, who reasoned why waste precious powder on an enemy so obviously outnumbered.

Bows were lifted and a volley of arrows enveloped the small Pawnee command. None found a mark because the Cheyenne-Sioux band was too impetuous, too eager for a quick kill. Lieutenant Davis ordered his uniformed warriors to hold their fire as the hostiles advanced from a distance of fifty yards. Then at a quickening tempo, he withdrew his men to one of the thickets of wild plum trees which gave both Plum Creek and Plum Creek Station their names.

At the edge of the thicket, the Cheyenne-Sioux contingent jumped from their horses and, crawling on the ground, began whizzing arrows into the mott of trees and brush. Only three or four rifle shots echoed in return from the woody concealment, with these blasting bowlers and top hats from the heads of the hostiles. Under cover of the shielding grove, Davis and the Pawnees reached a shallow ford to recross the the river and sprinted the horses to their camp on the opposite bank.

along taunts at the hated Pawnees hurled by Cheyenne and Sioux. The horses of the warriors were impatient to charge. But for the sagacity of one man, the smaller force might have been wiped out as quickly as the brash command under Custer would be at the Little Big Horn, eleven years later.

But for the intrepid courage of Frank North who followed one rule of thumb in Indian warfare: that attack was the best defense.

And the lesser force was charging before Turkey Leg could give the command for a descent on this pitiful handful of opponents.

Heading an advance force of ten Pawnee sharpshooters, Major North sped toward the bed of Plum Creek separating the company of untamed Indians from the tamed ones. Behind him rode Captain Murie with the remaining twenty-five scouts of the hireling tribe. North's handful arrived at the creek first to cross over on a rickety old bridge near the abandoned stage stop. Murie's outfit plunged into the creek only

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mud of its channel.

These Pawnees jumped from their mounts, made it to the opposite bank of the creek on foot and opened fire with their rifles, also Spencers, on the Cheyennes. North's ten sharpshooters backed the fire. Seven Cheyenne warriors went sprawling from their mounts at distances of not too many paces. And in that crucial first minute, Chief Turkey Leg made his major mistake.

He should have ordered a general charge when the twenty-five Pawnees emerged from the bank on foot. They could have been trampled down by the hoofs of his warriors' horses, and the entire attacking force overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers in a few minutes. But the Cheyenne and Sioux were flustered by the simultaneous deaths of seven of their warriors with no blood being drawn in return. Seven, also, was a mystic number among both tribes, spelling luck or adversity depending on what connection it had turned up.

Here, the connection had been so much bad medicine. Chief Turkey Leg signalled to his war band. Its riders turned toward a range of hills. The direction indicated to Major North where their rendezvous lay.

"Turkey Leg doesn't believe that our little outfit will follow him into those mountains," he remarked to Captain Murie. Then North added, "Let the old 'possum think so. Meantime, let's get those horses back there out of the mud."

Murie ordered an all-hands operation to pull the mounts out of the bog. Long ropes attached to horses' necks and pulled hard did the job. From the hills, four hundred Cheyenne and Sioux women and children had watched the battle unseen by the Pawnees and their two white chieftains. Around the tepees stood horses heavily laden with bundles of loot from the freight train.

So many possessions, so much protection, made the scourges of the Union Pacific careless. An hour after the fight at the bridge, who should come riding up but the 35 Pawnees and the two white men. They reached the Indian encampment and sat on their horses facing the Cheyenne-Sioux braves also lined up on their mounts but in front of their families.

The squaws wanted no more of fighting because it might mean giving up the symbolic bacon that their men had brought home from the derailed train. Chief Turkey Leg, too, was still worried about that unlucky number of seven turning up on what had seemed such a propitious day. He called from his mount to Major North in that patois of the tribes:

"How. The white chief will not make war on women and children."

But Indian warfare had few rules for non-combatants whether it was red men wiping out everybody in white settlements or white men putting everybody to carbine or saber in Indian encampments. North motioned to his warriors. The Pawnees held aloft not only rifles but seven mangled scalps of the Cheyenne and Sioux slain at the bridge.

Guns spewed. Seven hostiles—two Cheyennes and five Sioux—fell wounded. But no Pawnee and neither of the whites felt the caress of a cartridge. Superstition, on that memorable day, was offsetting any advantage of numbers possessed by Turkey Leg and his warriors.

The Cheyenne and Sioux broke, retreating on their mounts across ravines and hillocks. Their women cut the pack horses loose from stakes to run loose, knowing that they could be recovered with the precious loot if the gods would reverse the score and send the Pawnees to the Cheyenne hell which was in awesome contrast to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

For hours and miles on end, the running battle waged with only Cheyennes and Sioux crossing some stark divide of death. The Pawnees, under North and Murie, drove the hostiles on to the open prairie where neither side had any concealment of trees or rocks. Still the luck of frontier warfare remained with the Indians wearing the conquerors' blue.

But blue stained with red. Red streakings of Cheyenne and Sioux blood stained the chevrons and government issue spurs of the Pawnees. The untamed Indians tried time and time again to encircle these militantly tame Indians. Pawnees contemptuously broke through the cordons shattering tomahawks with the spewing bullets of rifles for whose uses they had been systematically trained on army cavalry ranges. Horses pawed and neighed shrilly. The drama of a dying barbarian society was taking place against an advancing civilized one enacted here where all the old trails of dirt and stone would soon fade before the ominous tracks of iron.

Until seven that evening—that number figuring again with such curious fatalism—the battle was waged. From hill to prairie and back again the hostilities continued to dwindle into skirmishes with the Cheyennes and Sioux gradually retreating in whipped, confused little bands under cover of the gathering dusk.

The fight ended when a squad of Pawnees captured a pack wagon along with its passengers. In it were Turkey Leg's number one squaw and ten-year-old nephew. By that time not more than a dozen Cheyenne and Sioux warriors remained in the field. These rode away after that further ill omen—the seizure of the chief's family. But far, far back in the hills, the other Indian women were rounding up the pack horses. In feminine fashion, they were considering the battle only a qualified defeat because there was still plenty of serviceable loot in the packs despite what the soldiers had recovered during the fight.

Not one Pawnee trooper was slain in the battle, but Cheyennes and Sioux had paid with their lives for hitting the warpath. Five Pawnees suffered wounds, none fatal. Captain Murie and Major North came through the fight unscratched. Two adult Cheyenne prisoners were taken along with thirty-one horses and mules, and a large number of saddles, blankets and other property.

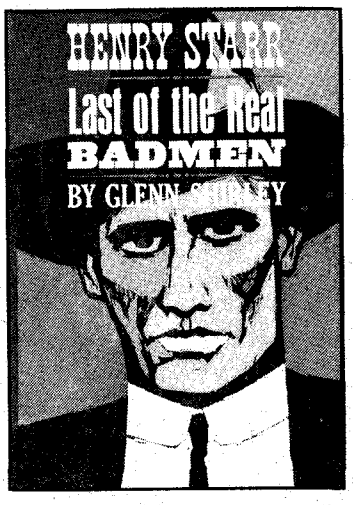
The mighty Cheyenne and Sioux had been whipped like helpless puppies by a detachment of Pawnees outnumbered six to one. Other war bands cancelled or deferred plans for hell-raising and scalp lifting when the word went around the council fires. White settlers found a greater will to resist Indian attacks that had been almost continuous.

Chief Turkey Leg sued for peace, releasing five white captives in exchange for his wife and nephew, with the exchange being made at the Union Pacific cook house on the North Platte.

Legend says that Turkey Leg's squaw was berating her husband mightily for the loss of her pretties when they rode away. ●

HENRY STARR DIDN'T LIVE A DULL LIFE

Convicted of killing a deputy U.S. marshal ...Twice sentenced to die on the gallows and twice commuted...Fifteen year sentence to federal prison commuted...Just seven years later sentenced to prison again for bank robbery...Two years after parole from Colorado prison, wounded and captured in double bank robbery in Oklahoma...Sentenced to 25 years, granted parole after four, and went straight...Produced motion picture showing crime doesn't pay...Two years later fatally wounded in bank robbery...



THAT WAS HENRY STARR. THE MAN WHO BOASTED OF ROBBING MORE BANKS THAN ANY MAN IN AMERICA. THE MAN WHO COULD ROB TWO BANKS IN ONE HOUR AND RELAX AFTERWARDS BY READING THE CLASSICS. THE MOST UNUSUAL TRAIN AND BANK ROBBING OUTLAW TO RUN LOOSE IN AMERICA. AND THE SUBJECT OF THIS FASCINATING BOOK BY WESTERN HISTORICAL WRITER GLENN SHIRLEY. "HENRY STARR—LAST OF THE REAL BADMEN" IS NOW AVAILABLE TO YOU FOR ONLY FIVE DOLLARS. WHAT MADE HENRY STARR TICK? FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF. COMPLETE THE FORM BELOW AND MAIL, TOGETHER WITH YOUR PAYMENT. FASCINATING READING. YOU CAN BANK ON IT!

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A MAN LOOKS BACK

(Continued from page 37)

Well, I never had any trouble at all, I would work like a beaver keeping the fire going and nobody ever watched a water gauge more closely than I. Naturally, they kept a very close check on everything—including me—for about a month. By that time I had proved myself and was the official fireman.

Dad and L.A. were real proud of themselves for "making a man" out of me, and I was a dedicated steam man from then on, (I still am), and never missed an opportunity to work with it.

Schools were few and far between in those days, and the district that we lived in had never had enough children of school age in it to be eligible for a school. There had been a school established in Silver City, which was about four miles from where we were living, and in another school district. So in order for us (my sister and me) to attend that school our parents were required to pay tuition, and during the cold winter months when snow was "waist deep to a tall Indian" either Dad or Mother had to take us to school, return home, then come back after us when school let out.

After a month or so of that, Dad fixed up a little one horse cutter, (sled), and after that we drove ourselves to and from school. Dad made arrangements with a bachelor who lived in Silver City for a little shed where we could put our horse in out of the weather, and feed him. I was 8 years old before I started to go to school, and my sister was nearly 7. So, having been around horses all our lives, we had both learned to drive and handle horses and ride them long before we ever started going to school.

Going to school in the morning was the hardest, because we had to hang onto the lines and drive that old horse; which meant that one of us had cold hands and face and the other one could cuddle down in the robes and hay in the sled and keep pretty comfortable. Of course we took "turns," and in that way we kept from freezing.

Sometimes we'd get down in those robes and hay and get nice and warm, then fall asleep. The horse would pull the sled up to the barn door and stop there, waiting for us to get out and unhitch him, and put him in the barn. Mother would always be watching, and if nobody crawled out of the sled she'd know we were asleep. The first time that happened, though, Mother was really scared. It was colder'n blue blazes that night and she thought sure we had both frozen to death. She was sure relieved when she got us awakened and found that we were in top shape.

After the snow melted we had to give up the sled, and for awhile we rode "double" on horseback till Dad got us a cart (two wheel rig) and then we used that.

The following year, (1906) with the Grandview mines working and employing several men, Dad and Mother saw an opportunity to get a school established in our own district. Dad was foreman at the mine, and he began scouring the country for family men to hire as mine workers. By doing that, he soon had enough school-age children in the district to get a school. Dad made sure that each family registered in the district just as soon as they moved in, so they could be counted as legal residents.

School was a bit late getting under way that year. A new schoolhouse had to be built, a teacher hired, and it all took time. They built the schoolhouse out of great, large dead pine logs. The floor was made out of rough sawed planks, and the roof was heavy tar paper, if I remember right. They lined the inside (after it was chinked) with red building paper—commonly used in those days for inside "trimmin's." I remember that it was applied with short nails driven through a round piece of tin. It really looked quite "artistic" when properly and carefully applied. I'm sure many old-timers will recall those tin tabs. They were very often used to apply tar-paper on the exterior walls of many homesteaders' shacks.

There were long double length sliding windows, horizontally installed, one set on each side of the approximately 16x20 foot building; a big, air-tight heater sat to the right of the single entrance to the structure; a "bench" was placed near the stove for the water bucket and wash basin; a big tin dipper hung on a nail above the water pail.

We had to carry water, as there was no water supply near the school. The teacher's desk and a dozen or so little single schooldesks with "tip-up" seats and a little top with grooves to lay pencils in and a hole in the far right-hand corner of the desk-top held the ink bottle.

Sometimes it required two desks to seat one pupil because the seat was in front of the desk section. Teacher's desk was just an ordinary table with a couple of drawers fastened in just under the top surface of it. Usually, you could depend on finding a ruler in one of those drawers and it had other uses than just for drawing lines. I think maybe that may have been one of the first things I learned.

Two little "teacher-may-I-leave-the room" houses were erected out back. one to the left had the word "girls" on the door—the other, to the right, had "boys" written on that door. First-off there were "Sears" or "Wards" catalogs on the seats but that didn't pan out too good. Seems like the pupils would sometimes get more interested in readin' the catalogs than they were in readin' their lessons. In those days you spelled catalog with a 'ue' at the end of the word. Remember?

The cute little brass bell with its shiny black handle, and a big, long blackboard hung in the far end of the room behind the teacher's desk. That little bell was one of the teacher's best "persuaders." Everyone wanted to ring the bell, so the teacher soon devised a scheme. A pupil had to meet certain requirements in order to qualify for that privilege. Worked O.K. for the teacher, too.

Our first schoolmarm in the new school was a sweet little dark-haired girl from Rochford, a little town some fifteen miles west of us. Her name was Lena Dority, or Doherty—I can't remember for sure about the spelling. Her father was a business man in Rochford and she had one brother, Ed, and two sisters that I can recall. Their names were Alice and Edna. I believe that Ed and Edna were twins. I've forgotten what I learned that year (no discredit to the teacher) other than that there was more than one way a ruler could be useful, and to keep one eye on my back and the other on what was going on in front of me.

The reason for the "two-way" look was two brothers (who later in years became my Uncle's brothers-in-law) who delighted in "working" me over about once or twice a week. Taken one at a time, it was even money which one of us would come out best man, but as a rule, if I won a battle against either of them, one day I could just about gamble on having to do battle with both of them at once so they could get even with me for whipping one of them. Nine times out of ten I'd get a shellacking in those battles. Sure was hard on clothing, not to mention our anatomies.

As a boy I was deathly afraid of snakes, any kind of snakes. A little harmless green snake would start cold chills running through me. Because of this fear I came within a fraction of a second of killing one of the boys mentioned above. Both of them knew my fear of snakes, and one day one of them had just killed a very large bull snake when I happened to come up to within just a few feet of where he was standing with the dead snake in his hand. The boy's father was sitting on their porch about a hundred feet from us, and was watching us to see what was going to happen. (I had beat him up pretty badly the day before that in a fight that his brother had not been around to help him out of.)

Knowing my fear of snakes, he began whirling the dead snake around his head and told me he was going to throw it at

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me; I stood my ground and told him flatly that if he threw that thing at me that I would kill him. He threw it, and somehow I dodged it by diving for him at the same time. He saw that I was really mad and tried to duck me and make for the house. He had to run around an old tub or something that was laying there in his path, and as he attempted to get by that obstacle I nailed him.

With one vicious blow to his jaw I laid him out, and he lay there helpless. In my uncontrollable rage I picked up a large round boulder about the size of my fist and was on top of him with that boulder raised, and I believe that my arm was actually descending upon that kid's skull when his father grabbed it. His father was a large man, and though most of his size was made up of fat, he was very strong. When he grabbed my arm the rock in my hand slipped and landed on the kid's jaw, almost breaking it.

Ever since that day, I have thanked God that that man was not too late to save his son's life, because in my crazed mind, I certainly had every intention of killing him.

After that I overcame most of my fear of snakes, too. I think I must have realized what fear could cause a person to do. I must admit right now, though, that it was many years later that I learned to control my fiery temper. For that, I have my first wife to thank—but that, too, is another story.

From the first year, school was never very interesting to me, and excepting for one or two subjects, I never did very well. I liked mathematics (after my fourth year) and was rather proud of my ability to outspell most of the class. (That has become a lost talent now.) After nine years schooling, two of them in the eighth grade, I failed to pass my final tests and decided that the teachers didn't know what they were talking about, or doing. So I decided to quit school for a few years and give the teachers a chance to catch up with me. Then came the day when I realized that I had waited too long, and that the teachers had gotten ahead of me. By that time I realized that I was not smart enough to ever catch up with them again, so I gave up. I found myself out in the world on my own with less than a common school education.

Well, I've lived through it, but I've always regretted my course of action. And now, at 73, I never encourage dropouts.

From the time I became interested in machinery, especially steam equipment, I worked with it and around it whenever the opportunity presented itself, and during school vacations I spent all my time working around mines and sawmills and often worked the night shift at the mines while attending school.

Came 1917, and World War I. I had a good job as a hoisting engineer with a local mining company, but I'd also had a bitter disappointment in love and when June 5, 1917 (registration day) rolled around I went to Rapid City and registered to be drafted into the service. Being afraid that I might really be drafted, (almost a disgrace at that time), I went directly from the registration office to the enlistment office and joined the Fourth South Dakota Infantry, a National Guard outfit at that time, but we were told that we would be discharged from National Guard Service and immediately inducted into the Regular Army Service. We were trained as infantry, and shipped to Charlotte, North Carolina, where we became an Artillery Unit. After a period of intensive training in Light Field Artillery, (147th F.A.), that organization was re-organized and sections of it were transferred into a replacement unit.

As a replacement unit we landed in England in January, 1918. We were kicked around in England for about a month, then loaded onto a cattle boat and headed across the English Channel. After two or three false starts, which were failures because of German "U-Boats" in the channel, we finally succeeded in landing at Le Havre, France, in February, 1918. Among other places I cannot remember the names of, we were bivouacked at Belincourt, France, and it was at this place that I volunteered for Motor Transportation service, and was sent to Motor School at Paris for a month's training in handling trucks and tractors.

Having completed this course I was once more place in a replacement unit. A call came one morning for tractor operators to pull long range Coast Artillery guns for a unit from Boston, Massachusetts. I had not yet learned, at that time, to control my temper, and me and my battery Commander tangled about the very first thing, and of course I came out second best. We moved into action in August, 1918, taking positions in what was dubbed "Death Valley" not too far from Belleau Wood. We had a few pretty hot arguments with the Kaiser while we were there, and then we moved up to Montfaucon.

By this time I guess the skipper had decided I was dispensable, and so I began getting some rather perilous assignments. I guess God had his hand in my pockets on at least two occasions; I am sure He did. On one occasion a little field Bible in my shirt pocket stopped a partially spent bullet which might have done some damage to my anatomy. Another incident where I think He was looking after me was while I was hauling ammunition to the guns us front.

The roads were being heavily shelled, and a shrapnel projectile exploded by the front right hand wheel of my "Quad," and fragments hit my assistant and tore him in two beside me. At the same time a piece about the diameter of a golf ball hit me, striking a heavy gold watch. I thought I'd had it, too, for a few minutes, but then I realized that I was not bleeding, and I let go of the steering wheel with my right hand long enough to feel down there and find that little hunk of the Kaiser's iron sticking in the back of my watch.

That darned watch never did keep time after that. In fact, it just plumb wouldn't run. I kept the bullet I took out of the Bible and the hunk of iron, and the watch, intending to bring them home with me. But they kinda got scattered around some one day when old Bill dropped one of my belongings and I never did find even a page out of that little Book.

Except for losing a couple of buttons, that was about all the real excitement I experienced. There was one other time when I got myself into a "tight" with a Harley-Davidson motorcycle when I found myself behind enemy lines because my unit had dropped back while I was on messenger duty.

I managed to get out of that mess by using my head for once and in doing it I took the slowest ride I ever took in my whole career at *90 miles an hour,* and I think I must have been quite instrumental in hastening the end of the war, too, because I am sure that old Kaiser Bill threw half the rifle and machine gun ammunition he had at me, and he did cut one of the wire spokes off in my front wheel. Of course I won't deny that he had me some scared, too.

Not too long after that the war did end, and we were sent to Brest, France, where we lived in "rag" camps for the most part, and had quite a tussle with the flu, wihch cost us more men than Old Kaiser Bill did. I was lucky there, too. By drinking "Vin Rouge" in place of water, I always will think it kept me from getting the bug. Finally, in January, 1919, we left Brest, and after 11 days of tossing and tumbling around on that big Atlantic Ocean, we arrived back on good old American soil.

They sent me to Camp Dodge, Iowa, and kicked me out of the service with a ticket to Rapid City, South Dakota, and 60 bucks. That was back in February, 1919, on Lincoln's birthday. Since then I have worked around steam, gas diesel, air, kerosene and electric machinery; I have built roads, bridges, sewer disposal plants, dams, houses and commercial buildings. I have spent two years as a machinist during World War II; I have farmed, milked cows, and raised beef and hogs.

Now, by gum, I'm tired, and retired, and that's that! ●

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THE TIN STAR

(Continued from page 19)

Superior Constable when William Marshall became First Earl Marshal in 1189.

In the United States, the United States Marshal's Office has become unique in the fact that it is the oldest law enforcement agency on the North American continent still in existence as such. The United States Marshal's Office was created by the 20th Act of the First Congress of the United States on September 24, 1789, and has been in continuous operation since that date.

The slang term "cop," as applied to a modern police officer, originates from England, too, and comes from the initialed "Constable on Patrol:" C.O.P., hence "cop."

When our English forefathers crossed the Atlantic to colonize America they brought with them, among other customs, their badge wearing constables, sheriffs and marshals. The early Americans soon reduced this terminology to "badge totin' lawmen," but they retained the official titles of constable, sheriff and marshal But here, the path of the British and American lawmen diverge.

The English immigrant who would voluntarily migrate to a rough, untamed country was necessarily a person of great courage and daring. By the time their descendants had fought Indians and managed to survive in a vigorous, sometimes unfriendly climate, they had turned into fairly wild specimens of mankind! Therefore the early American lawman and the men they pursued developed into a rugged, wild breed who generally practiced the law of *survival of the fittest.*

Where did these early lawmen obtain their badges? When no badge was available, the sheriff or marshal would often fashion his own star or shield out of the only plentiful material available—the tin can. He could always depend on there being an ample supply of "badge mateial" at the local dump. Thus was born the term, "Tin Star," an epithet often applied to the frontier peace-officer. But early day lawbreakers soon discovered that what mattered most, was the kind of man behind the tin star!

Gradually, as the West became slightly more civilized, lawmen and enforcement agencies would obtain badges from the traveling salesmen who carried a case with numerous badge blanks and styles. The salesman or "drummer" also carried a punch, letter set, tools, and a chart of the latest lettering available. The drummer would visit the marshals, sheriffs and police departments, taking orders and making the desired badge on the spot. Of course, these were also available from companies in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver, Spokane, Kansas City and St. Louis, where factory stamped badges could be ordered. There were also silversmiths in towns such as Leadville, Georgetown, Santa Fe, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Tucson, who specialized in handmade personalized badges. The present day lawman's badge is found in every size, shape and form. Stars are in five, six, seven and eight points. Some of the stars are surrounded by a circle or a wreath, a cutout of a shield, or in a sunburst pattern.

Research has failed to turn up the meaning of a five, six and eight point star. So far, only the meaning of the seven-pointer has been determined. According to Herb Caen of the *San Francisco Chron-Cle*, the seven point star dates back to 1886 in his city, and the seven points stand for the seven seals mentioned in the Book of Revelations—virtue, divinity, prudence, fortitude, honor, glory and praising of God.

Some of the more interesting badges have been made from coins such as half-dollars, silver dollars and the Mexican silver pesos. The present issue Texas Ranger badge is made of a five-peso Mexican coin in the form of a five-point star cut out inside of a circle. The five point star symbolizes "The Lone Star" of Texas and the points are supported by a wheel.

If you are a Western Americana collector, the Texas Ranger badge is one of the most sought after, and is extremely difficult to acquire. Each of the present day sixty-two Texas Rangers is charged with his badge and it is a "firing offense" to sell or dispose of his badge.

Without a doubt, the rarest of all ranger badges is that of the Territorial Arizona Ranger. So far, only one official issue from the original twenty-six has made an appearance. It is presently on display at the State Library and Archives at Phoenix, Arizona. This rare antiquity was worn by John McKittrick "Jack" Redmond, who died recently in Phoenix. Only one of the original twenty-six Territorial Arizona Rangers survives, John R. Clarke, 91 years old. The official issue star of this ranger group is a five-pointer, made of sheet silver and hand engraved. It is unknown just who manufactured these rare Arizona artifacts, but it is suspected that either an Indian or Mexican silversmith may have been the craftsman.

Running a close second in scarcity to the Arizona Ranger badge is that of the Colorado Rangers. This group of thirty-nine rangers was organized in 1918 and were in service until they were dissolved on February 1, 1923, by an executive order from Governor Sweet, who was fulfilling a campaign promise. All thirty-nine badges were ordered turned in to the Governor's office. However, nine of the insignia somehow managed to evade the state vault and find their way into private collections. This rare old Colorado artifact is made of solid copper and is of the sunburst design. Only one of the original thirty-nine rangers still survives, R.R. Maiden. Mr. Maiden still possesses his ranger badge, number 101.

A word of caution to would-be badge collectors. During the past three years, the hobby of Western badge collecting has greatly increased, and consequently, hundreds of phoney Western Peace Officers' badges have been manufactured and are now flooding the market. Prices asked for these fakeries are unbelievable. Usually, the maker or dealer of the facsimiles receive from $35 to $75 for their bogus product, and they are passing them off on the unsuspecting and gullible Western Americana collector as authentic even to the point of using notorized documents and statements!

Beware especially of badges made of silver, especially those representing the more famous frontier towns. After all, just how many of these old-time symbols can there be for sale at one time?

Normally a fair price to pay for a badge is $3.50 to $15.00. Of course, if the badge in a special specimen, or of an unusual design, made of gold, silver, or bejeweled with precious stones, or one that was worn by a noted lawman, or one issued by one of the more famous law enforcement agencies, the price would naturally be somewhat higher.

If you are one of the many neophytes who is about to join the ever increasing number of badge collectors—welcome! But be prepared to spend many hours of leg work, writing, personal contacts with ex-lawmen, their widows and families, and many trips into remote and out-of-the-way places and areas. You will find that personal contact is the most rewarding in locating the really "good ones." Very poor results are usually derived from advertising. Occasionally, however, a person is found through this media who is a willing helper and an excellent contact.

Anyone determined to assemble a really fine collection of peace officers' stars and shields, should become familiar with the history of the areas in which he plans to specialize. He should know the counties, county seats, when the states were admitted to the union, when the counties were formed, when cities were founded and a multitude of other small but important data. Knowing and having this knowledge at your fingertips will be your most valuable asset in your search, and could just prevent you from becoming a victim of fakeries.

Acquiring a good authentic and desirable star or shield is an extremely difficult task, but the effort will be worth it. Anyone who doesn't believe it's really tough, just walk into any sheriff's or marshal's office and ask him for his badge! ●

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INDIAN SPEECHES

(Continued from page 9)

my meat in my lodge when they are in our country. But let my enemies beware! I say these things to you all face to face, both red man and white man, let me know this day your heart.

"We have gathered here in Sioux country with these Wasichus (White men) to talk over our old troubles. It is my desire to hear both sides, and we will listen. I hope the whites will listen well to what we have to say. Some of our people are sick of empty words; promises that fall on the whites to keep are so often not kept. Some our people hear empty words and don't trust the whites anymore. You have promised us food, schools and many other things. But look about us. Where are they? Are my people learning your ways? Are they happy? Why do our children run away from you when you come among us? Yes, they are afraid because they see the harm you have done to our people. And we hear about other tribes who were attacked by you. The white men have too many leaders. One says one thing and another says no, let it be done like this. So it is us who suffer. Our agents are not *our* friends because they lie and cheat us, and from time to time the agent moves away and another one comes, just as bad.

"Let us change all this. We let you pass through our land, build your small towns and we keep our word and don't burn you out. We watch and wait for our food, but when it comes it is not enough to go around. The agent gets a share first, then us. I trust you have heard me well so no more blood will be shed by either side. I am Iron Shell of the Sioux Nation."

RedCloud—Sioux (Summer of 1870): "At the mouth of Horse Creek, in 1852, the Great Father made a treaty with us. We agreed to let him pass through our territory unharmed for fifty-five years. We kept our word. When the troops were sent there, trouble and disturbance arose. Since that time there have been various goods sent from time to time to us, but only once did they reach us, and soon the Great Father took away the only good man he had sent to us, Colonel Fitzpatrick. The father said we must go to farming, and some of our people went to farming near Ft. Laramie, and we were treated very badly indeed.

"We came to Washington to see the father that peace might be continued. Will you help us? In 1868 men came out and brought papers. We could not read them and they did not tell us what was in them. We thought the treaty was to remove the forts, and that we should then cease the fighting. But they wanted to send us traders on the Missouri. We did not want to go to the Missouri, but wanted traders where we were. When I reached Washington, the Great Father explained to me what the treaty was, and showed me that the interpreters had deceived me.

"All I want is right and justice. I have tried to get from the Great Father what is right and just. I have not altogether succeeded. I represent the whole Sioux Nation, and they will be bound by what I say. I am no Spotted Tail, to say one thing one day and be bought for a pin the next. Look at me, I am poor and naked, but I am the Chief of the Nation. I go home this afternoon and bid you all an affectionate farewell."

Red Cloud's speech was widely published in eastern newspapers and his popularity spread among the whites.

Spotted Tail was popular among most of his Dakota people except by some of Red Cloud's followers. He was selected as a spokesman to Washington. His deeds were believed by some, doubted by others. Some of the Sioux accused him of selling Sioux land and using the money for his own purposes. Such strong hatred existed between these men, each desiring to be recognized as *the* Sioux spokesman, that it reached a climax on August 5, 1881. On that day Crow Dog, a well known Sioux, shot and killed Spotted Tail with his rifle.

The following speech was made before a council meeting in 1877.

Spotted Tail—Sioux: You have come here to buy this country of ours; it would be wise if you came with the gifts so we could see them and not just hear your words. Then our hearts would be glad.

"My friends, when you return to the Great Father, tell him to send us goods. Let him send us wagons so we can earn money from the railroad. It is better for us to talk over our old troubles and find peace."

Perhaps Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce summed is up best when he said:

"They made many promises, but kept only one. The promised to take our land, and they took it." ●

Sioux Indian women such as White Buffalo Cow, whose English name was Mrs. Locke, prepared buffalo feasts for councils of Indians and whites.

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STAGE ROBBER

(Continued from page 33)

kills of New York State. Hume had arrived in California in 1850 and went to Placerville to dig gold. Failing, he accepted the appointment of marshal of Hangtown, as Placerville was then known. Later he became sheriff of El Dorado County. His fame as a capable and energetic lawman spread far and wide and soon he was asked to become the warden of the prison at Carson City, Nevada. A man was needed there to end rampant jail-breaking. Hume accepted the offer and at once set about accomplishing his task. Not only that, he set out to round up and return the escaped prisoners.

That painstaking job completed, Hume discovered that he had inherited a desk job, to his great dissatisfaction. Advised of this, Wells and Fargo sent their general manager, John J. Valentine over to Nevada to enlist Hume's talents as Chief of Detectives for the company.

Hume accepted the position with the proviso that he would have free rein, sans desk and/or anything similarly confining. He joined the company and for thirty-two years thereafter headed the Wells Fargo Police Service. He brought with him an uncanny ability and keen mind that made him one of the foremost detectives of the time. He became the nemesis of a long list of road agents, highwaymen and badmen who had evaded all previous efforts to salt them down behind bars. He devoted every bit of his boundless energy to the task, dedicated completely to law and order, until his death on May 18, 1904, in San Francisco.

His field of operations covered a tremendous territory, encompassing almost the entire west from the Mississippi to the Pacific. He had personal contact with such noted lawmen as Wyatt Earp in Tombstone, Bill Tilghman, Oklahoma Marshal, Captain McDonald of the Texas Rangers, and scores of other dedicated peace officers along the wild, untamed frontiers. He practically lived in the saddle. A man of strong will, he was also calm and cautious, using utmost skill and sagacity in pursuing his objectives. If his quarry chose to make a stand and fight, Jim Hume was ready to oblige. Yet he always preferred peaceful means rather than violence.

One particular conflict he escaped which would surely have fallen to his lot had he been on the scene.

It was a bitter fight to the death with man-killer Juan Soto.

That unwelcome chore fell to Harry N. Morse, his friend of Hangtown days who was to become the sheriff of Alameda County. Morse is responsible to some extent for Hume's entry into the Wells Fargo Co.

Juan Soto was one of the West's most sadistic killers. His pleasure at spilling blood won him the title of "The Human Wildcat." A halfbreed of giant stature, he never robbed a man and left him alive to tell the tale. The only good white man to him was a dead white man. He was tall, six-feet, two-inches in the moccasins that he usually wore. They permitted him to steal silently upon a victim, cut his throat from behind and then mutilate the quivering carcass before relieving it of its valuables.

Wildcat Juan Soto met his match in Harry Morse, who reached California in 1849 as an ambitious, hard-working youth of fifteen. Like Hume he toiled unsuccessfully to make a rich gold strike. Also like Hume he was interested in law enforcement. In Alameda County he ran for sheriff and was elected at age 28. He toured the country of his own territory and then the surrounding counties, obtaining valuable knowledge of geography that was to be valuable to him later on as one of the most feared and respected law officers of the Golden State.

Wherever Juan Soto went he bred death and destruction. Morse' battle with this killer is somewhat controversial, but is interesting since it reveals the substantial qualities of Harry Morse as a man. This version stems from a report in an old Los Angeles newspaper, long since defunct. When Soto slaughtered a store clerk at Sunol and all but destroyed the establishment, Morse went after him and headed for a known hideout of the murderer. But this time it was for the hunted to find the hunter. Soto was reported to have surprised Morse preparing to bed down in the foothills near Gilroy. True to form he attacked from the rear at dusk, stealing silently upon his victim with butcher knife poised to kill.

Call it sixth sense or whatever other name, Morse either smelled, felt or somehow detected the presence of the attacker behind him. He leaped up and whirled from his tiny supper fire just in time to meet him head-on. Their bodies crashed together hard and painfully, and Morse had no time to draw his gun. His fist closed over the killer's wrist like a vise, and stayed the blade from his throat.

Long hours at the business ends of pick and shovel had put steel into the lawdog's muscles. They rippled like ropes across his torso as he struggled to keep his life. It was to his advantage that he knew not the meaning of fear. Soto's ugly face failed to frighten him. But he knew he was at grips with a worthy antagonist whose one desire was to kill him.

In his spare time in the gold camps young Morse had learned many wrestling tricks from the miners. Juan Soto knew them all, and more. He was cunning and he was treacherous as the feline after which he was aptly named. And he despised the white man as if he were poison, regardless of his own Caucasian blood. Morse was not one to overlook a single advantage, however, and straining face-to-face with Soto he noted that the killer was cross-eyed. The quirk in his physical make-up gave him the appearance of a jungle animal low on mentality, fiercely savage in ferocity.

Morse was well aware that he had a tiger by the tail, that this was a fight to a finish, complete, total, no quarter asked, none offered. He thought fast. Soto's strength was almost overpowering. Morse felt his grip on the killer's sweaty wrist slip a trifle. Soto's crossed eyes seemed to merge on the tip of the lawman's nose. Morse was sure his side vision was hampered. He wasted no time in glancing to one side, he quickly assumed an expression of surprise.

"Give me a hand with this devil, Joe!" he called out to a mythical visitor out of range of Soto's vision.

Instantly Soto's head turned in that direction, and as Morse felt the killer's body relax a little, he acted. Jerking his right arm free of Soto's grasp. He grabbed the killer's right fist and with all the strength in both arms he jerked the blade down and up. It sank to the hilt into Soto's belly. Soto's breath exploded from his lips in a long, quavering *whoosh*. A look of complete surprise leaped into his beady eyes. Morse backed off, leaving the knife in the killer's abdomen. Soto sank to his knees, strength fading as he struggled to remove it. He fell forward on his murderous face and lay still.

A number of contradictory accounts of Soto's death exist, one commonly reported being that Morse shot him through the head with a Henry rifle. Soto's pleasure at seeing the blood flow from open wounds seems to discredit the accounts. Soto, a sadistic psychopath, had always preferred a knife blade to a gun when convenient. His feline cunning is legendary, his knife kills a matter of record. Under few other circumstances could he have earned the sobriquet of the Wildcat, as smooth a killer as ever evolved.

It was Jim Hume who finally brought Black Bart to justice. His case is a matter of common history and need not be recounted. Hume became a very busy human blood hound after joining the express company. His *Robber's Record* compiled for his employers, is a living document of his success as a man hunter. More than two hundred outlaws of every description are included in the record. Seven of them were legally hanged. Many more faced vigilante justice where lynch law and the hangnoose prevailed.

Among those were Tom Bell and Bill Christy at Knight's Landing, John and Charles Ruggles at Shasta City, John Heath in Tombstone, and many others,

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all of whom were interested in one thing only—the Wells Fargo treasure boxes carried on the stage coaches.

Eleven bandits were killed in gunfights with Hume, Morse, messengers, drivers and shotgun guards. In contrast, drivers and passengers suffered four each in death at the hands of the road agents. Many more, however, received gunshot wounds of a serious nature.

Now fully armed, the drivers and messengers were not easily intimidated. Some of them were considered fast guns, the equal on the draw of many gun-slicks like Ben Thompson, Bill Longley, Bat Masterson or any of the greased holster fraternity. Under Hume's orders guards and drivers alike practiced fast draws and pistol target shooting almost daily. Guns furnished them by the company were of the very best of the day, made especially for close-quarters action in the side weapon category. The Henry rifles and the Winchester shotguns were deadly at distances required.

As for Hume himself, he was an inspiration for all other members of the company police force, and to many in public service. His integrity and sense of fair play were recognized and respected by some of the most hardened criminals he sent to prison. Among them was Dick Fellows, an alledgedly accredited school teacher of languages who decided the pay was too low for a man of his talents. He conceived the idea that robbing stage coaches would prove more profitable. He was wrong. Jim Hume proved the point by slapping him into San Quentin Prison for pulling a job just north of Santa Barbara.

Fellows had many faults. One of them was that he couldn't ride "even a dray horse" without being tossed. His lack of equine savvy caused him to be thrown into the dust of Santa Barbara's main street, almost smack-dab in front of Jim Hume who was positively anxious to have him in custody. The incident resulted in Dick Fellows becoming known as "The Comic Opera Bandit." He was summarily sentenced to life in San Quentin. But Fellows was not entirely stupid in other things. He managed to effect an attitude of deep regret over his budding outlaw career and revealed a religious trait that was as spurious as a lead five-cent piece. But the sob sisters thought him genuine in his fake efforts to atone. Through their efforts he managed to obtain his release from prison.

Just about then Hume was sitting on top of a $100,000 shipment of gold from Stockton to Los Angeles. Dick Fellows aimed to take it. At the right moment at just the right place, Dick's horse once more threw him and Hume took the treasure to its destination without difficulty. But Fellows was a determined road agent. With a small fry henchy from Bakersfield he waylaid a stage in the Tehachapi foothills and grabbed the magnificent sum of $1200. Telegraph wires hummed. Hume received the message in Los Angeles and immediately headed back to Bakersfield.

Borrowing a horse from the local sheriff he latched onto Dick's trail. Hume could track a lizard over a rock when he wanted to. He felt Fellows should never have been released from San Quentin. A bit more experience as a road agent would have placed him in Big Time with such as Tiburcio Vasquez and others dedicated to crime. Now, after robbing the stage, Fellows evidently decided that the loot was too insignificant to split down the middle with his partner. Hume uncovered his body, a bullet hole in the back of his head, in a shallow desert grave. Hume knew this was the end of the line for the thieving Mr. Fellows.

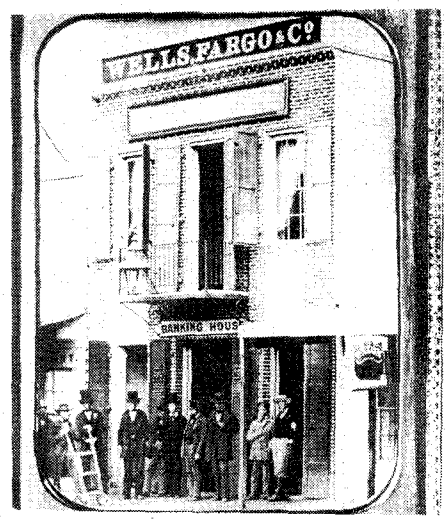
It was not difficult for Hume to track him to a saloon in Bakersfield. Fellows still had a bit over $1000 in his pockets, the loot from the stage. He was promptly clapped in jail, but not for long. He managed to dig his way out. Again Hume took up his trail, this time at the head of a posse. Before sundown Fellows was back in the bastille. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to spend the rest of his life in Folsom prison, this time under tight security.

The last of a long line of stage robbers in California was Tiburcio Vasquez. In the late '70's and early 80's the railroads were replacing the stage lines, rendering them obsolete. The old time road agent about whom so much has been written was vanishing from the scene, giving way to a new breed of renegades like Evans and Sontag, who began devoting their attention to railroad express cars. They met their just ends in due time, to be followed by seasoned train robbers like Roy Gardner.

Jim Hume was busier than ever and as the steel trails stretched ever wider across the land he seemed to be everywhere at once. A lot of credit goes to Hume for the demise of the stage robber. His unceasing efforts to make stage robbery unprofitable, and his success at obtaining long prison sentences for those culprits involved, went a long way toward discouraging many who looked upon the stage as easy pickings.

Even Roy Gardner discovered, after considerable success as a train robber, that it was not a paying proposition. Especially after he snatched $85,000 in San Diego, was picked up and handed a 20-year stretch in San Quentin. When released he "gassed" himself to death, a suicide in a San Francisco hotel room, January 11th, 1940.

It was men like Tiburcio Vasquez and his gang who made life tough for Jim Hume and the express company operatives. Vasquez and his badmen were the remnants of the typical western desperados—horse, saddle and six-gun variety. Gold shipments via stage were growing smaller and smaller and like Hume, Vasquez had to work all the harder to attain the gold to satisfy his voracious greed.



It was in this office on Montgomery Street in San Francisco that the Wells Fargo agents first set out on their crusade against robbers.

By now Hume's well-organized police system with its heavily armed men, surface and undercover agents, made stage robbing more and more difficult. Unless tipped off by some inside contact, a road agent could never be certain that the passengers aboard a coach were not company agents armed to the teeth. Hume planned it that way. But while some outlaws considered stage robbing unprofitable, Vasquez held on.

In the back country there was still some nice money—payrolls—being shipped to various industries by stage. But now businessmen were resorting increasingly to the use of bank drafts rather than cold cash. Vasquez either failed to realize the tide was turning against the highwayman or was too stupid to recognize it. He cut a wide swathe throughout Southern California before he was cornered and his gang smashed. Tiburcio Vasquez was hanged by the neck until dead at the San Jose jail, March 19th, 1875.

With his capture and subsequent execution along with the destruction of his gang, wholesale stage robbing came to an end in California. There is no question that it would have anyway in due time, thanks to Jim Hume and his salty lawdogs, with the help of Harry Morse and others like him. Vasquez happened to be at the finish to write "30" at the end of his career, the newspaperman's code for the word "finished," or "the end." And strangely enough it was a blast from a newspaper reporter's shotgun that brought wildcat Vasquez to his knees.

Never a man to submit quietly to anything, Vasquez chose to fight when cornered by the Los Angeles sheriff and a

(Continued on page 56)

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STAGE ROBBER

(Continued from page 55)

posse which included a reporter representing the *Chronicle* of San Francisco. This was the meanest of the murderous bandits, and on several occasions he was called *El Gato*, (the Cat). On this occasion Vasquez threw a few fast shots at Sheriff Rowland, then ducked for a new position behind the rocks. The *Chronicle* reporter saw his big chance to make of himself a hero, and let fly with his shotgun.

The heavy buckshot caught the bandit in the left arm, left leg, the left side of the head and also high in the chest. (But he had the nine lives of his namesake—he lived long enough to be legally hanged). Seeing him fall took the starch out of his gang. Those whom the posse did not gun down surrendered.

For more than twenty years Tiburcio Vasquez robbed and killed as he pleased, giving headaches that never ended for Jim Hume and others of the law enforcement society from one end of the state to the other. Violence in all its ugliness rode with Vasquez. Few, if any other California bandits dodged the law as long and successfully as Tiburcio Vasquez. When he was hanged in San Jose it is doubtful if anyone shed a tear over his demise.

Certainly not Jim Hume and the lawmen. It was Jim Hume who conceived an idea that thwarted many gold shipment robberies by Vasquez and dozens of others of his ilk.

Gold streamed out of such diggings as Grass Valley, Nevada City, Oroville, Mariposa, Columbia, Auburn Ravine and countless other sources. It was usually shipped out raw as dust and nuggets and sometimes bars via stage or pack train. It was easy to pick up and carry it in its natural form or in small boxes or pokes.

Jim Hume called a meeting of the bonanza tycoons at Grass Valley and offered a suggestion all agreed would make stealing gold shipments a tougher proposition for the road agents. So in due time the highwaymen made a startling discovery. No longer were there mere treasure boxes to be rifled. No more was the gold shipped out in buckskin bags or in boxes. Jim Hume had used the brains that made him what he was, a nemesis to road agents, and the bonanza kings had gone along with his ideas.

The road agents found that the gold shipments had been pooled together by the miners. The glittering yellow metal had been melted down and cast into gold balls weighing up to one thousand pounds. The road agents found themselves completely baffled and stymied with treasure they could not even lift, let alone carry away! ●

BARGAINS, BRAINS AND BALLYHOO

(Continued from page 31)

with, the reminder that "a sweet tooth is sure to be found amongst everyone's grinders."

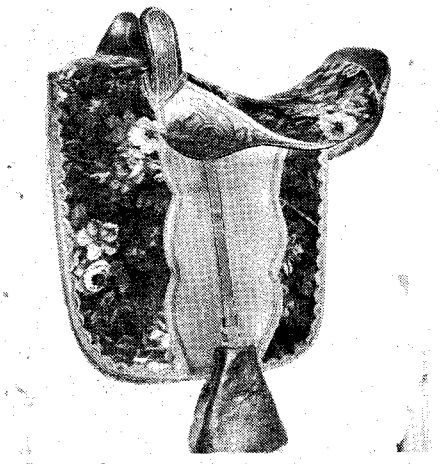
Other items in the book run the gamut from Spotted Dog Overcoats, Universal Wolf Tooth Forceps, G.A.R. Suits, Ladies' Fine Cambric Drawers, Tools, Guns, Musical Instruments, Baseball Equipment, Men's Tights, Fishing Equipment, Electric Bicycles, Furniture, Buggies and Buggy Parts and Saddles, to all the equipment a cowboy might ever need, including Tapideroes, Chaparejos, and Saddle Bags.

It is in the Drug section of the catalogue that a customer really got it poured on in earnest. Not only was there an array of exotic preparations such as Pink Pills for Pale People, Bust Cream, Princess Tonic Hair Restorer, Nerve and Brain Pills, Siberian Catarrh Snuff, Dr. Rose's Obesity Powders, Earling Fig Laxative and Indian Cough Syrup and Mexican Headache Cure, but there was advice as well from famous (?) authorities. After announcing in bold type, "Dropped Dead! Attention! Every fourth person has a weak or diseased heart," the lengthy advertisement extols Dr. Echol's Australian Auriclo, and ends with the advice, "Remember that such simple, ailments as cold hands, spots before the eyes, hungry spells, etc., indicate a weak heart or a diseased one."

Dr. Worden's Female Pills for Weak Women promises to cure "lack of ambition, feebleness of will, loss of memory, green sickness, ringing in the ears, and early decay," as well as lesser ills. Dr. Erasmus Wilson gives a full paragraph of beauty tips and a whole array of beautifying cosmetics. One wonders what ever happened to Drs. Wilson, Echols, and Worden.

One does not live by clothes, or drugs, or even bread alone, and Sears, Roebuck were right there to entice the folks with books. The standard books such as the Bible, Ben Hur, the works of J.F. Cooper, Thomas Hardy and Edgar Allen Poe were represented. There were as well such romantic and titillating titles as "His Somber Rivals," "Barriers Burned Away," "He Fell In Love With His Wife," "What Can She Do?" "A Young Girl's Wooing," and "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room and What I Saw There," (illustrated).

If the printed word was not enough then there were magic lanterns and Stereopticons. One might view geography or history or even slides captioned "The Bottle for the First Time," "Unable to Obtain Employment," "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," "Joe Morgan With Delirium Tremens," "Willie Hammond Induced to Gamble," or "Frank Slade Kills His Father." (Something for everyone!)



Regardless of what it was you ever would need—from a saddle to a baseball bat—the catalogue had it.

The catalogue thrived because it was convenient and because it was impersonal. The supplier did not care about your race, color, or social position, or whether you were oversized or just right. The book prospered, too, because it had pictures and advertising. Some of the pictures would have been too frank even for the *Police Gazette*, but they caused no comment from any catalogue customers.

The arrival of the catalogue was a social event in many frontier communities. The catalogue advertising itself encouraged group orders which would result in cheaper freight charges. On cattle ranches, catalogue parties were often held and cowboys for miles around would gather on a Saturday evening. There was usually a dance and a big supper. The next day the catalogue was brought forth and the ladies gathered for first choice while the ranch foreman handled the figuring and writing.

Local merchants tended to get upset over mail order businesses because they undersold the merchants. The merchants themselves bought from the houses, however, in order to advertise that they stocked mail order brands. At one point the country storekeepers opposed the mail order business with slander and calumny. Children were paid ten cents a book for each catalogue they turned in and sometimes books were publicly burned—the only real book burnings in American history.

Even in the face of merchant protests, Sears, Roebuck flourished until it became a household institution. In his campaign for governor of Georgia, Eugene Talmadge insisted that "your only friends are Jesus Christ, Sears, Roebuck and Gene Talmadge." And it all started with "bargains, brains, and ballyhoo!" ●

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Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER

AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?•

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin – the man who discovered it – makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her –out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time – commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk – and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument – called a Tele-Photo Transmitter – that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody – high or low, ignorant or wise – all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR – SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there – standing before him, as real as life – was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There – smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting– stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument – your mental equipment – requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire – called a Photo-Form – then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

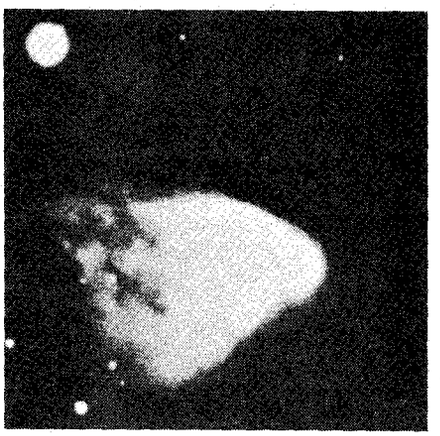
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

S.A. & L. Enterprises, Inc., Dept. E 33854
50 BOND STREET, WESTBURY, N.Y. 11590

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of TELECULT POWER #80007, by Reese P. Dubin! I understand the book is mine for only $6.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

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CRAZIEST WAR

(Continued from page 22)

Of such was the virtue of frontier politicians, whatever their political stripe. But the stage was set for Round Two of the Salt War. And its sacrifice would be naive Don Luis Cardis.

ON AN outwardly peaceful day of November, 1877, Don Luis was sitting in an El Paso general store dictating letters to a clerk who doubled as his secretary. His back was turned to the door. He was expecting no further trouble with Howard off the bench and replaced by an honorable jurist, District Judge Allen Blacker.

Cardis heard a footstep at the door, but paid no attention thinking it was another customer. Then he heard a greeting in a loud voice:

"Hello, Judge Howard!"

The subtle warning came too late. State Representative Cardis wheeled around in his chair to meet death.

Death spewed from the barrel of a rifle in the hands of Howard. And with Luis Cardis would die Republican political control in Texas' biggest county.

Howard calmly wiped the smoke from his gun, nodded curtly to the proprietor, then walked to his carriage waiting outside. He stepped into it and was then driven back to Mesilla by his colored coachman, Wesley Owens, who had also earned a bit of notoriety as a gunslinger.

Why did the government in Austin not denounce the foulest political assassination in the history of a proud state? Why did it not arrange by telegraph to have the authorities of New Mexico Territory take Howard into immediate custody and hold him for legal extradition? Why did it not bring to quick trial a man so essentially an outlaw even if—sometimes—he practiced law?

Why, instead, did it enlist a special company of Texas Rangers to restore "law and order" in El Paso County, but let the killer pick the Rangers?

Not a Ranger had been seen in the county when Howard was its Pistol Judge and meriting impeachment by using public office for private gain. In fact, no Ranger company was stationed within hundreds of miles of the area at the time the ex-jurist had slain Cardis, one of the state's lawmakers. But no sooner was the slaying reported to Austin than the top commander of the Ranger force, Major John B. Jones, made a difficult journey to reach that distant part of Texas and throw a mantle of protection around the murderer.

As protocol required, Jones conferred with Chico Barela, Sisto Salcido and other Mexican leaders in San Elizario. But he refused their demands to recruit a special company of rangers who would be Mexican to protect the citizens against the salt pirates and the legions of *paisano*-hating gunslingers they could muster from Silver City. He insisted that the Mexicans disarm. They promised, but started oiling their guns the minute he left town. So much, they felt, the palaver of Anglos amounted to——!

Jones then went to Mesilla for a talk with Howard. By all accounts, it was a pleasant and fruitful session of two southern gentlemen. Back to El Paso County he came announcing that he had arranged for the county's most hated ex-resident to return on November 16th, 1877, and surrender on the charge of murdering Don Luis Cardis.

All that followed added up to Greek tragedy wrapped in a lariat. The Salt War itself was almost as great a Texas epic as the Alamo or Dick Dowling's stand against overwhelming Union forces at Sabine Pass. After returning from Mesilla, Jones did recruit a special company of Rangers to maintain order during Howard's expected trial. But they were "Rangers" chosen by this criminal who had been a fugitive from Texas justice till a Texas field commander had dickered with him.

"A gang of thugs assembled and paid by him——" meaning Howard. So Mexican citizens complained. "Not a one of them," observes C. L. Sonnichsen, "would have been a Ranger under normal circumstances."

Fully half of the outfit came from the pistol-packing gentry of Silver City, two hundred miles from El Paso. Not one of this half but had dodged hemp or posses in one or more states of the American Union. Of the total force of twenty men, others were footloose vagrants or lazy, drunken lechers who couldn't have earned ten dollars a month as cooks' helpers in cow camps. Their commander was an almost illiterate ne'er-do-well, brother of a respectable Protestant clergyman, John B. Tays.

By the authority of Austin, this riff-raff was turned loose on people who were legally citizens of Texas and America whatever their language or their cultural background. No wonder the Mexican-descended Texans of El Paso County kept preparing passionately for battle.

ON THE scheduled day of November 16th Howard, flanked by gunslingers, arrived in Ysleta, the El Paso County seat, and jokingly went through the formality of surrendering to his henchman, Sheriff Kleber. There he was placed under bond of $4000 signed by Justice of the Peace Guadalupe Carabajal who knew little English and less law. The bail was signed by U.S. Customs Inspector Joseph Magoffin and by Ranger Tays, who as a supposedly impartial officer of the law had no business endorsing it.

Magoffin looked troubled when Howard stalked out of the courthouse. "For god's sake, Charlie," he pleaded, "stay away from here till your trial comes up."

"Oh, I will, Joe," the killer replied lightly. "I'm thinking of making a trip to Chihuahua." Chihuahua is one of the Mexican states which border the American West.

Instead Howard remained in El Paso County protected by his "Rangers." At the very least, Major Jones should have insisted that he go back to New Mexico pending his trial. As it was, Howard continued to swagger around the county, even chummily attempting to converse with Mexicans who had threatened to lay him in the ground.

December 12th, 1877. Thirteen days before Christmas—the Festival of Navidad or the Nativity as the Mexicans called it. On that day Howard, still claiming ownership of the Salt Mines, had his lackey, McBride, swear out a warrant to sequestrate 800 pounds of the stuff which the *paisanos* had dug from the lakes. To enforce the decree personally, Howard rode to San Elizario with a corps of trigger artists furnished and led by "Lieutenant" Tays.

At six P.M. the sorry contingent arrived in the old town. Tays and his "Rangers" rode to their headquarters. Howard went to the general store of ex-sheriff Charles Ellis around which Mexicans were gathering restlessly. Ellis expected no trouble since he was married to a Mexican girl.

Nine P.M. Fourteen Federal troopers of a border command attempted to reenforce the Rangers following an urgent call from Tays. Their commander, Captain Thomas Blair, ordered them to turn back when he found the way blocked by a Mexican contingent under Chico Barela. Trouble was stewing in the town. Outside Ellis' store, Barela began making a speech denouncing all americanos including those who happened to be in-laws.

Ellis stepped from his place of business to listen to the oration, a foolish move. A Mexican reputed to be insane singled him out, pointed a finger and began yelling:

"Ahora es el tiempo! Ahora es el tiempo!—Now is the time! Now is the time!"

A lariat swirled from the saddle of a mounted man named Eutemio Chavez. Screaming and begging for mercy, Ellis was dragged along the ground for twenty yards to die from a knife flung into his heart. Howard, the cause of all the trouble, had hastily escaped to the Ranger headquarters, a house whose accompanying premises included a corral and a cistern.

Barela's spontaneous forces then laid siege to the headquarters. Bullets buried themselves against the adobe walls. Men ran forward with battering rams hoping to crumble the place, but were driven back by the fire of the defenders. To his credit, Howard picked up a rifle and fought in the battle which he had precipitated. Late in the evening, two more Anglos made their way into the besieged citadel. They were Pecos County Deputy Sheriff Andrew Loomis who had no business messing in the troubles of El Paso County and another unpopular figure, Thomas Atkinson, making his exit with $11,000 worth of valuables deposited in a small trunk.

"We want Howard! We want Howard!" the besiegers kept shouting in Spanish. For four days until Sunday, December 17th, the guns kept exploding, the voices kept demanding.

Then there came a lull which fooled Tays. During the final evening, Deputy Loomis got tired of playing Alamo and decided that he'd be better off in Pecos County at his proper occupation of chasing horse thieves. Barela's men captured him as he was trying to leave town and threw him into another adobe house. Then the Mexican leaders decided on a stratagem that wrecked the gringo defense.

They negotiated, under a flag of truce, an armistice until the following morning. Under the agreement, both sides would meet in a council or *junta* at that time. Howard became cheerful and joking again, feeling that his chances for life had improved if not his prospects of keeping the Salt Lakes.

NEXT MORNING, his spirits fell. For the gringos woke up facing rifles aimed across breastworks dug during the night. Another white flag appeared from one of the embankments which had been dug quickly and efficiently with a minimum of noise. From the site came a voice speaking in Spanish which Tays understood:

"Give up Howard, señor, or we'll blow up the house with dynamite from Ellis'

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store."

Then Charlie Howard did the only decent thing that anybody could ever remember him doing in those years in El Paso County.

"All right, Lieutenant," he said to the commander. "If it's my death or everybody else's, I'll die."

He opened his shirt to bare his breast. Then he marched straight toward certain execution. But as the Rangers made an abject surrender that real officers of their title would never have made, the furious Mexicans decided to kill two more Anglos for good measure.

Tom Atkinson, who rated as *un mal hombre*—a bad man in their books—and Howard's detested agent, John McBride.

They all three died with varying degrees of courage. The leader of the five-man squad was a vengeful mestizo named Desiderio Apodacca. But Howard, as was cosmically fitting, died the gamest of all.

"Aim high, boys," he called scornfully when his turn came to die. "Aim high. And I'll even it all up with you in hell."

Five guns spat. Five bullets found their mark in the beefy flesh of Charles Howard, lawyer and law twister. Later, returning Federal troops found his corpse chopped and maimed from machetes—Mexican sickles used both to harvest crops and to wage duels. But one of the crowd, Jesús Telles, had, in an outburst of zeal, chopped off two of his own toes to become a cripple for life.

But all the fighting didn't restore the salt mines to the Mexicans. A primitive folk revolt could not prevail against all the invested gringo authority of Austin and Washington that was brought about.

The syndicate kept the Salt Lakes which still produce a second-grade product sold in the border country. Tays, an unnaturalized Canadian who had helped rob American citizens, is said to have got a big payoff before he resigned his commission. One of his sergeants, J. C. Ford, became the manager for the combine.

Thirty more gunslingers called "the Silver City Rangers" were recruited for the express purpose of hunting down Mexicans who had participated in the Salt War. They killed a number of suspected leaders, including Jesús Telles.

In a shabby sequel to the Mexican War, they persecuted nationals of our sister republic and drove across that international boundary of the Rio Grande Mexican families who had always been citizens of Texas whatever flag had flown over it.

Eventually the so-called Rangers, including the Silver City gang, were disbanded after they started raping Mexican girls and gut-drilling each other. But the harm that they did international relations would linger for generations. Finally the outraged Mexican government began threatening to send troops to the Rio Grande. To placate it, our congress authorized an investigation by a congressional committee. The probe accomplished no more than most such political circuses staged by Congress.

What became of Chico Barela? I really wish I knew because I'd like to write a book about him. There are varying stories. I've often wondered if I didn't actually meet him in San Antonio under another name. For there I talked much, in the 1930s, with a very aged Mexican who seemed to be a walking encyclopedia of the Salt War. In my lingo, this *paisano* rates as a real Texan. ●

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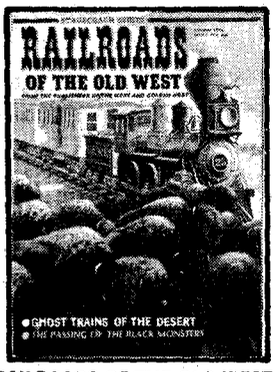

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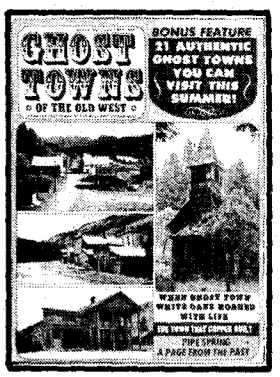

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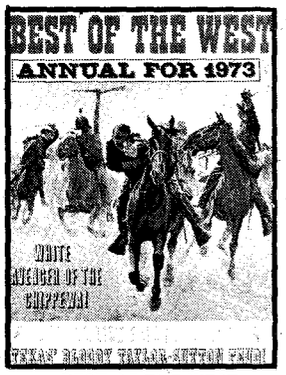

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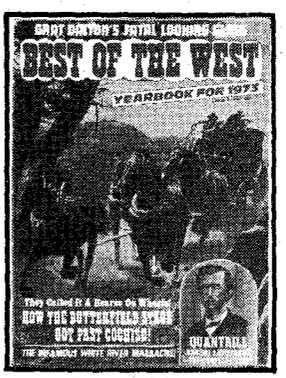

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JUDGE PARKER

(Continued from page 25)

Jimmy got rope, tied the hands and legs of the dead man, and carried him to Rock Creek, a deep branch of the North Canadian. Here he tied rocks to the ropes. Then he rolled the body over and watched it splash into the water and disappear under the surface of the ten-foot-deep creek.

Back at the camp, he looked around carefully to make sure he overlooked no telltale clue. There was a large pool of blood on the ground near the fire. The earth was baked hard from lack of rain, so there was no chance of covering the pool of blood with dirt. Jimmy knew something about hiding blood. A fire did it perfectly. He pulled dry branches over the blood and started a fire.

A half hour later the fire had burned out, and where the pool of blood had been was only charred earth, with all traces of blood burned away. Jimmy looked around again, slowly and carefully, to make sure he had overlooked nothing. Then he hitched the mules to the wagon and drove away, humming to himself.

TWO WEEKS PASSED. On the morning of May 26th, 1895, a farmer, Sile Lee, passed Rock Creek on his way to the little trading center of Keokuk Falls, Oklahoma. Farmer Lee was concerned with nothing more important than buying seed corn for his usual June planting. It was a ghastly smell which caused him to rein in his team at the spot where creek joined river.

A smell worse than the odor of pig offal at hog killing time. Plus a flock of noisy turkey buzzards gathered on the banks. "Some calf drowned in a spring flood," Lee muttered as he stepped from his wagon and walked toward the edge of the water. "Floating down from—"

Then the farmer's tongue was frozen into muteness. His eyes were wide with horror.

The decomposing corpse of an aging man floated like a piece of aimless driftwood. Overhead buzzards flew raucously away after having their feast disturbed.

Hurriedly, Sile Lee climbed back into the wagon. His shaking hands lashed the horses with the leathern reins. At lickety-split speed he drove into the public square of Keokuk Falls, shouting: "Man dead! Man dead in Rock Creek!"

Since the body had been found on the soil of Indian Territory rather than Oklahoma, federal lawmen took over. A posse commanded by U.S. Marshal George J. Crump hurried to Rock Creek for an examination of the putrefying corpse. No identification was found on the body which Crump assumed to be that of a man in his early sixties. But it was obvious from the stumps that the missing fingers had been shot away by some assailant's gun, and that the head blow had been inflicted by some heavy bludgeon-type weapon.

The body was carried to a nearby settlement. Doctor Frank Masor, functioning as coroner, delivered a finding of "murder by an unknown person or persons." Marshal Crump was one of the most intelligent officers to ride out from the federal district court at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

UNDER HIS DIRECTION, possemen fanned out over this area of the Creek Nation and Oklahoma Territory. These officers were instructed to circulate descriptions of the old man and to learn if he had been seen with any traveling companions.

The officers quarters at Fort Smith (right) became the courtroom where Judge Parker presided. The basement was converted into a jail.

Within twenty-four hours the officers located citizens who remembered having seen an elderly man camped on Rock Creek. Some of them had noticed a tall young man with a scraggly moustache sitting at campfires with the older traveler.

A Yuchi Indian farmer, Sawnie Grayson, supplied Marshal Crump with an important clue.

"One half moon"—two weeks ago—"me hear one big boom"—gunshot—"over by Rock Creek." So the Indian informed Crump. "Me think two palefaces fight. No go look."

Grayson added that he had heard the gunshot at night after having seen a gray-haired man and a younger partner camped at the stream. Two fingers had been shot away from the corpse. The coroner's inquest had placed the date of the killing as approximately two weeks before the discovery of the cadaver.

The marshal decided to scout around the creek, hoping that some chance bit of evidence might lead to an unraveling of the crime. He led his posse to the junction where the body had turned up. For several hundred yards in either direction the officers prowled, eyes riveted to the ground. But nothing was found.

Another twenty-four hours brought a second promising lead. Ernest Lewis, a farmer, told of having talked with a young man who'd stopped by his cabin for water. The traveler had been driving a Studebaker wagon and a team of mules.

"Did the chap give you any name?" Crump asked.

"Yep, Marshal, he did," Lewis answered. "Said he was George Wilson."

Crump sent word to the different posses to search for this George Wilson, but Crump had little hope of finding him if he was connected with the murder. By this time he would be hundreds of miles from the Indian Territory.

But at that moment, June 1st, 1895, five days after the body of Thatch had been found and almost three weeks after the murder, Jimmy Casharoga sat at his campfire near the banks of the Northern Canadian. He had remained pretty much in hiding, only going to a store at a trading post once for supplies. Then he asked no questions and hurried back to camp. He talked with Lewis when he had stopped at his cabin for water.

But the body of Thatch had not yet been found when Jimmy talked with Lewis. So nobody had told Jimmy of the discovery of the body, and he had no intimation of that development. It would not have frightened him if he had learned this news. There was no evidence that he had committed the murder, and, even in Judge Parker's court, there had to be some evidence.

HE HAD CHANGED his plans since the murder of Thatch. His original plan to hide out for a month and then sneak back into Arkansas had certain dangers. He wasn't sure the people in Arkansas would forget that soon. He had heard about the trail west to Guthrie and Oklahoma City. Escape this way would be safer, and he planned to leave the next morning for Guthrie or Oklahoma City, taking only isolated roads.

The sound of horses' hooves broke his pleasant reverie. He looked up, saw three men on horses riding toward him. He reached for his gun. He never felt comfortable in this wild area where killing was the order of the day. He got his hands on his gun, jumped to his feet, and then he let the gun hand drop and his heart did some wild pounding.

He saw the star on the shirt of Marshal Crump. Jimmy caught himself quickly, shook his head to clear his brain, and said to the three, "Welcome to my humble camp, gentlemen. Want some hot coffee?"

The ease of his words chased away that momentary feeling of terror he had experienced at seeing the star on Marshal Crump's shirt. After all, he reasoned, police officers were always patrolling that area. But this feeling of ease failed when Marshal Crump got down and asked, "Are you George Wilson?"

Jimmy gasped, caught his breath, and muttered, "Why . . . why, yes . . . yes . . . I am George Wilson."

His mind was working at electric speed. Where did the officer discover his alias? In Arkansas? Impossible. Then Jimmy felt better. He remembered talking to a farmer and telling him he was George Wilson. He had told several other persons, and he saw no harm in acknowledging he was George Wilson.

Crump's next question rocked Jimmy back on his heels and his confidence wilted. "You came to the territory with an elderly man," Crump said, and Jimmy noticed the officer wasn't asking a question but stating a fact. Then Crump added, "I have talked to several persons who recalled seeing you with this Studebaker wagon and the old man."

Jimmy did some more stammering.

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Things were happening too fast for his agile mind. "Yes . . . yes . . . I came here with an old man . . . my uncle . . . we were going west together, but my uncle . . ."

"What was your uncle's name?" Crump interrupted.

Jimmy hesitated. He knew now his answers to those questions were important. He had no idea whether the body of Thatch had been found or not. That made no difference now. Jimmy had a straight story and he was sticking to it.

"Zachariah W. Thatch," he answered. "I said we were going west together, but he changed his mind. Two men came to our camp. I don't know who they were. My uncle went away with them. He told me to go on west, that he had a big business deal in St. Louis. He was like that, always changing his mind. I protested, but he told me to go ahead and maybe he would come west himself later. I never saw him again."

"But you didn't go west," Crump countered.

"No, I stayed around, hoping my uncle would come back." Jimmy was glib and cocky now. "I still hope he'll come back."

"He won't because he is dead," Crump said. "At least, the body of an elderly man answering the description of the man seen with you was found in Saddle Creek."

"Dead! Murdered!" The ease with which these words came out of Jimmy Casharoga's mouth startled him. He had wondered how he would feel if the body were discovered. Now he knew. He had no feeling either way. Discovery of the body was no evidence against him.

Marshal Crump's next request did worry Jimmy a little. The marshal told him to take the three officers back to the camp where Jimmy said he had last been with his uncle. Jimmy first decided to lead the marshal and his two deputies to some other camp site. He gave up this idea quickly. The marshal had apparently been doing a lot of questioning and he probably had met persons who had seen Jimmy and Thatch at the campsite where Thatch was killed. So Jimmy played it safe and late that afternoon he, with the team and wagon and the three officers, arrived at the campsite.

THE CAMPSITE looked pretty much as Jimmy had left it. There had been no rain to break the drought that had caked the earth hard as a rock and had opened cracks in it. Jimmy took everything in quickly and what he saw assured him no trace of his crime was there.

"When did your uncle leave here?" Crump asked.

"That day with the two men," Jimmy answered. "I stayed around for several days, hoping he would come back. I went ten miles to the Northern Canadian, but I couldn't go any further. I waited for my uncle to come back."

"Your uncle left this camp with the two men and never came back?" Crump questioned.

"That's what I said," Jimmy answered.

Crump kicked the hard ground with the heel of his boot. It made little impression on the baked earth. He kicked away some of the ashes of the fire that had hidden the blood but apparently saw nothing interesting. He walked around the camp, studying the ground and saw nothing there.

Jimmy said, "If I killed my uncle, do you suppose I would have remained around here?"

"I reckon as how it doesn't make sense you would," Crump agreed.

He started for his horse and his two deputies followed. Crump stopped suddenly, kicked the ashes on the ground again, and then was on his hands and knees, scraping ashes and dirt away. He called to his deputies to bring the spade.

They brought this small spade. Crump scraped deeper under the ashes. A wide crack in the earth appeared. Crump reached into the crack with his fingers and brought out clots of blood-soaked dirt, and with the blood were some of the gray hairs of the murdered Thatch.

Crump stood up, showed the blood and hairs to the stunned Jimmy Casharoga. "It would seem," Crump said, "that Mr. Thatch was killed right here and his blood was supposed to be covered with fire and ashes. You overlooked one small detail, Wilson. You forgot there hasn't been rain for weeks and the earth is filled with cracks and the blood and hair of your victim seeped into this crack."

Jimmy Casharoga's mind was whirling crazily. "I . . . I . . . don't understand," he gasped. "That blood . . . that crack . . ."

Then he broke and jabbered out a full confession. A search of his wagon uncovered the bloodstained clothes he wore when he killed Thatch. He admitted that Thatch was no relation of his and that he killed him to get the wagon and supplies.

JIMMY CASHAROGA, alias George Wilson, was taken to the federal jail at Fort Smith, pending trial. On December 10th, 1895, he faced stern old Judge Parker and a panel of jurors with little sympathy for murderers. He tried to repudiate the confession that he had made to Marshal Crump in Keokuk Falls.

His court appointed lawyer, C. J. Frederick, put him on the stand to deny that the body found in Rock Creek was that of old man Thatch. Thatch, Casharoga testified, had since been seen alive and well in El Reno, Oklahoma.

Against this mish-mash, the prosecution produced Casharoga's confession, including his admission of weighting the corpse with rocks and wood before the rolling waters had dislodged it from the moorings to set it afloat in the creek. Before the jury went out for a certain verdict, the prosecutor produced from a box the damning evidence—the bloody clods.

"Gentlemen," he said, "if Mr. Thatch went to El Reno or to Heaven, he left this behind, his life's blood, shed by a man who had eaten his bread."

Casharoga was found guilty of murder on December 18, 1895. Two months later, on February 18, 1896, he was brought before Judge Parker for sentence of death.

"Even nature revolted against your crime," Judge Parker said in one of his most famous speeches of condemnation. "The earth opened and drank up the blood, held it in a fast embrace until the time it should appear against you. The water, too, threw up its dead and bore upon its placid bosom the foul evidence of your crime."

Desperately, Casharoga appealed to the United States Supreme Court in Washington. That body upheld the verdict in Fort Smith and said that the killer must die.

On July 30, 1896, Jimmy Casharoga died on the gallows at Fort Smith. History gave him one distinction for which he is remembered. He was the eighty-eighth and last man to be executed by Isaac Parker.

Jimmy Casharoga could hardly have appreciated the honor. ●

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BEEF BONANZA

(Continued from page 42)

Klickitat Range. The stallion, "Mack," was not for sale. Snipes dared the stranger to race Mack against Nichi. The winner would take both horses. The challenge was accepted. The run was to be from the cabin to a jutting rock on the prairie and back to the cabin.

The two horses, one small and one tall, raced for the rock. Long leaps put the stallion two lengths ahead of the mare. The Hambletonian made a rounding curve to get started back, whereas Nichi had an advantage. At Snipes' pull on reins the mare reared up and pivoted on hind legs and started racing back the instant her hoofs hit dirt and won. That victory put Ben Snipes into high grade horse business.

In winter Snipes moved Mack and the brood mares to George's Gorge on a protected ranch near The Dalles. Ben lived through winter months with George and his wife, Martha, so he could tend to his horses.

Good horse flesh served Snipes well on long emergency rides connected with range business. One time he rode 182 miles to rescue his herd from a hoard of tormenting insects on the shores of Lake Osoyoos, the boundary between America and Canada. He used the same mount throughout and crossed the Columbia twice, making the ride in 62 hours. On another occasion Snipes rode a mule 600 miles to bring back canteens filled with gold dust from the Cariboo drive.

In 1861 Ben Snipes was hailed the cattle king of the Northwest. A hundred years later his election to the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage, at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, produced at Sunnyside, Washington, an annual historic celebration named *Ben Snipes Days*. Sunnyside, a later irrigation haven, is located on Snipes' old cattle range.

Ben, the cowman, was of medium size with light brown hair and chin beard. He wore ordinary clothes, packed no shooter, and had only two hobbies, horses and cattle. In business he was shrewd and calculating. His luck was both good and bad. A snow that covered the range with an eighteen inch blanket came to the usually mild climated Washington. A February chinook, a freeze down, and more snow followed. It gave the industry an enormous setback. That spring the stench of carcasses carried across Yakima country like the breath of doom. Foreman Jobe reported staggering losses.

"How many?" Snipes asked grimly.

"50,000 cattle and 3,000 horses, Boss Ben."

The report was more right than wrong. Snipes hired Indians to skin what animals they could; and the sale of these hides helped to raise funds to invest in more cattle.

Several smaller ranchers were hit by winter's severity. Snipes rode from place to place buying them out. He pooled his purchases and made a spring drive for Cariboo. Ben Snipes hastened on to Fraser River to spread the news of the killing winter and the shortage of cattle. This psychology raised the value of beef. Traders got panicky and offered $150 a head for the cattle before the herd of shrunken steers arrived. That year wolves, coyotes and Indians got their fill of beef.

The Civil War called troops from Fort Dalles and Fort Simcoe back east for Union defense. Fort Simcoe on Klickitat Range, backgrounded by snow capped mountains and forest lands, was converted into an Indian Agency. Snipes rented reservation rights at $500 a year.

That winter Snipes' favorite mount, Nichi, died in foaling a big Hambeltonian sired colt that survived.

Snipes imported fifty pure bred horses from Kentucky to upgrade his growing ranch mounts and buggy teams. Shortly after their arrival the imported horses vanished. Rustlers had stolen the whole bunch. Ben Snipes sent for more Hambeltonians.

Up to then Ben Snipes had eyes and love for only horses and cattle. In 1864 he met Mary Parrott, sixteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Parrott of Polk County, Oregon, who moved to The Dalles. The attraction was mutual and despite her parents' objections the couple got married. Ben let his bride attend two years of schooling at Willamette University before they started housekeeping at The Dalles.

The Snipes family, Ben and George's parents and children, moved out from Iowa and the farmer settled down on a Washington homestead. Some of the family trampled into mud and causing wholesale drownings.

After a few hectic years the Cariboo diggings played out. Many miners left the Fraser field for Montana and Dakota strikes. The beef market in Canada tapered off making long drives to market unprofitable. Snipes organized a big drive to proceed eastward into Montana camps. It was a shorter trail but more mountainous than Cariboo. The payoff made it too much of a gamble. In 1868 Snipes had 20,000 horses under the Big S brand. Horses were becoming a good payoff to the U.S. Army and to civilians along coastal towns. Horses were top trade goods.

The big day for Snipes and wife was May 22, 1870, the date of Ben Junior's birth. It was cause for rejoicing and gave new impetus to plannings for the future. The prince of a cattle empire was to enjoy every advantage that parents could provide.

Ben Junior was a toddler the year snow and rain merged to bring a new tide of ruin. 1872 brought deep freezes and snow and rain. There was no shelter and no feed. Cattle that survived had chewed brush and bush roughage. The old odor again clung to spring ranges. Hay gave out. Ben made several attempts to reach the range, but got bogged down every time. The men dumped carcasses into spring swollen creeks to be washed away and lessen the stench. Again Snipes shopped around to buy out the small rancher with too few cattle to stay in business. He bought farm surplus in the Oregon country and re-stocked the range.

Ben Snipes was getting commercial worked in Ben's operations. His sister's husband, Henry Allen, became Snipes' partner in the range business. Snipes located the Allens in a home on Parker Meadow, bordering the horse pasture. Here hay was cut and stacked for emergency use. Snipes charged his big winter losses to lack of feed reserves. That was to be corrected.

IN THE LONG range livestock operation calamity took various forms. A drought came to the country producing water shortages on the prairie, fire hazards, poor grazing, and cattle shrinkage. Snipes' cattle started to drift across fenceless empire. The smell of water on the wind made the herds stampede for the big rivers, piling up over embankments, being

The Simcoe Hills Range, now over-grazed, was lush growing in Ben Snipes' time.

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minded, too. He invested in a drugstore, built Mary a new town house, and acquired a defunct woolen mill.

Ben Snipes' ability to recapture success after each setback was an inspiration to other operators. The French-Glenn Company of California entered the Washington scene with 100,000 cattle and a challenge to range supremacy. Their increases coupled with Snipes' annual gain created over-production. The markets became glutted. Prices came down. Even the annual loss of stock to rustlers, winter kills, and the furtive branding of mavericks to build up private herds had little effect on beef surpluses.

Ben Snipes sold foundation stock to replace losses on ranches in Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. To open export markets, Snipes installed new equipment and crews to turn the old woolen mill into a meat processing plant that could ship its products abroad. Snipes strained his financial standing in an effort to bring back prosperity. It was futile.

In this critical situation tragedy struck the region once more. A snow of two feet depth in December ended with a January thaw that made mud and slush. Then a weather reversal brought temperatures down 32 degrees below zero and hung on for days. It was intolerable, frightening. Mass freezings and starvation drained the life-blood out of range herds. Allen's hay was too little and too late. Parker Meadow became a dead horse range. Hawks and buzzards joined coyote and wolves at the carcass feasts. When Snipes assessed the Big S losses his beef bonanza had shrunk to about ten thousand tottering skeletons of which only 3465 were cows of calfing expectation. The severe winter had turned a cattle surplus into a future meat shortage.

Looking ahead, Ben Snipes bought what cattle were for sale at the prices held low by the shocking effects that stunned the industry. Moisture and grass were assured. Snipes knew that prices would climb because of beef demands by the time the carry-overs were fattened the coming fall. Then he sold them at a profit.

That summer Jobe, Ben's faithful foreman, died. Snipes replaced him with Ren Ferrell, a white cowboy with calf-roping talent.

The years had brought changes to Washington. A railroad was building up Yakima Valley and placed a station on Parker Meadow that made stock shipment convenient. Homesteaders were coming in. Farmers had dreams of irrigation crops and fruit orchards. Post offices were to grow into towns like Yakima, Ellensburg, Toppenish and Sunnyside. Ben Snipes leveled off and expanded on the breeding and training of race horses for which there was good market.

He invested in Seattle's future by buying a tract of land bordering the town and divided it into lots. He built nice houses on some corners to invite purchases and a building boom. When his house at The Dalles burned down he built Mary and Ben Junior a mansion in Seattle. Ben Junior was attending the University in Seattle. He being their only child, Ben and Mary offered him every advantage possible. The Seattle investment made a heavy drain on Snipes' resources and credit standing. At this crucial time the whole Northwest was prostrated by the stock killing winter of 1886-87 that ended the free range ranching as far east as the Dakotas. Big cow outfits were wiped out. Snipes, already on reduced operation, lost another ten thousand cattle. There were other reverses too. His drugstore failed and the packing plant shut down. The Indian Agency billed him for back range rents. Snipes was forced to sell $60 steers for $19 a head. Ben Snipes, over-extended by investments, found bankers less cooperative than of yore and interest rates higher on loans. In the past Snipes had made banks lots of money. Now he resolved to start his own bank and loan outfit.

He built an elegant, stone bank building; and on his fifty-first year the Benjamin E. Snipes & Company firm opened for business at Ellensburg, half way between Seattle and The Dalles. This was the hub of the cow country. W. E. Abrams, a partner with banking experience, became its manager. A few months after the grand opening, July 4th, 1889, Ellensburg's main street, including the $30,000 bank structure, was destroyed by fire.

Ben Snipes ordered the bank rebuilt so loans could be made to firms that wanted to re-establish themselves in business.

Always confident that good luck followed bad, Snipes opened a branch bank at Roslyn, Washington, a coal mining town. On September 5, 1892, five renegades robbed the Roslyn bank, wounding its manager, and stealing the mine's payroll.

Rewards of $2500 were posted and brought in two sets of prisoners charged with the robbery. Snipes employed expensive talent to help in the prosecutions. Clever lawyers got the men off. None of the stolen money was ever found.

It took big money to meet the Seattle investment expense, run banks, loan outfits and run cattle too. Panics and unemployment were hard on business. A rumor started runs on both banks; and on June 2, 1893, the Snipes banks were forced to close.

With liabilities of $192,000 and assets listed at $310,000, Ben Snipes assured depositors a 100 percent payout. Receivers took over and Snipes was not allowed to advise or participate in the liquidation process. Values were ignored. Everything was sacrificed. The cleanup left Ben Snipes, former cattle king, practically broke.

Conditions had changed from the old days when opportunity was the order of things. The Cariboo market was no more. The miners were up in Alaska and Ben Junior was raring to pioneer the new northern frontier. Ben and Mary gave him a smiling send-off when he boarded the ship *Lady Jane Gray* at Seattle. They watched the ship sail out and disappear in ocean haze. The *Lady Jane Gray* never reached Alaska.

After anxious weeks, Ben Snipes scraped up funds to go to Alaska to search for survivors. There had been a few, but Ben Junior was not among them. Snipes returned to console his wife.

One day in 1903 a former employee of the Big S outfit met old Ben Snipes riding a cayuse and leading a gaunt cow toward Seattle's slaughter house. Snipes was making a new start. That cow was more than he had to build on when he became a cattleman back in 1855. He had no regrets for the past. By the time Ben Snipes died on January 6, 1906, at the age of 75, he had acquired a small ranch and a hundred head of debt-free cattle. He was making good on the come-back trail. ●

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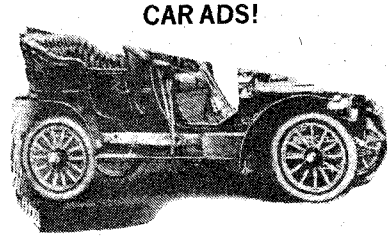

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INTERESTED IN: Indian history, camping, reading, frontier clothes.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

LARRY HENRY (31)
9805 Airline
Houston, Texas 77037
INTERESTED IN: The James brothers, Confederate army.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests or other outlaws.

PATRICIA THELE (27)
619 E. 14
Pawhuska, Okla. 74056
INTERESTED IN: Treasure hunting, Old West.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

OLD TIMER'S CORNER

(Continued from page 6)

pay $1 to $1.50 depending on size.

It turned out to be quite a job by the time you swept up the area after loading and shoring things up. Besides, it was three miles out to the dump grounds for disposal. Then it was quite a chore to clean up your wagon.

In this town they also had a plant where they made ice as this was before the time of refrigerators and most families had ice boxes and could buy ice in varied sizes from 10-25-50 and 100-pound blocks.

This plant also burned coal in the process of making ice. The plant was built next to the railroad. Consequently, they would spot a car by the plant when they ordered coal.

They burned fine coal and bought it in carload lots which, of course, made it cheaper for them.

This is where I came in. When they got a carload of coal spotted by the plant I would make it a point to go by and make them understand I was available to unload it.

Generally I got the job as few people cared to shovel coal as it was hard work and really rather dirty work.

Then I had another suplementary job. I worked some in a mill and elevator where they made flour and also handled block salt, baled hay and grain plus farm machinery.

All in all I managed to keep plenty busy. I kept my team fat and strong and well shod, and within a year overcame the lameness in my hip.

However, it has not ever been completely well, but it has been so I can live with it. Sometimes it kinda gets me when someone says to me, "Bill why don't you straighten up?"

It would take too much explaining so I just turn red and walk off. ●

SPECIAL NOTICE

Because of the interest expressed by our readers in contacting other readers of GOLDEN WEST and THE WEST, we are starting a Penpals column. If you'd like to hear from folks with similar interests, just clip out this form, fill it out, and send it to "Penpals", Stagecoach Publishing Co., Box 58, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571. Penpals will contact you directly since your address will be listed. If you want to contact any of the people requesting Penpals—do not send your letters to this magazine. We want to hear only from people requesting penpals. There'll be no charge for listing you.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ **Zip:** _____

Age: _____

Special Interests: _____

_____

_____

Want to hear from: _____

Interested in: _____

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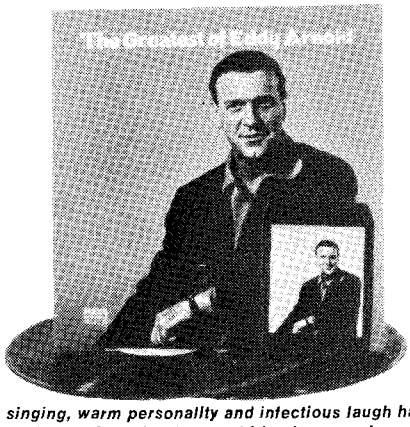
THE GREATEST OF EDDY ARNOLD



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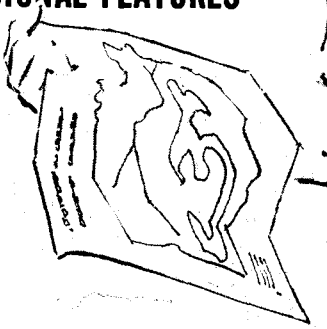

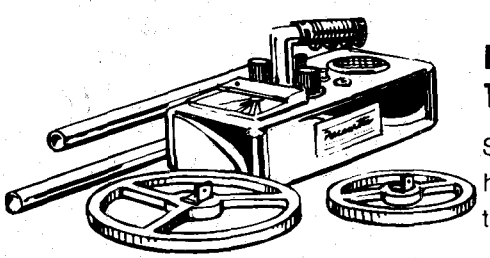

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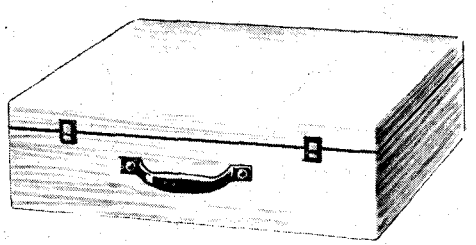

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